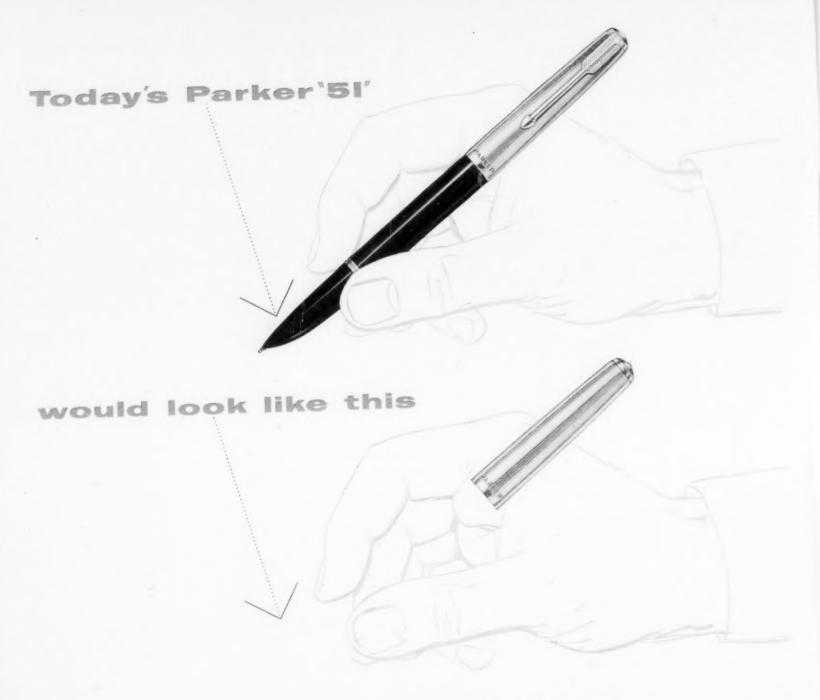
### UNEMPLOYMENT **CRISIS AHEAD?**

By Blair Fraser

# MAGLEAN

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#### MAGAZINE

#### EDITORIAL

# THE DANGEROUS HABIT OF SAYING "NO"

T IS unfortunate that none of the Western powers thought to make the obvious reply to Russia's application for admission to NATO. The United States, Great Britain and possibly France and Canada should have applied for membership in the Cominform.

This might have served two purposes: (a) to reduce the newest Russian diplomatic ploy to absurdity before anyone could make the mistake of taking it seriously; (b) to give our own diplomats some much-needed practice in saying something new

Sooner or later, if peace is to be secured, somebody is going to have to say something new and mean it. The yes-or-no, victory-or-veto school of negotiation has now had the better part of a decade in which to prove itself. What has it accomplished? More and bigger hydrogen bombs, controlled by men whose trigger fingers grow more nervous by the week. Wars in Korea and Indo-China. The breakdown of the United Nations as an effective instrument for action in political

This is not to say that more flexible patterns of negotiation would always be desirable. If they could gain admission to NATO, the Russians would unquestionably wreck it. To say yes to them on this occasion merely for the sake of saying something different would be utter folly.

But there is at least some danger in allowing the word "no" to become a reflex. Without consultation among themselves, without indeed taking time to consult anything but their own diplomatic habits, the governments of the United States, Great Britain and Canada all rejected the Russians' NATO bid.

We think it would have been more effective statesmanship to have given at least the appearance of solemn deliberation. Then, instead of responding with a string of bleak negatives, we'd perhaps have been better advised to counter the newest Russian "peace" proposal with some suggestion equally fantastic of our

We particularly the relatively rich and isolated nations of northern North America tend to forget that the Russian peace offensive doesn't always look as fatuous and phony in New Delhi, Vienna, Prague and Rome as it looks in Washington and Ottawa. When it clearly invites the ridicule of even the gullible, we ought to take more care to see that the opportunity for ridicule is not neglected. And there's always the chance thin though it may be that they may some day make some proposal to which we can conscientiously and in our own interests say "yes" or at least "maybe." It would be tragic if by then we had allowed the habit of saying "no" to become too strong to break.

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WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE OUT OF WORK, David MacDonald
PERCY WOWS THEM WITH THE WEATHER. Robert Olson
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Thomas B. Costain
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#### THE CONQUEST

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#### **TUBERCULOSIS**

THE STORY of our fight against this disease is one of the most heartening in the annals of health progress. Among other things, it shows what people can do through organized efforts to attack a disease.

Fifty years ago, tuberculosis was the leading cause of death in our country. If it had continued to kill at the same rate as in the early 1900's, more than 30,000 Canadians would die of the disease this year.

Our fight to control tuberculosis, however, has been so successful that its annual toll in Canada has dropped to less than 2,000 lives.

Despite the dramatic decline in the death rate, the number of tuberculosis cases remains high. Today more than 35,000 Canadians are affected by the disease . . . and over 20,000 of them have tuberculosis in an infectious form so that it can be spread to others.

Worse still, thousands of these potential spreaders of tuberculosis are not under medical supervision. These cases account for many, if not most, of the new victims discovered each year in our country. The number of cases with active, or probably active, tuberculosis found in 1953 was over 10.000

How can we reduce the tuberculosis death rate still further and prevent the development of new cases? Here are some of the ways which authorities recommend:

1. See your doctor for regular health examinations and follow his advice about how to keep in the best

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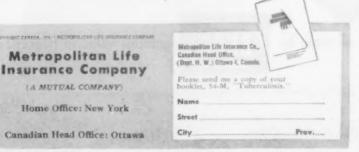
possible physical condition. The higher your level of health, the better your resistance will be to tuberculosis.

- 2. If you notice any of the possible symptoms of tuberculosis - persistent cough, constant fatigue, loss of weight, pain in the chest -- consult your doctor promptly. Through an X-ray of your chest, he can usually tell whether tuberculosis of the lungs is present. Early discovery is the best road to early recovery.
- 3. If tuberculosis occurs, your doctor will recommend treatment probably in a hospital . . . where the most modern care can be given. While rest in bed is still an important method of treatment, doctors now have many new weapons to combat tuberculosis. Among these are surgical operations which give diseased lung areas extra rest and often hasten

There are also new anti-tuberculosis drugs which doctors sometimes prescribe singly or in combination with other forms of treatment. In many cases, these bring rapid improvement.

Once the disease is brought under control, you can usually resume your normal way of living, with periodic check-ups to make sure the disease does not become active again.

If everyone observes these and other safeguards and precautions recommended by health officials, the number of tuberculosis cases could be even further reduced,



#### London Letter



# BY Beverley Baxter

### The Story of Douglas Bader

T WAS four years ago at the Berkshire Golf Club near Ascot that three of us were looking for someone to make a foursome. an adjoining table Douglas Bader was lunching. His dark hair, alert humorous eyes and immense vitality always marked him out from other men. Dozing on the floor by his feet was his golden retriever, a beautiful dog. Wherever Bader went the dog went with him even to lunch.

So we impounded Bader to make a fourth and eventually arrived at the first tee where two other dogs joined us.

'What's your handicap, sir?" asked Bader. Confound that respectful and ageing epithet! There was a mere twenty years between us, and he need not behave as if he were a midshipman and I a rear admiral. However, suppressing these thoughts, I told what my handicap was.

"Good!" he ejaculated. "I'll give you nine shots and play you for a quid." It was agreed that we should play all against all for a pound on each match and thus the game began with four players, four caddies and of course three dogs.

As the lowest-handicap man Bader addressed the ball. His dog lay flat on the ground with his sad eyes focused on his master's face.

The owners of the other dogs held them by the collar until the drives were completed. Bader hit a beautiful shot of nearly 250 yards. The

rest of us were fairly good but not in his class.

So off we went. Bader was in high spirits and his lurching walk from side to side gave a curious, grim point to his jokes. Two of the

dogs had raced into the woods to search for adventure but Bader's dog had no interest in them or in any of us. His eyes were always on his master.

The retriever knew his master was not as other men. He knew that his master did not walk as other men walked. If Bader would motor to town for some official banquet the dog would wait for hours in the car. Douglas Bader was the dog's master, the dog's

friend and the dog's life.

When Brig. Gen. Critchley went blind last year the first to hurry to his side was Douglas Bader. There they met and talked the



Bader's book dazed even Bader.

old soldier who had lost his eyesight, and the young airman who possessed only two stumps for legs.

THERE ARE TIMES when reality leaves imagination far behind. Dumas created the Three Musketeers, plus the immortal D'Artagnan, and captured the young minds of his century. They were so brave, so daring, so scornful of danger. Yet not even Dumas père and Dumas fils together could have invented such a character as Douglas Bader.

As a youngster Bader was not only sports mad but he was brilliant at all games. In fact he had been chosen to play rugger for England just before the accident which deprived him of his legs. Up to then life had stretched before him as a glorious, colorful adventure. He was almost too good-looking, too intensely alive. As someone wrote of him: "He has a hint of pleased yet defiant pride."

In the spring of 1928 - when most of his public-school friends were planning to go to Sandhurst or Dartmouth to qualify for regular commissions in the Army or Navy—Bader announced his intention of joining the fledgling Air Force. Summoned to London by the RAF he submitted to a grueling examination. He came top with a score of 235 points out of a possible 250. Life was good! He was a handsome youngster with a slight touch of arrogance that suddenly melted into warm affection. He boxed, he fenced, he played rugger and cricket, he motorcycled, he smoked a pipe—and above all—he flew.

Girls went starry-eyed at the sight of him and he danced into the

early hours of the morning, convincing each one of his partners that hers had been the dance of the evening. His vitality was as inexhaustible as his charm.

Then came the day of fate, Monday, Continued on page 91



# a Shoulder you can lean on -SAFELY

A well-maintained road shoulder is an important safety factor to every motorist. Even the most careful driver can lose control of his car when he hits a rutted, soft or washed-away shoulder.

To help control this driving hazard, Allis-Chalmers has developed a low-cost "maintenance package." It is the Model D Motor Grader which, with attachments, rebuilds shoulders, loads surplus material into trucks and materially reduces over-all maintenance costs.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 15, 1954

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1954





#### BLAIR FRASER

# BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

#### No Cheap Japanese Goods This Time

N SPITE OF cries of alarm from textile and other producers in Canada, Trade and Commerce officials don't expect any great rush of cheap Japanese goods as a result of the Canada-Japan trade agreement of last month.

Japan is desperately anxious to be accepted into the world-trading community. She is well aware of her reputation as an unfair competitor and knows that the other trading nations will be watching the new trade agreement with Canada to see what happens. Japan wants to prove to the world that she is now a "good" trader, worthy of admission to the GATT club.

Nothing would do Japan such harm with the other trading nations as a sudden, devastating invasion of the Canadian market with cheap goods. Moreover, it wouldn't even lead to permanent capture of the Canadian market. Like GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) the new Canada-Japan trade pact has an escape clause. Canada may protect her own industries by placing special valuations on imported goods, if imports should increase so much as to threaten serious injury to Canadian producers.

Japanese Ambassador Koto Matsudaira is very keenly conscious of all these facts. He knows the difficulties of the Canadian textile industry and he earnestly reminds enquirers that Japanese cotton goods are produced mainly for South East Asia. There won't be any to spare for the Canadian market, he intimates

Other Canadian manufacturers are also worried—plumbing fixtures, hardware generally, cameras, optical goods are among those thought to be particularly vulnerable. But here, as in textiles, Trade and Commerce officials believe the anxiety is somewhat exaggerated.

Japanese sales in Canada last year came to less than \$14 millions, in a grand total of four and a half billions' worth of imports from all countries. The biggest single items were a million dollars' worth of toys and a million dollars' worth of tangerines; the rest were odds and ends not big enough to threaten any industry.

"With luck and if everything goes beautifully for them, the Japanese might be able to double or even triple their sales here in the next three years," a Trade and Commerce man said. "In the general picture of Canadian imports it would still be

Indeed, it has yet to be shown that Japan can compete successfully in most manufacturing lines. Except for textiles and a few other items whose high labor content makes the low Japanese wage scale a heavy advantage, Japanese export costs are rather high. Canadian observers have recently reported Japanese plants where seven or ten or even fifty underpaid workers are doing what, in Canada, would be done by one or two men and a machine.

Meanwhile the tremendous possibilities of Japan as a market for Canadian goods are just beginning to be realized.

Even now Japan is buying \$119 millions' worth of Canadian goods per year, eight and a half times as much as Canada buys from her. Of this annual export trade the biggest single Continued on page 94



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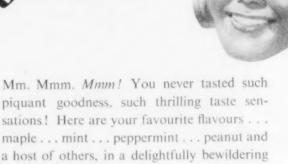
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William McGloin, unemployed, is the father of four. Their story is told on the next two pages.

# Are we headed for an

# **Unemployment Crisis?**

Unemployment this year reached its peak level since 1939 but the Government doesn't want people to talk about it. What are the facts? Here's an analysis of the situation to date

#### BY BLAIR FRASER

AST FEBRUARY the CBC planned a television show on unemployment. mostly films of textile towns and Unemployment Insurance Commission pay lines, but the Minister of Labor, Hon. Milton Gregg, was asked to contribute a brief statement.

Nobody was surprised when the invitation was eclined. What did astonish the CBC was a Government request to drop the unemployment program altogether. The pressure was resisted the show went on, but not until the CBC had held a top-level policy conference and decided to stick to its guns.

This is not the only recent sign that the Government would rather people didn't talk

about unemployment.

In March, National Employment Service branch managers were told not to give any more information to visiting reporters. could talk to the local press as usual, but "national publications" were to be referred to Ottawa. Photographers were not allowed to take pictures inside Unemployment Insurance Commission premises.

When Conservatives in parliament offered a mildly worded motion for a committee enquiry into unemployment, Liberals proclaimed it an issue of confidence i.e., a motion which if carried would defeat the Government and bring on another election. (It needn't have been.) After some days of debate the resolution was defeated by 101 Liberals against a combined opposition of 63.

There's more than politics behind this reticence, though. The Government is worried lest too much public attention to unemployment should frighten investors into curtailing plans

"There's a real danger that we might talk

ourselves into a depression," one cabinet minis-

Many municipal authorities feel the same, They regard talk about local unemployment as "bad publicity."

Twice last winter the textile town of Magog. Que., was used as a gloomy example in articles on unemployment. Magog was floating a bond issue at the time. Mayor, council and of commerce descended in fury on Dominion Textile Company officials and exacted a promise: No more talking to the press about the local industry's troubles.

Whether this silence is the right or wrong way to deal with the problem, it contributes to one undesirable result: Nobody knows how much real unemployment there is in Canada.

One set of official figures shows 570,000 Canadians unemployed at the peak this spring, a full third more than the previous postwar record in 1950. Another set, equally official, shows little more than half that many out of work. According to it, 1954 and 1950 reached approximately the same unemployment high, not much above 300,000.

One official figure indicates unemployment this year was 42 percent worse than last year. The other shows a rise over 1953 of 74 percent. The Government publishes both sets of figures each month in the same news release, without making or suggesting any choice between them.

Who are these unemployed Canadians, who seem to number something between one-third and two-thirds of a million? One is Joe Weatherby of Westville, N.S., a

mining town whose two remaining coal pits lose money and may close. If they do, Weatherby will have to move away and sell the house he's been buying ever since he left the army in 19451

He's within \$200 of having it paid for, but who'll buy a house in a ghost town? And for that matter, where can be go? Weatherby's skills were learned in a coal mine, and coal's a sick industry all over Canada. Meanwhile Weatherby supports a wife and six children on unemployment insurance of \$24 a week, half what he

earned in the pit.

But another unemployed Canadian is the genial garrulous old hitchhiker I picked up one day near Ottawa. He looked about 65, a semi-skilled laborer and odd-job man. We talked about automobiles-he'd bought a 1941 model last spring, he said, but sold it in the fall because it was too much trouble in cold

"I've been on unemployment insurance all winter," he went on, "but my benefits run out next Monday."

What did he propose to do then?

"I guess I'll get a job," he said cheerfully. "I've a bit of money put by, but I hate to take any of it out of the bank.'

Between these extremes is Stanley Blazosek of Calgary, a railway telegrapher who found himself jobless in January for the first time since he started working in 1943 at the age of

"It put me in a spot for a while," he said. "Just married six months, paying \$50 a month on my house and \$87 on the car. The finance company was going to repossess the car but my dad helped me out with a loan. Then I got a job as bartender and I have three other possibilities lined up. There are still plenty of jobs around if you want them.

In a town like Almonte, in the Ottawa Valley, where two woolen mills are out of business and Continued column one, next page

# Are we headed for an unemployment crisis?

#### CONTINUED

operates intermittently from hand to mouth, there are no longer "plenty of jobs around." Almonte is badly worried—not only its own n ills but a dozen more within commuting distance are threatened with extinction. But Almonte has yet to feel acute distress.

Dave Lorimer and his wife were out of work most of the winter. They live in a tidy house on a good street, and Mrs. Lorimer had a hard time making ends meet on their anemployment insurance (since they had both been working each collected a single person's benefit of \$15 a week, the second-highest rate payable). They could "no more than exist" on that money.

could "no more than exist" on that money.

But it did cover those. The Lorimers hadn't to do anything drastic like putting a mortgage on the house or even selling their little old car. Almonte's little Thorburn Mill had just reopened with an order that would keep it going for two months and Dave Lorimer was back at work. He and his wife were anxious about the future but not discouraged.

#### Whose Counting Is Correct?

Everyone knows we have all these different kinds of unemployment in Canada. But without more facts, which the Government has chosen not to collect, nobody can tell how much we have of each kind—or what, if anything, we should be doing about it.

The two unrelated sets of official figures are not much help.

The high one is the National Employment Service total of unplaced applicants for work —570,000 in the third week of March. The low one, which hasn't yet gone far above its 1950 record of 308,000, is the estimate of "persons without jobs and seeking work" in the monthly Labor Force Survey of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

These two figures are a subject of continuous argument between two Government departments. Each is hotly defended by the civil servants who make it up as the best available index of unemployment. The argument is conducted somewhat at cross purposes since neither set of figures has any connection with the other, but here is a summary of it:

The DBS Labor Force Survey is not an actual count of heads. As its critics point out, it's based on a one percent sample. Each month 500 enumerators in 120 survey districts call on 30,000 families with an employment questionnaire. The results are projected into estimates for the whole population.

In December the estimate of "persons without jobs and seeking work" was about 200,000. By March, the peak of unemployment in any Canadian year, it was well over 300,000. Everyone accepts this as at least the minimum of real unemployment in Canada.

To the Labor Department and the National Employment Service it looks absurdly low.

Their figures, they point out, represent real people—570,000 Canadians actually registered as jobless and wanting work. The reason the Labor Force Survey shows only 55 percent of that number, they say, is that the DBS sample doesn't give enough weight to rural unemployment. Also, critics say, it doesn't pick up such "pockets" of unemployment as Marysville, N.B., where the town's sole industry, a textile mill, closed and threw everybody out of work.

Labor Department spokesmen recall, with some glee, that when Continued on page 95



Bill McGloin had worked for Canadian Cottons since he was a boy. But now looms stand silent.

# What it's like to be

Job insurance and the baby bonus are the only income of the McGloins since the textile mill shut down in Marysville, N.B. While the 43-year-old husband sets out courageously to learn a new trade his wife plans to feed six on twelve dollars a week

T 11-814 might be the figure on an automobile license plate or the patent number for a new can opener. Actually, it stands for a man.

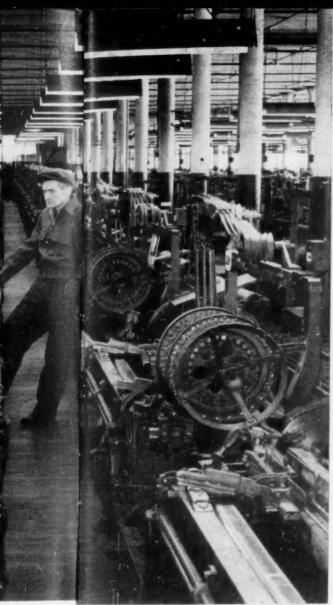
On file at Ottawa, in the head offices of the Unemployment Insurance Commission, T 11-814 is bureaucracy's alias for William M. McGloin, a 43-year-old textile worker in Marysville, N.B. As such, it differs only a letter here and a digit there from almost four million other methodically indexed symbols, each representing a somebody somewhere in Canada who is covered by unemployment insurance.

In the UIC's Fredericton office, near Marys-

In the UIC's Fredericton office, near Marysville, T 11-814 takes on more identity. There, records show that Bill McGloin, employed by

Canadian Cottons Ltd., had been paying into the Unemployment Insurance Fund ever since it started in 1941 and, until recently, received little in return—a happy situation, for when a man draws unemployment insurance it is usually a sign that he's in trouble.

In their clipped impersonal way these records outline a story. They tell, for example, that in the past year cheques totaling about \$36 were issued by machine to William McGloin, alias T 11-814, as payment for sporadic idleness. Suddenly, late in March, T 11-814 started getting \$24 a week—according to UIC regulations, "maximum rate of benefit, person with dependent."



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# out of work

#### BY DAVID MACDONALD

In short, Bill McGloin—textile worker, at least one dependent, steadily employed since 1941—had lost his job.

in another of Ottawa's massive statistics, this time as one of the nation's unemployed. While

politicians, labor leaders and economists debated

about whether unemployment in Canada was

critical, Bill McGloin began to learn of it first-hand. The mill in which he worked at Marysville was closed—permanently.

he lose his job? Has he a family and are they hungry? Is he bitter? Where can he look for help? For another job? What are his hopes

Who is this obscure mill worker and why did

A few days later his identity was buried again

PHOTOS BY CLINT

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ese records mple, that t \$36 were loin, alias c idleness. 14 started UIC reguerson with

5, 1954

#### Any jobs today? Bill vainly looks for work in Fredericton



At top of a jobless line at the National Employment Office, Bill McGloin is told: "Sorry, no work today."



At Gibson's grocery, the answer is the same. Mc-Gloin's retirement plan has already been cashed.



The want ads offer nothing. His job insurance and baby bonus make up income of \$130 a month. help. At 43, Bill decides to learn a new trade.



Saul Brown, meat wholesaler, can't use any more

#### Obeline handles the cash. Except there's no wages any more



After the children have gone to sleep, the McGloins face up to their budget.



With cheaper cuts, smaller servings, Mrs. McGloin is trying to feed them all for \$12. Nobody gets any pocket money.

and his fears? These questions are not and cannot be answered by statistics. But inasmuch as they reveal a real person with a very real problem that confronts hundreds of thousands

of other Canadians, perhaps they are important.

This report deals with Bill McGloin not because he is a special case, but because he isn't. Today there are Bill McGloins walking the streets from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Victoria. The only thing special is the setting, Marysville. For there almost everyone is, like

McGloin, out of work.

Marysville (pop. 2,000) is a tidy town straddling the Nashwaak River which flows down from the north to join the broad St.

John River near Fredericton. It was built ninety years ago by Alexander (Boss) Gibson, a bearded giant and millionaire lumberman who named the town for his wife. Constructed on a grand scale himself, the Boss did things that way. In the early 1880s, intent on owning a cotton mill, he sought out the largest mill in Canada, at Milltown, N.B., near the Maine border. He measured it, came back to Marysville and built his mill one brick longer, wider and higher. That mill, added to Canadian Cottons Lim-

ited's chain around 1911, stands today overlooking the Nashwaak, a sprawling red building with white-framed windows, surmounted by a steeplelike tower. Continued on page 99





#### BY PÄR LAGERKVIST

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

ACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 15, 1954

VEN THE children at that time received military training, were assembled in army units and exercised just as though on active service, had their own headquarters and annual manoeuvres when everything was conducted as in a real state of war. The grownups had nothing directly to do with this training; the children actually exercised themselves and all command was entrusted to them. The only use made of adult experience was to arrange officers' training courses for specially suitable boys, who were chosen with the greatest care and who were then put in charge of the military education of their comrades in the ranks.

These schools were of high standing and there was hardly a boy throughout the land who did not dream of going to them. But the entrance tests were particularly hard; not only a perfect physique was required but also a highly developed intelligence and character. The age of admission was six to seven years and the small cadets then received an excellent training, both purely military and in all other respects, chiefly the further molding of character. It was also greatly to one's credit in afterlife to have passed through one of these schools. It was really on the splendid foundation laid here that the quality, organization and efficiency of the child army rested.

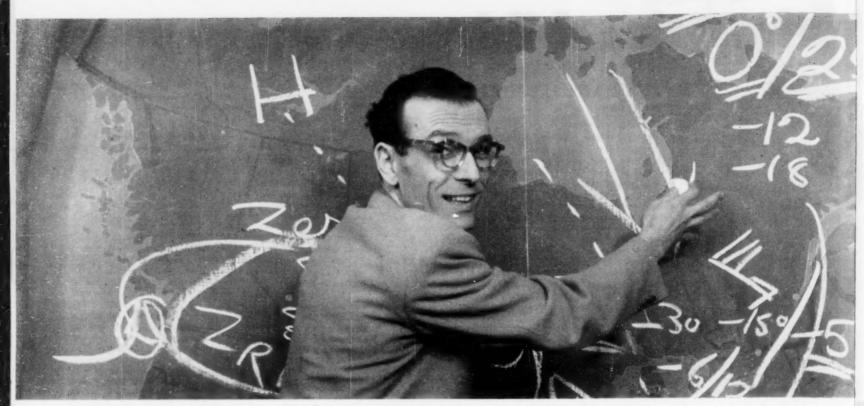
Thereafter, as already mentioned, the grownups in no way interfered but everything was entrusted to the children themselves. No adult might meddle in the command, in organizational details or matters of promotion. Everything was managed and supervised by the children; all decisions, even the most vital, being reached by their own little general staff. No one over fourteen was allowed. The boys then passed automatically into the first age group of the regular troops with no mean military training already behind them.

The large child army, which was the object of the whole nation's love and admiration, amounted to three army corps of four divisions: infantry, light field artillery, medical and service corps. All physically fit boys were enrolled in it and a large number of girls belonged to it as nurses, all volunteers.

Now it so happened that a smaller, quite insignificant nation behaved in a high-handed and unseemly way toward its powerful neighbor, and the insult was all the greater since this nation was by no means an equal. Indignation was great and general and since people's feelings were running high, it was necessary to rebuke the malapert and at the same time take the chance to subjugate the country in question. In this situation the child army came forward and through its high command asked to be charged with the crushing and subduing of the foe. The news of this caused a sensation and a wave of fervor throughout the country. The proposal was given serious consideration in supreme quarters and as a result the commission was given, with some hesitation, to the children. It was in fact a task well suited to this army, and the people's Continued on page 49

13





Saltzman's scrawls on his TV weather map are followed with great interest, if not full comprehension. His solo stint on Tabloid is done entirely from memory.

# Percy Wows Them with the Weather

By ROBERT OLSON

Talking about the weather usually raises only polite yawns but this homely meteorologist has become the first real star of our native TV by doing just that. His army of fans even forgives him when his sunny weather turns out to be six inches of snow

N SEPT. 8, 1952, Canadian television officially began. Identification pictures of some fugitive bank robbers were flashed on screens in the Toronto area. Uncle Chichimus and Hollyhock, a pair of puppets, came on next. Then appeared the first live picture of a live human on CBLT. It was the earnest bespectacled face of Percy Saltzman.

He was a meteorologist from the Dominion Weather Service who did what came naturally, what everybody does -he talked about the weather No one, certainly not Percy Saltzman, was prepared for what happened next. In a matter of weeks his name was a household word in eastern Canada; by the time CBC-TV had settled down to routine operation he had emerged from the host of singers, commentators, dancers and comedians as the first genuine star of Canadian television. His heavy fan mail includes congratulations from the National Health and Welfare Minister Paul Martin, copies of his weather maps drawn by admiring youngsters, and letters from great-grandparents saying that they delay doing the dishes until Saltzman has said his piece. A growing number of residents of Ver-mont and New York are exposing themselves to his down-east variety of Canadian culture and several have written saying that their local weather forecasters are attempting to copy the Saltzman style. Saltzman does not try to account for his success, being too fully occupied working a five-day week at the weather office in Toronto, helping raise two sons and fulfilling his contracts at the CBC, some of which now have nothing to do with the weather. Besides giving the weather on the thirty-minute



Informality is the keynote of the highly regarded Tabloid show. Elaine Grand and Dick MacDougal face camera as Saltzman repairs his map curtain.

production Tabloid, which begins on Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Kitchener stations at seven o'clock each week-night, he interviews some of the guests on the show. For several months he has had a weekly fifteen-minute video program called How About That, showing children how to make weather instruments like Annie the anemometer and Pluvie the rain-gauge and demonstrating simple principles in physics. Additional engagements on TV programs like The Big Revue, See For Yourself and Exploring Minds, and on such radio programs as Court of Opinion, Varsity Story and Fighting Words bring his total appearances to as many as nine a week.

At the outset of Tabloid he and Dick MacDougal, the emcee, stand chatting idly. MacDougal is stout and sleepy-eyed, Saltzman is lean with strong bony features. MacDougal strolls off and Saltzman uncovers a blackboard map of North America. He briefly reviews the weather and scrawls great curves over the blackboard, showing the high and low pressure areas, the warm and cold fronts; then he tells the residents of each district in TV range what sort of skies, winds and temperatures to expect. He always has more information than time.

Many weather forecasters approach the public fearfully like messengers bringing bad news to an oriental despot. Saltzman, backed by the Canadian meteorology service, is not squeamish about offering his neck. He unequivocally foretold the Grey Cup weather five days in advance. When the weather picture is doubtful he still makes definite predictions but also tells the viewers why they may not be too reliable.

His viewers' loyalty was tested last Nov. 7, when eastern Canada was hit by an unpredicted snowfall. Saltzman's prediction for Toronto was "Fair," though he did express misgivings about the skittish storm centre then in the Maritimes. Toronto TV-owners were somewhat dismayed by a six-and-a-half-inch snowfall that night.

Even people who don't much care what sort of weather is on the way watch Saltzman faithfully. They like to see him point out the birthplace in the Arctic of the blizzard which will soon be around

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their windows or watch him trace the curve along which warm air is sweeping from the Gulf of Mexico. He tends to personify weather, symbolizing with a broad curve the "high" resting serenely over the prairies or indicating with jagged strokes the rain from a villainous warm front "kicking up a fuss" in the southwest. And all winter, he says, there is a cold air-mass which "just sits and broods" in the far north.



His own five shows plus his guest appearances aren't enough television for Percy. With his wife and sons he watches his home set.

The Tabloid staffers say Saltzman is most like himself on television when he is interviewing—he gets so absorbed with each guest his personality seems different. The visitors usually assigned to him are specialists in science, politics or industry.

A few letter-writers have complained that he is a know-it-all, but his Tabloid colleagues rather regard him as a kind of benevolent wizard. Commentator Elaine Grand noticed one night, a few minutes before she had to show her hands in front of the cameras, that her nail polish was chipped. Saltzman rummaged through his desk and produced a new bottle of polish.

Saltzman modestly asserts that if the viewers find the Tabloid show relaxing it is mostly due to Ross McLean's production. McLean writes the script, which gives the performers brisk lines to start them off, then leaves them with such directions as "SALTZMAN: RETORTS CRISPLY; SALTZMAN: THINKS OF SOMETHING; MacDOUGAL: MEETS SALTZMAN'S PROTESTS MANFULLY BUT PRESENTLY CAPITULATES." Sustaining each other with teamwork has become instinctive and the cast creates an illusion of unruffled calm in sharp contrast to the bedlam around them.

The show is televised in Studio B of the CBC television building on Toronto's

Jarvis Street—a huge windowless concrete cell, padded, with glass-fronted control rooms set high in one wall. Overhead is a maze of electrical equipment and underfoot are wooden props and long snaky rubber cables. Since several programs are produced in the same studio there is something different going on in each corner, like Sunday school in a church basement.

Saltzman, after working Continued on page 86



Saltzman's two jobs fit hand in glove. In daytime he's an executive at the Weather Service.



Gathering data, he checks instruments on roof of Met headquarters on Toronto's Bloor Street.



With Roy Whalley in teletype room, Saltzman sees all reports clicking in from field stations.

#### **EVEN WITH THE DOMINION WEATHER SERVICE BEHIND HIM, PERCY NEVER HOPES TO BAT 1000**



After 6 p.m. he's at the CBC donning special TV make-up. He changes his glasses to "cheaters."



As showtime nears he checks his patter. He interviews guests like Joe Louis, Thomas Costain.



The cameras roll and Percy chalks swiftly to tell the country what weather to expect tomorrow.





#### THE WHITE AND THE GOLD

By Thomas B. Costain

# The Heroic Stand at Long Sault

Some say Adam Dollard sought death to redeem a blot on his past; some say he and his reckless sixteen challenged the mighty Iroquois to save Montreal. Behind the flaming palisades of their makeshift fort their last shots wrote an epic chapter in the history of New France

#### Part five

Y 1655 PEACE HAD COME to the St. Lawrence, a temporary peace while those implacable and unpredictable foes of the first French settlers, the Iroquois, mulled over their conquest of the Huron Nation and waited to strike again. It was also an uneasy peace, for the French still suffered from weak leadership and the massacre and dispersal of the Hurons had left them without allies.

In Montreal, the French spearhead, the peace was particularly tenuous. The town at the meeting of the two rivers had been growing, but the mere fact of growth had added to its vulnerability. On his last trip to France, Governor Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, had returned with 114 men, some of them artisans and some soldiers, and this had increased the population to well over 200. It is recorded that there were 160 able-bodied men altogether. A third of them were married and, inevitably, were raising families. This had created a need for more houses. It was no longer possible to build behind the walls which surrounded the fort and so the town had moved out into the open. Between forty and fifty houses had been built on a road named Rue St. Paul which first followed the bank of the St. Lawrence and then bent to the course of the St. Pierre, passing the Hôtel-Dieu and the well-palisaded frame structure of three stories which served the double purpose of a home for Maisonneuve and an administrative centre. At right angles to this road was a narrow and muddy passage which cut between these two main buildings and ran north to what would become the Place d'Armes and then to St. Martin's Brook.

The governor's greatest problem had been to devise some measure of defense for the straggling line of small houses and he had solved it as well as he could by erecting forts and redoubts at intervals. At the extreme eastern point, he had constructed a strong stone fort which was called the Citadel. At the other extreme, south and west of the original fort, there was a windmill which was well loopholed and capable of resisting attacks. In addition there was a series of log redoubts behind which the little houses clustered.

The houses, necessarily, were small and of frame construction but they followed the architectural ideas which were to be more fully developed later, the habitant type; the roof always peaked to the shape of a witch's hat to prevent the accumulation of snow in winter; the framework an industrious

white, relieved by doors of bright colors, red or blue or even purple (but never yellow for that shade had come to denote a traitor or a deceived husband); the oven outside, constructed of wickerwork, plastered inside and out with clay or mortar and raised four feet from the ground. Some houses had palisades of their own for defense.

The men who built the houses were far different from the dregs and spews who had been brought out to Canada in the early days. They were showing the first signs of becoming a new race, the French Canadian. They were straighter and much stronger, their shoulders and arms hard from the unceasing swing of axe and dip of paddle. Even their voices were starting to change, the soft note of the French provinces giving place to a higher and clearer note which carried over long stretches of water and through the forests, and with a musical ring to it, particularly when they sang to the heave of the busy axes such songs as Rossignolet Sauvage, La Norrice du Roi, and Dame Lombarde. Their eyes were clear and alert, as indeed they had to be with peril all about them; but there was nothing timorous, nothing furtive. They seemed capable of looking far into the distance, of seeing beyond the encircling forest the open plains of the far west and the ice-bound waters of the north.

The qualities found in these industrious workmen would become accentuated as time went on. They would animate the men who would soon be starting out for all parts of the continent; down the Mississippi to the Gulf, north to Hudson Bay west to the great prairies where the buffelo recorded

north to Hudson Bay, west to the great prairies where the buffalo roamed.

As environment had changed them physically, it had also led to distinctive ways of dressing. The men of Montreal wore long-skirted coats, tied at the waist with worsted scarves. In Quebec the scarves were red and in Three Rivers white. Their legs were covered in winter with chaussettes of wool, their heads well protected in warm woolen coverings called bonnets rouges. The custom had already developed of wearing a birch-bark case around the neck containing the wearer's knife for eating, it being a habit to set out only a fork and spoon for guests.

The character of the town was changing. In the heart of the devout Maisonneuve the flame of dedication still burned brightly but there was no denying the destiny of a settlement with such a situation as this. Montreal had been intended from the first by the forces Continued on page 43



Crouching like tigers behind their shields the bravest of the Iroquois dashed into the muzzles of the French guns. Dollard's garrison, racked by thirst, prayed for merciful death

Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle





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Experiments at McGill in induced boredom brought on hallucinations. One student was confronted by a strange field of unattached glasses.



One man had the happy picture of a bathtub, complete with occupant, complete with helmet, float before him on his bed of sheer boredom.

## Look What Utter Boredom Can Do

#### BY FRANK CROFT

DRAWINGS BY BRUCE JOHNSON

HEN WORD got around the McGill campus about a year ago that the university's psychology department would give any student \$20 a day and all he could eat merely for lying comfortably on a bed for an indefinite period the stampede was on. "This," an eager student cried, "is the greatest thing that's happened since the introduction of the co-educational system. Gentlemen, the line forms on the right." Several students planned to devote a month of their summer holidays to blissful repose, pocket an easy \$600 for the next year's tuition fees, then go fishing.

Forty-six have taken the lotus-land treatment. Only one has been able to stick it for more than five days. His record is 135 and a half hours. Two others abandoned their dreams of sudden wealth after 127 and 113 hours. Most of them were willing to go back to work after 72 hours. One man, when asked if he would repeat the experience, replied, "No, not for a hundred dollars a day and champagne every hour."

The condition induced in these human guinea pigs was nothing more than complete and utter boredom. The man who ran the strange experiments claims that boredom exists scientifically. He is Professor D. O. Hebb, chairman of the department of psychology at McGill University. "Hitherto," he says, "boredom has been ignored in psychological treatises, or thought to have been something else; but we find that boredom is a malady itself."

Why did the students cry quits in the McGill tests? Simply because they began to see things. In a relatively short time, with their eyes open and

fully conscious, they saw apparitions which for duration and vividness have until now been experienced only by the mentally unbalanced, or produced by drug intoxication. They not only saw things but they heard things which weren't there and they felt things which weren't there and they ran through all the emotions from elation to depression, including fear, self-pity and anger.

The experiments were made so scientists could learn more about the actual workings of the brain processes when a person is in an environment of extreme boredom. The scientists were aware that boredom today cuts across the lives of most of us, makes us careless and inattentive at our work, sickens us with emptiness and discontent and causes all kinds of tragedies from highway and industrial accidents to divorce. It keeps personnel executives in a tail spin trying to make employees alert and happy, while in the same plant efficiency experts and production engineers are thinking up ways and means of making the work more boring still. The housewife, they know, is similarly afflicted. She too is bored because the implements of that deceptive modern virtue, efficiency, leave less and less of a challenge for her mind and hands

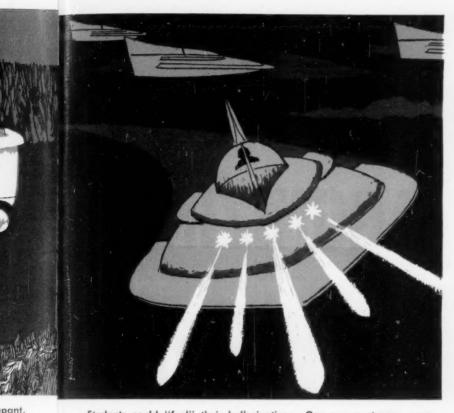
The modern home laboratory, still called a kitchen, is not as extreme as the experimental cubicle at McGill but it is closer to it than the old farm kitchen. Working in its glistening, antiseptic whiteness, the housewife produces pre-prepared meals from pre-mixed, pre-cooked ingredients which she reheats on a stove whose temperature and time controls do the rest. Is the supper a success? In a way, yes, thanks to the workers in our communal

kitchens, those larger glistening, antiseptic laboratories, who turn out our meals in quantity, uniformly labeled and of uniform flavor. But today's housewife is often missing the thrill of personal triumph which her mother gained from experimental and creative kitchen tasks.

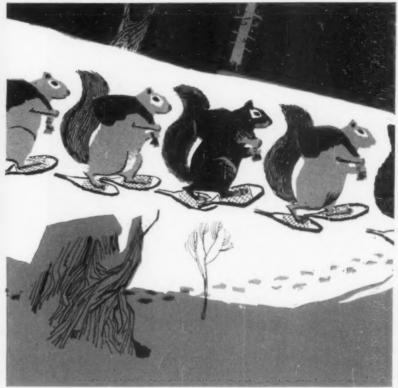
Much of her life has been robbed of variety and the need for imagination. Inactivity becomes a habit. Her initiative to create other interests dies. So the soap opera and kindred remedies which make no demands on the intelligence partly fill the gap. In such an environment thoughts easily become clouded in unhealthy imaginings. The ordinary doubts and annoyances which are either unnoticed or quickly forgotten in a full life are built one upon the other until a wall stands between the wife and her family.

It is not without significance that 96 percent of the divorces granted in Canada in 1952 were for urban dwellers. The average farm wife hasn't the time for a divorce or a nervous breakdown or any other such luxury.

One of the objects of the McGill experiments was to learn more about the cause of lapses of attention or memory of people at work. Why does a plane crash when it has left the ground in good mechanical condition with a competent crew in fine weather? Why does an inspector in a shoe factory suddenly allow faulty workmanship to escape his notice when he has been spotting such faults regularly all day? Why does a transport truck driver expertly guide his truck over miles of familiar highway, then crash through a guard rail trying to avoid an animal which wasn't there? Why does an experienced car



Students could "feel" their hallucinations. One saw a strange space ship that streaked tracer bullets. They felt like pea-shooter pellets.



Possibly the strangest sight of all was a troop of squirrels that cut across a snow-covered field. Naturally, they were snowshoes.

How'd you like to be paid for doing absolutely nothing? Forty-six McGill students were—but they couldn't take it. After twelve hours they began to see the weird apparitions pictured here. These scientific experiments open new doors to the study of a puzzling twentieth-century ailment

driver of normally sound judgment find himself stepping on the gas in order to pass the car ahead when both are reaching the crest of a hill? Why does a stenographer, after scores of flawless letters, find herself typing "religion" for "region" or "apples" for "applause" and then addressing half a dozen envelopes in a row to her mother?

Professor Hebb and Drs. W. H. Bexton, W.

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Professor Hebb and Drs. W. H. Bexton, W. Heron, and T. H. Scott, who have been conducting experiments under Dr. Hebb's guidance, now believe people become inattentive, careless and irritable, not because their minds have been overworked but because they haven't been worked enough—that we may be tired of a certain task but we are not tired from it. The girl who says, "I've been addressing envelopes all afternoon and I'm worn out," isn't worn out either physically or mentally, as she will discover if her boy friend suggests going to a dance or a movie. True mental fatigue should leave you in a satisfied condition ready for sleep. But the brain seldom reaches this state. There are many psychologists who believe the brain is capable of carrying a greater load than most people give it, whether they are streetcar conductors or nuclear physicists.

Hebb appears to be a modest man and, like all scientists when first looking at the results of an experiment, is extremely cautious. But he calls the McGill experiments "startling," largely because of the hallucinations, which appeared before subjects whose physical comfort was all that box-spring mattresses, foam rubber, air conditioning and quiet could provide; and in a friendly atmosphere. But that was the whole trouble. Life was too easy. All

that was asked of the 46 students was that they do nothing.

Paving the way for the experiments Bexton and Heron decided late in 1951 to learn more about lapses which occur when a person is forced to give close and prolonged attention to a small part of his environment, in which nothing much is happening, or in which changes occur at regular and expected intervals.

It seems fantastic that boredom could be the cause of many lost fingers, limbs or even lives among industrial workers, or that such lapses could cause air, rail or highway disasters—yet scientific surveys

of accidents have proved this to be the case.

The normal, alert functioning of the brain depends on a continual and varied bombardment of impulses initiated by all the senses—sight, hearing, smell, touch and taste, as well as the motor senses which produce muscular action. Such a bombardment keeps the brain in a continual state of "arousal reaction," or top working condition. When these stimuli of the senses do not change frequently, or when most of them are unused for hours at a time to allow concentration of just one or two, the grey cells lose their power to maintain arousal reaction and the efficiency Continued on page 88

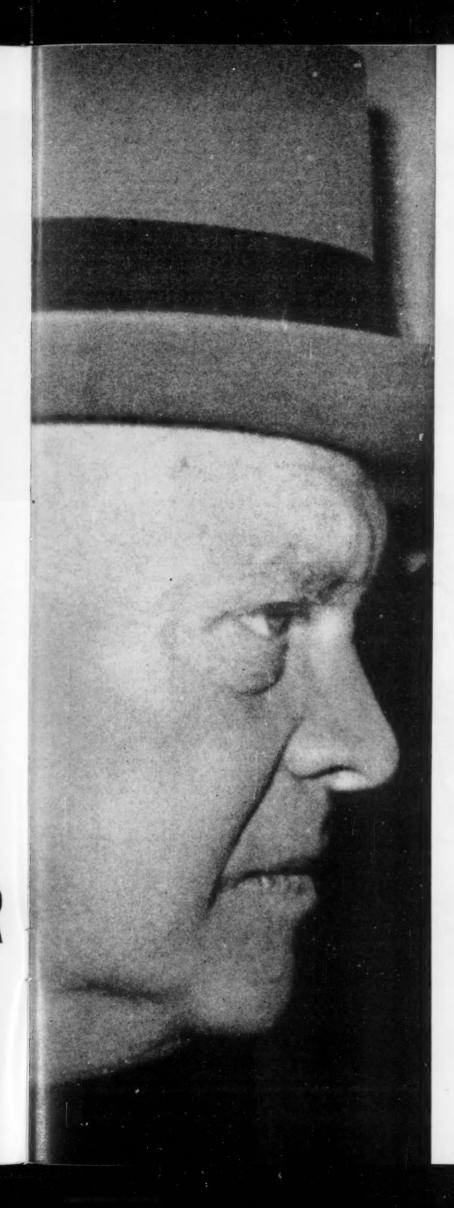


In the McGill cubicle, subjects were opaque goggles, stiff cuffs and rested on an air-foam pillow.



THE **AGONIZING** DILEMMA 0F DWIGHT D. **EISENHOWER** 

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON



McCarthyism is only a bizarre highlight of the opposition that Eisenhower faces within his own party. A famous Canadian political writer now poses a crucial question-Will the President continue to sacrifice his personal beliefs in trying to cement the splits among the Republicans?

T CLOSE sight the face of Dwight David Eisenhower is the ace of a man who has mastered himself. It is the face of a oor boy from Abilene who, as he says, never realized his poverty until he became rich and famous, whose heart is still with the little man everywhere, whose inner world is as simple, honest and clean as the American earth. That earth and that dream are transcribed legibly upon the man who mastered himself.

Up to this spring anyway, Eisenhower has not mastered his job as President of the United States and the most powerful person in the free world. He has hardly begun to grasp the political process on which the future of the free world will mainly hang. Roosevelt's aura of greatness, the hypnotic voltage which surged from the cripple pinioned in his chair, has disappeared from the White House. cocksure, small-town confidence of Truman is gone also. In their place stands an able, modest and puzzled soldier.

He has taken into the presidency neither the scholarship of Wilson, the mystical touch of Roosevelt nor Truman's violent hatreds. Instead, he has taken into it a fine but rather naive idealism, a unique soldier's experience of the world at large, a hunch that Washington is only a larger Abilene, a notion that the methods of his boyhood and of the army will work in national politics.

Eisenhower meets the naked inquisition of his weekly press conference as a figure of personal victory. Before this year is out he could

As he approaches the autumn Congressional election he does not face some minor rebellion among his followers. He faces an organized assault on his own policies, on the presidency, on the American system of government, on the decencies of public life, on everything he holds dear. In meeting that assault, or failing to meet it, he will make

or lose his place in history.

His office, his support among the American people and the current flow of history give Eisenhower and no one else the chance to master this historic dilemma. His success could save, his failure wreck, the Republican Party. But much more than the Republican Party or the present American Government is at stake in the perilous career of Eisenhower. It involves, through his nation's power, every human

being on earth.

Why, within eighteen months of his triumphant election, does this man confront perhaps the gravest personal crisis confronted by any president in the twentieth century? For several reasons.

First, he won the election of 1952 but his party did not win it and

even now may represent a minority of the nation.

Second, a large minority of the party and a majority of its professional politicians did not want him nominated in the first place, were elected solely by his popularity, are trying now to use him for their own purposes and remain further from him, in all essentials, than the

Third, he reached office, not in those easy-going times which made many small presidents like Coolidge look large, nor at a time of sudden crisis in which a President may almost automatically take on the greatness of events around him, but at a time of transition from emergency to stability, a time of anti-climax and sudden doubt, the toughest possible time for a new national leader.

Fourth, at the beginning he misconceived the presidency, his own powers and the power of the enemies within his party. He attempted the impossible experiment of lifting the presidency above politics and ruling like a constitutional monarch through a prime minister, in the person of his original opponent, Senator Taft. That unworkable ar-

rangement collapsed with Taft's death. Then, Eisenhower discovered that the president is not only the executive and commander Continued on page 79 in-chief but also a party leader, and that



As the Arctic summer waned the plovers began to leave. The curlew waited, bewildered, alone.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



# The Last of the Curlews

A MACLEAN'S NOVELETTE

There are no people in this remarkable story—only birds. Here is the haunting tale of an Eskimo curlew, his breed faced with extinction, roaming the flyways of the world in search of an impossible love

BY FRED BODSWORTH

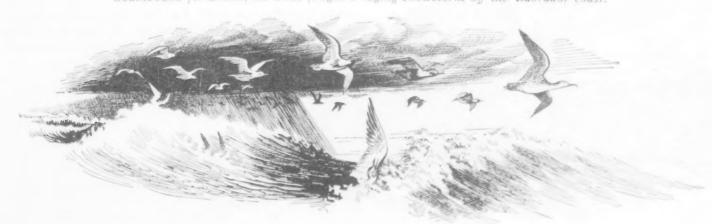
BY JUNE THE ARCTIC NIGHT has dwindled to a brief interval of grey dusk and throughout the long days mosquitoes swarm up like clouds of smoke from the potholes of the thawing tundra. It was then that the Eskimos once waited for the soft, tremulous, far-carrying chatter of the Eskimo curlew flocks and the promise of tender flesh that chatter brought to the Arctic land. But the great flocks no longer come. Even the memory of them is gone and only the legends remain. For the Eskimo curlew, originally one of the continent's most abundant game birds, flew a gantlet of shot each spring and fall, and, flying it, learned too slowly the fear of the hunter's gun that was the essential of survival. Now the species lingers on precariously at extinction's lip. The odd survivor still flies the long and perilous migration from the

The odd survivor still flies the long and perilous migration from the wintering grounds of Argentine's Patagonia, to seek a mate of its kind on the sodden tundra plains which slope to the Arctic sea. But the Arctic is vast. Usually they seek in vain amid its barren reaches of rock and stagnant pools. The last of a dying race, they now fly alone.

A STHE Arctic half-night dissolved suddenly in the pink and then the glaring yellow of the onrushing June day, the Eskimo curlew recognized at last the familiar S-twist of the ice-hemmed river half a mile below. In the five hundred miles of flat and featureless tundra he had flown over that night, there had been many rivers with many twists identical to this one, yet the curlew knew that now he was home. He was tired. The brown barbs of his wing feathers were frayed and ragged from the migration flight that had started in easy stages below the tropics and had ended now in a frantic, nonstop dash across the treeless barren grounds as the full frenzy of the mating madness gripped him.

The curlew set his wings and CONTINUED ON NEXT TWO PAGES

Southbound for Brazil, the birds fought a raging snowstorm off the Labrador coast.



dropped in a long glide that brought him to earth on the oozy shore of a snow-water puddle well back from the river bank.

Here for millenniums the Eskimo curlew males had come with the Junetime spring and waited feverishly for the females to come seeking their mates of the year. As they waited, each male vented the febrile passion of the breeding time by fighting savagely with neighboring males in defense of the territory he had chosen. In the ecstasy of homecoming, the curlew now hardly remembered that for three summers past he had been mysteriously alone and the mating fire within him had burned itself out unquenched each time as the lonely weeks passed and, inexplicably, no female had come.

The curlew's instinct-dominated brain didn't know or didn't ask why.

He had been flying ten hours without stop but now his body craved food more than rest, for the rapid heartbeat and metabolism that had kept his powerful wing muscles flexing rhythmically hour after hour had taken a heavy toll of body fuel. He began probing into the mud with his long bill. It was a strange bill, curiously adapted for this manner of feeding, two-and-a-half inches long, strikingly down-curved, almost sicklelike. At each probe the curlew felt for the soft-bodied larvae of water insects and crustaceans. The bill jabbed in and out of the brown ooze with a smooth, rapid sewing-machine action.

There were still dirty grey snowdrifts in the tundra hollows but the sun was hot and the flat Arctic world already teemed with life. Feeding was good, and the curlew fed without stopping for over an hour. Then he dozed fitfully in a half-sleep, standing on one leg, the other leg folded up close to his belly, his neck twisted so that the bill was tucked deeply into the feathers of his

back. His body processes were rapid and in half an hour the energy loss of his ten-hour flight was replenished. He was fully rested.

The Arctic summer would be short and there would be much to do when the female came. The curlew flew to a rocky ridge that rose about three feet above the surrounding tundra, alighted and looked about him. It was a harsh, bare land to have flown nine thousand miles to reach. Above all



He met her on the Argentine beaches. Their love-making began when he offered a fat snail.



else it was an empty land. The trees which survived the gales and cold of the long winters were creeping deformities of birch and willow which, after decades of snail-paced growth, had struggled no more than a foot or two high. The

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timber line where the trees of the sub-Arctic spruce forests petered out and the tundra Barren Grounds began was five hundred miles south. It was mostly a flat and undrained land laced with muskeg ponds so close packed that now, with the spring, it was half hidden by water. The low gravel humps and rock ridges which kept the potholes of water from merging into a vast,

shallow sea were covered with dense mats of grey reindeer moss and lichen, now rapidly turning to green. A few inches below lay frost as rigid as battleship steel, the land's foundation that never melted.

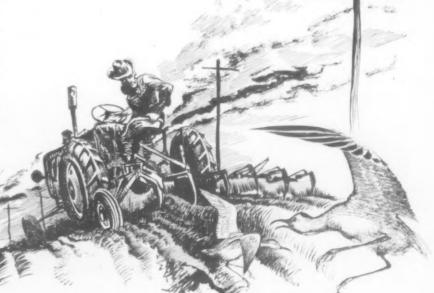
The curlew took off, climbed slowly, and methodically circled and re-circled the two-acre patchwork of water and moss that he intended to claim as his exclusive territory. Occasionally, sailing slowly on set, motionless wings, he would utter the soft, rolling whistle of his mating song. There was nothing of joy in the song. It was a war cry, a warning to all who could hear that the territory had an owner now, an owner flushed with the heat of the mating time who would defend it unflinchingly for the female that would come.

The curlew knew every rock, gravel bar, puddle and bush of his territory, despite the fact that in its harsh emptiness there wasn't a thing that stood out sufficiently to be called a landmark. The territory's western and northern boundaries were the top of the river's S-twist which the curlew had spotted from the air. There was nothing of prominence to mark the other boundaries, only a few scattered granite boulders which sparkled with specks of pyrite and mica, a half-dozen birch and willow shrubs and a few twisting necks of brown water. But the curlew knew within a few feet where his territory ended. Well in toward the centre was a low ridge of cobblestone so well drained and dry that, in the ten thousand years since the ice-age glaciers had passed, the mosses and lichens had never been able to establish themselves. At the foot of this parched stony bar where drainage water from above collected, a shallow film of dank mud lay across the cobbles Continued on page 57 and the moss and lichen mat



High above the Andes they climbed, into a weird world of intense cold and dazzling light which seemed disconnected from all the earth.

Heading back to the Arctic nesting ground the curlews paused behind a prairie farmer to snap up the grubs unearthed by the plow.





The Discovery Day Parade every Aug. 17 brought out the old sourdoughs of '98 who'd gone to the Klondike in search of gold. My husband Frank was one of them.

#### I MARRIED THE KLONDIKE conclusion

### THE SETTING OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

As the last short summer waned, this schoolma'am-turned-housewife had to say good-by to Dawson City — that strange "other world" where fashions and song hits were years late, where the front porch was the refrigerator and where she had spent twenty-five exciting years

The Highlights of Life in the Yukon Were All Crowded Into the Brief Happy Summer Season



In my time the biggest event in the Klondike was always the arrival of the first boat.



Then in summer the foliage simply burst out all over. This is our Dawson home in July.



I suppose you'd call this the most famous cabin in the Yukon. It was Robert Service's.



People who'd never been north were always curious about the midnight sun. This was taken one June midnight in 1915 to show off our phenomenon. It's overlooking Dawson.

HERE WERE only two seasons that counted in the Klondike—summer and winter. Autumn and spring passed so swiftly that it was hard to say when they began or ended. Our lives were ordered by the seasonal cycle of first and last boat, break up and freeze up.

This was all second nature to us by now. I had been almost two decades in the Klondike. Frank, my husband, had been thirty years there. He had come to dig gold and had ended as a civil servant. I had come to teach kindergarten and was now a housewife. The north was our life and our habits were attuned to it. Nature was our master and we were prisoners of her rigid system.

Our seven months of winter confinement began the moment the final series of blasts from the whistle of the last boat floated across Dawson City. Then the dark days were upon us. In late November the sun disappeared and we did not see it again until mid-January. Now we lived in a sort of perpetual twilight. The children left for school by moonlight and returned in the pitch dark. The street lights went on at three-thirty in the afternoon and in the houses the lights burned most of the day.

In the very cold weather a thick fog settled over us. We could judge the temperature by its density. If the houses a short block away were invisible we knew it was forty below. If those half a block away were invisible it was fifty below. If Robert Service's old cabin across the street was shrouded then it was fully sixty below zero. The temperature fluctuated with great suddenness. I have seen it drop from twenty above to fifty below within two days. The lowest official temperature was sixtynine below. One December the thermometer registered fifty below for an entire month.

#### By LAURA BEATRICE BERTON

Yet I can never remember the children staying home from school in the cold. They wore two pairs of heavy wool stockings under their felt boots and two pairs of mitts. Their heads were swathed in mufflers under their double toques and their conskin coats were tied at the waist with a second muffler. They waddled off awkwardly to school looking like small woolly bears.

Forty below sounds cold, but oddly after a few weeks at fifty or sixty below when the thermometer's spirits rose to forty, human spirits rose as well and the weather felt almost mild. We grew restive in our wrappings, loosened a scarf, unfastened a button or two and remarked that it felt like spring.

We could never quite keep the cold or frost out. It seemed an animate thing, creeping insidiously under the doors in a long white streak. Each nailhead in the strapping around the kitchen door was covered in a little coat of ice and the keyholes and knobs were always thick with frost. Our house was hermetically sealed as far as possible. Each fall we pasted every window with heavy paper so no breath of air could enter. My husband Frank had an ingenious arrangement over the bed consisting of a length of stovepipe stuck through the wall with a tight, hinged lid which could be opened by pulling on a rope to admit an icy blast.

We needed no refrigeration. Anything placed on the porch froze solidly. I made ice cream simply by mixing milk and flavoring and setting it outside. We kept a box of frozen blueberries out

there all winter. In addition we usually had a carcass of caribou. Frank would shoot it in the fall, bury it where it fell in the perpetually frozen subsoil, then dig it up after the first snowfall, haul it into town, butcher it and place it in a box on the porch between layers of snow.

Hardly a winter passed without some tragedy brought on by the cold. Every season several men were missing in the hills. The following spring their corpses or skeletons would be found. One spring a man was found dead in Thomas Gulch on the hill above us, not more than a mile from our front door.

There was a curious tragedy at Gold Run, near Granville, one winter. A Mexican named Sam Tim had vanished without a trace after a hard-drinking bout. The mystery was not solved until the following spring when the snow melted. Sam Tim's brother found him not far from his cabin encased in a solid block of ice staring out from this prison as if he were still alive. He had lain down in the snow and frozen to death. A spring of fresh water under the trail had frozen around him. Now here he was, staring out of the ice at the crowd that gathered, looking just as he had in life except for the slight distortion of his crystal prison.

The Yukon was ruthless in winter. Some men froze inside their own cabins because they would lie down in their bunks exhausted, the fire would go out and the cold would creep in and kill them. Occasionally the police would come upon a strange parka-clad figure standing stiffly in the snow unmoving. This would be the corpse of a man who, slowly freezing as he trudged the trail, finally stopped to knock his numbed feet together and wipe the ice from his stiffening eyeballs, only to find that he could no Continued on page 34



The midnight sun urged vegetables to enormous size. We grew these in our garden.

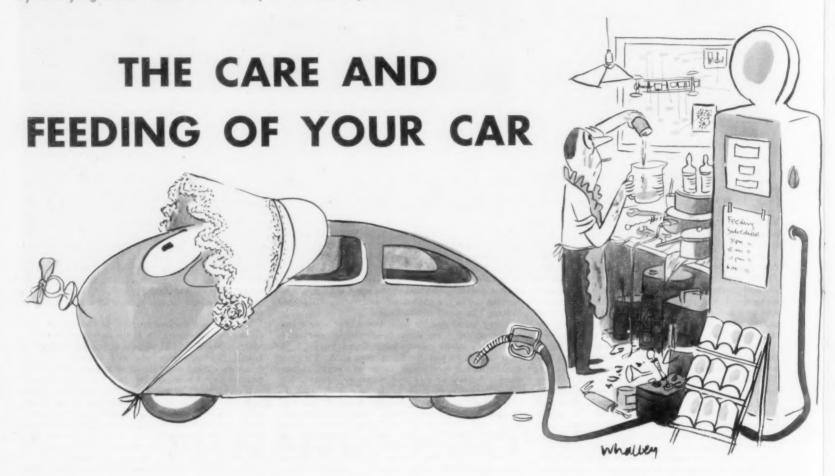


Frank was so proud of the Bluenose, which he built. We practically lived in it.



When we cruised in the Bluenose we built camps like this on river islands.

That touchy creature out in your garage is the hungriest and most sensitive member of your family. Now that the good driving weather is here, you may save enough to buy shoes for your other children by studying these down-to-earth tips from an expert on



OU DON'T have to look at the statistics.

Just look at the streets of Winnipeg, Montreal, Edmonton, Toronto or any other large city. In the past few years the automobile has become an outstanding feature of Canadian life.

Just before World War II only one out of three Canadian families owned a car. Now close to three out of five own at least one car and the rate is still growing.

If you're one of them, your car is not only a handy passport to glamour and psychological release and an aid to getting to work and shopping in these days of living in the suburbs it's also a heavy eater at your table. If you're at all typical you spend almost as much on your car as for rent or other housing expense and much more than for your family's clothes or household furnishings. A small family may even find its car costs as much as its food.

A typical owner spends an estimated \$800 a year \$15 a week—on the care and feeding of his car, although he doesn't always realize the bill is this big. Besides paying for the car itself, he pays out three dollars for gas each week, twenty or so for a new tire now and then, or for a battery, or his license fee, and several dollars occasionally for parking too long in the cities he is helping to crowd.

Canada's population increased 21.75 percent between 1941 and 1951, but the increase in cars was even more spectacular. With about 2,750,000 now registered, it is possible for the first time for all fourteen million Canadians to get on the road

#### BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

CARTOONS BY PETER WHALLEY

at the same time on a sunny holiday, which sometimes seems to happen. From '46 to '51 Canada stepped up consumption of gasoline 64 percent. If present production rates hold up, late this year there will be one-fifth of a car for every Canadian compared with one-tenth in 1939 and one-seventh in 1950. That doesn't include the lengthening lines of trucks and buses. There are fewer houses per family in Canada these days, but more cars—equipped with heat and light at that.

A car is no longer a sign of affluence. Two out of three owners manage it on pay envelopes of \$60



Jack-rabbit starts and tire-dragging stops eat gas. Stop the motor while you're waiting, too.

or less a week. More often now it's a sign of debt.

About half of all new cars and two out of three used ones are bought on the pay-you-later arrangement.

ones are bought on the pay-you-later arrangement.

Canadians have increased their use of cars even more than Americans although the latter still own more—one-third of a car for each.

Even if you don't yet own your one-fifth of a car, the national interest in autos keenly affects your pocketbook and other nerve centres. Besides your chance of participating as a pedestrian in one of the reported 215,000 auto accidents each year, cars are a vital prop under the nation's economy, especially since some other industries like textiles have slumped. Car manufacturing has become Canada's third biggest industry, surpassed only by pulp and paper, and food processing. Auto factories, their suppliers and dealers employ one of every fourteen non-farm wage earners besides all the petroleum and rubber-industry workers who keep your chariot fueled and shod.

Cars also produce big tax revenues. The federal government in 1952 rang up \$140 millions in sales and excise taxes while the provinces and towns collected \$300 millions in gasoline taxes and assorted fees and fines.

Not every car owner spends \$800 a year on its keep. This would be a typical or frequent cost if you buy a new car of one of the popular-price full-size makes and keep it three years while rolling up yearly the 6,200 miles the Canadian Automobile Chamber of Commerce found was average in a 1951 survey.

For a family that buys costlier cars or trades sooner, the expense rises because depreciation is heaviest in the first two years of a car's life. A family that buys used cars, generally over three years old, has lower costs but will still spend \$500 to \$700 a year if it does the average mileage.

My estimate of average yearly upkeep costs works out this way:

Annual depreciation, average of three years	\$400
Gasoline and oil for 6,200 miles	150
Maintenance and tires	90
Miscellaneous (parking, minor body	
work, etc.)	60
Liability, fire, theft insurance	60
License fees	20
	\$780

The depreciation cost is based on average prices in Winnipeg, Montreal and Toronto for the three most popular full-size sedans in the \$2,300-\$2,400 price class. Such a car loses about \$1,000 of its original value in the first three years of life, judging from average prices of used cars in this group in these cities last March.

The gasoline cost is based on an average of almost 44 cents in Ontario. It can be considered typical, not only because almost half the country's cars are berthed there but because Ontario's eleven-cent tax on gas hits close to the average provincial rate of 11.9 cents. The gasoline estimate is based on getting 19 to 20 miles a gallon.

The insurance figure permits \$15,000 to \$30,000 coverage for bodily injury and \$5,000 property-damage protection. It will vary among classes of drivers and in different communities. The license fees are average for the country.

Your own costs may vary from our budget according to prices in your region, your personal driving habits and other factors. People in Quebec, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and P. E. I. have to pay higher gas taxes. Drivers in Manitoba, Alberta, and B. C. get a bit of a break on the gas tax but



In the used-car field, a late-model small car is often better than an older sleeker big job.

have to pay higher delivery charges on cars. A city dweller generally needs more gas to cover the same ground than a country man.

One Toronto driver, a machinery expert, recently complained that any realistic car budget ought to include an allowance for parking tickets and driving fines. Nor has our budget included costs of owning or renting a garage, nor the innumerable accessories sold for cars, from seat covers to fake portholes.

But any way you look at it, owning a car in Canada is expensive, especially when compared with the U. S. There, for the same cars and mileage, the owner's average cost would be about \$680 a year, or eleven cents a mile compared with the Canadian's tab of twelve and a half cents. A man who does more than 6,200 miles a year will have a lower cost per mile although of course a higher annual expense. A Windsor, Ont., professional man who records his car costs for business reasons told me it costs him ten cents a mile for all expenses—buying one of the three most widely sold makes, driving about 9,000 miles a year and trading in every two years.

trading in every two years.

Whether a Canadian wants a car mainly to get to work and shop, or to get to one of the drive-in theatres that have sprung up in the past few years, he still uses it comparatively frugally. His 6,200

miles a year compares with 9,000 for the average U. S. driver.

A car-wise family can reduce the cost of ownership in several ways: in the initial selection of a car, on depreciation, even on gasoline, oil, insurance, tires and other equipment. The place not to try to save is on service, exactly where many owners do skimp. Maintenance affects the two biggest costs depreciation and fuel consumption but itself is relatively not a big cost, as our breakdown shows. Even failure to get a lubrication job when it's needed means the engine has to supply more power to turn the wheels, thus consuming gas and causing engine wear. Canadian Automobile Association considers condition a major factor in resale value, affecting depreciation as much as twenty percent. The main chance to save is on depreciation, rather than fuel, even though gas costs some fifteen percent more than in the U. S., chiefly because of higher pro-vincial taxes. The big three cars in Canada cost about \$500 more than they do in the States and some higher-priced makes, a third more.

You really begin to save on a car when it's three years old—whether yours or one you want to buy. The average car depreciates \$500 to \$700 the first year, even if driven very little. The second year, on the basis of our survey of resale prices, depreciation runs \$250 to \$400, and \$200 to \$300 the third year. Fourth and fifth-year depreciation slows down to about \$150, and in later years depreciation may be as little as \$50. (Of course, a high-mileage man finds it's wiser to switch cars frequently. A canny salesman I know who runs a car 25,000 miles a year trades it in yearly.)

In used cars, another money-saver is to look for a make that has medium resale value rather than the highest. On a new car, resale value is important. But if you buy a used car to keep some time, an initial saving may be more worth while.

an initial saving may be more worth while.

For the same outlay it's generally more economical to buy a later-model small car (any relatively smaller car) than

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#### The Car Owner Must Be a Father, Nurse and Psychiatrist



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Under-inflation of tires is a gas waster. Of course, you can carry things too far.



A garage is no necessity but remember how you feel when you've stayed out all night.



In summer, park in the shade. Otherwise, the sun takes long drinks from the tank.

Cars, like people, get old and tired. At 40,000 miles you can expect costs to soar.

#### Maclean's Movies

#### CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEAT THE DEVIL: Director John Huston's new picture, a wacky comedy of rogues, is a sort of farcical parallel to his 1941 crime - and - suspense classic, The Maltese Falcon, but its really funny moments are too infrequent. Humphrey Bogart tops the good cast



Coley Wallace is a likable touis

THE COMMAND: Cavalry versus redskins again — but a lot more exciting than usual in this first CinemaScope western. Great fun for youngsters, and quite passable for their elders as well. Guy Madison leads the defenders.

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON: A prehistoric man-shaped fish falls in love with screaming Julia Adams in an Amazon backwater, but his courtship is a failure. So is the movie.

DECAMERON NIGHTS: Straitlaced morality is triumphant, but gets a sly ribbing nonetheless, in this handsome parcel of Boccaccio tales from the fourteenth century. With Louis Jourdan, Joan

GIVE A GIRL A BREAK: A hackneyed backstage plot and a sometimes lethargic pace are demerit marks against this amiable little musical, but one or two of its song-and-dance numbers are fresh

THE JOE LOUIS STORY: One of the most honest and sensible sports biographies ever made in Hollywood, with boxer Coley Wallace likably impersonating the Brown Bomber. Newsreel shots of his historic fights are cleverly spliced in.

MAN IN THE ATTIC: Jack Palance is convincingly horrifying as the appalling Jack the Ripper in a remake of that veteran thriller, The Lodger. Good goose-pimple entertainment.

#### Gilmour Rates

The Actress: Comedy. Excellent.

Back to God's Country: Outdoor meller

drammer. Poor.
The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent.

The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good. Beneath the 12-Mile Reef: CinemoScope

action drama. Fair.
The Big Heat: Crime drama. Excellent.
Blueprint for Murder: Mystery. Good. Calamity Jane: Musical western. Poor.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
The City Is Dark: Crime. Fair.
Conquest of Everest: Actuality drama of

mountain climbers. Excellent.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.

Donovan's Brain: Horror, Fair,

Easy to Love: Water-musical, Fair. Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Injuns. Good.

Folly to Be Wise: Comedy. Fair. Forbidden: Sexy melodrama. Poor. Forever Female: Comedy. Fair. From Here to Elernity: Army-camp drama. Excellent.

Genevieve: British comedy. Good. Geraldine: Show-biz comedy. Fair. The Glass Web: Whodunit. Fair. Glenn Miller Story: Musical. Good. Go, Man, Gel: Basketball. Good.

Half a Hero: Domestic comedy. Good. Hell and High Water: Action drama in CinemaScope. Fair. His Majesty O'Keefe: Adventure. Fair.

Hondo: 3-D western. Good. How to Marry a Millionaire: Romantic

comedy in CinemaScope. Good. Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good. I, the Jury: Whodunit. Poor. It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent

The Juggler: Drama. Excellent Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent. Kiss Me Kate: Musical. Good. Knights of the Round Table: Drama in

Latin Lovers: Romantic comedy. Fair. Lili: Musical fantasy, Excellent, Lang, Long Trailer: Camedy, Excellent,

Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good. The Man Between: Dramo. Good. Martin Luther: Drama, Good, Miss Sadie Thompson: Drama, Poor, Mogambo: Jungle comedy, Excellent.

Paratrooper: War drama. Fair. Personal Affair: Drama. Fair. Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent,

Saskatchewan: Mountie drama. Fair, Shane: Western. Excellent, The Sinner: Sexy melodrama. Poor, The Square Ring: Boxing drama. Good, Take the High Ground: War. Fair,

Thunder Over the Plains: Western, Torch Song: Musical drama. Good. Trouble in Store: Comedy, Fair,

Vice Squad: Police drama. Good. Walking My Baby Back Home: Comedy

and music. Poor. Wild One: Drama. Fair for adults.

an older big one, which will require

repairs sooner, and costlier ones at that.

The traditional risk in a used car is that "you inherit somebody else's headache." But it need be no more than a normal automotive migraine if you inspect it carefully. Repair costs do increase as a car ages but rarely to the extent of depreciation on a new which is affected by pure snob and novelty appeal as well as actual deterioration. It's generally when a car hits forty thousand miles that major repair

You ought to know when to unload There can be no rule for all cars, even of the same vintage. But as a rough measure, a car owner reaches the "point of no return" when his annual cost of repairs plus depreciation on his present car approaches the annual depreciation on a later model. The knack of judging when the point of no return is reached is this: when you are faced with an expensive repair or replacement, have the mechanic test the other important components of your car and estimate what further repairs you will probably need soon. Consider not only the engine, but the rest of the running gear.

Among the more costly parts to check are shock absorbers, springs, steering gear, king pins and bushings, wheel bearings, universal joints, clutch transmission and rear-end gears. These have a varying life expectancy, but if they all collapsed within a short time you could have a total repair bill running up to \$300. Among less costly components, but worth checking generator, starter, voltage regulator, master cylinder, wheel cylinders, wind-shield-wiper motor and headlights. These too could add up to a bill of close to \$200.

Selecting the right make and model for your needs, and only as large a car as you actually need, helps keep down costs. A family that drives mostly in the city, and makes only occasional long trips, will find a heavy highwered car a constant extra for gas, costlier tires, repairs, insurance and higher depreciation. Some late high-powered models boast average top speeds of over a hundred miles an hour, and accelerate into high speed in ten seconds. But if you don't need that don't buy it.

Six-cylinder cars drink less gas and are generally a shade more economical to maintain than eight-cylinder cars of the same make. Advantages of the eights are smoother flow of power and better torque (thrust). Which is better for you depends on whether you use a car chiefly for short-distance city and suburban driving, and thus would find the six more economical, or make longer trips and could benefit from an eight's

greater power.

If smallness means less expense as well as easier manoeuvrability in traffic, why don't more people buy the smaller English cars? When Canadian cars were still in short supply and Britain was making a pitch to export cars in her drive for postwar financial sta-bility, many small English cars poured But imports declined as more Canadian cars came off the assembly

There are always many criticisms that the modern American-style car produced in Canada is more puffed-up, ornamental, cumbersome and costly than is necessary for many drivers' true needs. But the Canadian Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the manufacturers' association, argues that "while many people say they would be satisfied with smaller cars, what they really want is a big car with all the trimmings

Besides that undeniable ambivalence of car buyers, or perhaps human beings,

drivers sometimes do fear small cars are not as safe and are too light for long-distance travel. A fellow I know went out for a trial drive in a small English car and came home that night with a big Canadian one. He got bounced around too much, he explained. Then again, an Ontario family toured the Maritimes for a month in an English car with their nine - months - old daughter happily playing in the back seat.

Not all the fears about small cars may be justified. A U. S. test-car driver told me that actually smaller car bodies may have more tensile strength than larger ones, since there is less steel distributed over a smaller Too, the more weight, as in a large car, the more force with it strikes an object. A smaller car could be safer if you hit something. But there is much inconclusive debate about its relative safety in collision

with a larger vehicle.

Nor is the longer wheel base of large cars itself assurance of roadability. It's the way the car is engineered that counts. Some comparatively light cars ride well because of good balance and uspension and low centre of gravity The smaller imported cars generally don't have the power of the full-size makes but can cruise satisfactorily at 55 to 60 mph. Some are capable of average speeds of 75 mph.

These days even after you've settled on the make and model you're faced with an array of optional features that can pyramid your cost.

#### Overdrive Can Pay For Itself

Automatic (clutchless) transmission is generally most useful for city drivers who continually stop and go. Service costs are low for the first 25,000 miles (in some cases much more) but automatic transmission can add to repair costs in later years.

On a new car the additional cost of about \$200 is not too steep because of the added resale value. But before buying a used car with automatic transmission have a mechanic check it. If it needs a complete overhaul you may have a steep bill.

On the other hand an overdrive is more useful for long-distance driving on fairly flat terrain, especially if you ring up much mileage each year. is really a fourth forward speed and Initial cost of an overdrive unit is about \$100. Overdrive usually gives a motorist up to two and a half miles extra per Imperial gallon on the open road and will therefore pay for itself on gas saved after about forty thousand miles. More important is the saving on engine wear and tear because, with overdrive, the engine operates at fewer revolutions.

Power steering is most useful for city drivers who have to park in small spaces, while power brakes are an aid to high-speed drivers of high-powered

After depreciation, the next biggest nce to save is on gasoline. of fuel has given birth to many ideas and gadgets for reducing gas consumption, like dual exhaust systems, unorthodox idling needles for carburetors, water-injection units to humidify the gas mixture, the use of larger tires on the rear wheels, and others.

None of these gadgets is universally and under certain driving circumuseful, but for certain makes of cars stances they do save gas. The unor-thodox idling needles, for example, work on some carburetors but not on others and should only be purchased on a money-back guarantee. Large tires on rear wheels are generally good on open roads-where they give an

# One done ... One to go

vive o'clock—one job done and one to go. Behind her is another day . . . ahead is her home and family. For she is the modern wife whose skill and effort in office or plant is helping to build two big projects . . . the Canadian Future and the Canadian Home.

Moments from now, the girl on the job will be transformed into the lady of the house. Out of the slacks or office suit . . . and into a pretty house dress and fresh lip-stick for a homecoming husband. These efficient hands will be flying in her very own kitchen, doing the jobs women love to do for their men . . . fixing dinner . . . picking up bits of mending . . . whisking through a touch of ironing. And then . . . the precious time of quiet sharing, as both dream of the future their present labors will make come true. The house they will own . . . the garden they will tend . . . the children they will educate and watch grow . .

Canada is a working country . . . and women stand side by side with their men to see that the work is done. It's a fine

system, and a democratic one. And the not-so-silent partner helps her husband hold the line on both fronts. This is the way a family grows . . . and with such families Canada reaches new horizons of happiness and achievement.

Weston's take this way of honoring Canadian women, who for many years have made Weston's quality products the first choice in their homes. The name of Weston's is a family favorite today just as it has been for generations—a preference based upon quality first and always in food products.

Always buy the best-buy

BISCUITS . BREAD . CAKES . CANDIES

GEORGE WESTON LIMITED - CANADA M4-2

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Mrs. Georgia Elliot, Tenally, N. J. uses detergents regularly, yet still keeps her hands soft.

#### "I wash 24,000 pieces of silverware a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"



15e, 37e, 65e, \$1.15

Candlelight, linen and gleaming silver make a perfect setting for Georgia Elliot. But to keep that silver bright, she counts on detergents. She uses then to wash and polish thousands of pieces a year. (As many as you!)

Detergents cut through grease effortlessly. But they can also rob hands of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

But not Georgia's hands! After detergents . . . after any harsh soap or cleanser, she puts on pure, white Jergens Lotion, right away.

It penetrates instantly (doesn't just "coat" her hands) ith two important softening ingredients. It actually helps replace necessary softening moisture.

Keep your home detergent-bright, by all means. But be sure to use the world's most popular hand care daily,

if you want to keep your hands soft and lovable.

Use Jergens Lotion - avoid detergent hands

overdrive effect-but not too good in the city where they reduce acceleration.

According to the Automobile Association of America, on a thousand-mile trip an average car will drink fifty gallons of gas (Imperial size) if driven at 35 mph, but about 85 gallons at 65 mph. An economical cruising speed on long trips is 45. By driving 45 to 50 instead of 65 to 70 you save one gallon in every four. A steady pace saves gas by taking advantage of momentum. Particularly wasteful of gas—tires and brakes too.

and brakes too—are jack-rabbit starts; quick, tire-dragging stops and reluctance to stop the engine during halts of uncertain duration.

Prompt upshifting saves money. Continuing to drive in second at 20

mph uses 15 percent more gas than high. Low gear at 20 consumes 35 percent more. Let the other fellow break away first; let him be poor.

Many motorists wonder whether it's worth paying extra for premium gas.
The answer is that many older cars with comparatively low-compression ratios don't need high-octane premium gas and can't use it effectively. In later models it's compressed seven or more times. Thus the fuel gives more power when ignited by the spark if high-octane gas is used, and such high-compression engines do need the premium fuel for best performance

But if your own compression ratio is less than 7 to 1 your engine probably is less than 7 to 1 your engine probably won't be able to get full benefit from high-octane gas, except possibly in hilly country when an engine needs all possible help when it's straining to make a grade.

Significantly, purchasing officials for government not long ago ordered that no government vehicle shall use premium gas unless its engine "specifically designed for higher-

First thing is to learn your own compression ratio. Your dealer can look it up for your make, model and year. In very old cars, of course, carbon buildup will alter the compres-

Car owners are equally mystified about oil, because of the conflicting advice about how often to change and what grade to use. More and more impartial experts now consider it unnecessary to change every thousand miles, as was once believed, unless your engine has accumulated much dirt and doesn't have a filter, or you do much stop-and-go driving or traveling over dusty rural roads. But otherwise and under conditions of moderate use, more motorists now change only every two thousand miles. Generally speaking go by the manufacturer's advice and change oil oftener as the car gets older. It is also necessary to change more frequently in winter because coldweather driving conditions add more sludge and grit to the oil. For this reason too it's important to replace your oil filter cartridge every spring and fall.

If you drive much or at high speeds, or have a comparatively new car premium oil is worth the extra cost

Biggest saving on oil—almost half its cost—is to buy it in bulk and add it yourself when needed, or even change Margelf

Habitual tire underinflation is a gas Habitual tire underinflation is a gas waster and also robs the average motorist of twenty percent of his tire life, according to AAA experts. Many motorists check pressure after they have ridden a bit. By then pressure has built up and they think they have enough. You need to check while tires are still cool. A little overinflation of front tires at least, but not much in are still cool. A little overinnation or front tires at least—but not much in hot weather—saves gas and rubber although your ride isn't as soft. A "leadfoot Louie" spends more for

tires as well as gas. A study at Iowa State College showed that tires wear out nearly three times as quickly at fifty mph as at thirty. It also pays to rotate tires at least every five thousand miles, including the spare. When all tires share the heavy wheel work, you increase the heavy rear-wheel work, you increase tire life up to twenty percent. And why not retread tires when smooth if the casing is sound? The body represents about

75 percent of your investment in a tire.
You have a big investment in the body of your car too, and good care there can slow down your annual depreciation cost noticeably. "Good care" means primarily washing and waxing as needed (the wax also protects the chrome). But it also means protecting the underbody with an undercoating, especially for a new car, and especially if you live in areas where salts are used on the highways in winter, or if you travel over gravel roads much. The protective undercoat seals the undersurface against rust and also deadens noise. Or you can buy the asphalt-base undercoat material and apply it yourself to such strategic spots as the body nuts and bolts, and the underside of fenders, body panels and gas tank. But be sure you first carefully clean off the parts you coat and don't coat components that dissi-pate heat, like the exhaust assembly and oil pan.

#### How Much Does Money Cost?

You can save on insurance and other needs by smart shopping. Insurance is cheap enough in rural areas. In Saskatchewan, for example by adding voluntary extensions to the province's compulsory policy, you can get a \$25 "package" giving you fifty-dollar-degiving you fifty-dollar-deductible collision insurance protecting the owner's car, and up to \$120,000 of public liability insurance

But in crowded cities like Montreal and Toronto the cost rises sharply. For drivers under 25 and for business use the rate often doubles. Where it is Where it is the rate often doubles. Where it is steep, it is more practical to concentrate your expenditure on adequate liability protection rather than on insuring your own car, especially if your car is an older one. You can shop

for rates too.

One of the biggest savings an auto owner can make is on financing. can cost you as much as a new engine Suppose you buy a car and owe a balance of \$1,000. Your interest cost could run from \$100 to \$360 depending on the finance rate and how long you

A neighbor of mine drove his old car extra long, determined to first save up the cash for a new one. The day he bought his new car he started a new savings account to pay in the depreciation as it accumulates, just as he pays cash for other car costs. He was determined to save the finance cost. In the long run he'll be able to buy more cars than the habitual time

If that isn't feasible, and it isn't vays, next best bet is to shop care fully for the different possible lower-cost sources for a loan, like commercial banks and credit unions, and the lov rate finance companies, to see which will part with the money at the lowest interest cost. The Better Business Bureaus in Canada have reported that complaints from aggrieved buyers of used cars are one of their chief trouble spots. It's particularly vital to avoid a lump-sum charge for car, interest fee, insurance and other charges, a practice some used-car dealers use. You need some used-car dealers use. You need an itemized bill to know what you are being charged for each item in order to compare costs elsewhere.

Cars cost enough as it is without asking for trouble.

This pig-tailed young lady is a small neighbor friend of Norman Rockwell

up in Arlington, Vermont.

Mr. Rockwell has painted her many times before, but never eating Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

She eats them all the time, however, and this is how she looks. She likes them, as you can plainly see. So does Mr. Rockwell. So do most people.

These are the friendly flakes that

get a real hold on your appetite.

Small moppets have been stowing them away and spilling a few in their bathrobe pockets for over 50 years. They're the

cereal that's most often.



Now on Kellogg's Corn Flakes packages—four Kellogg's Kids by Norman Rockwell. Pick your favorite; win cash prizes (\$2,500 first prize). Details on package backs.

back of father's newspeer. the cereal mother likes, too,

when she has time to eat... the cereal that millions have grown up with and never said goodbye to.

The problem, of course, is that people are always running out of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—and that's a very good way to make someone cross at breakfast. How is it with you? Need another package?

100000000000

Tenosk on a 11



#### Should this man... invest \$100 \$200 \$300 A YEAR IN LIFE INSURANCE?

Here's a young father who believes in investing wisely. But there's one question he finds difficult to answer. How much of his income should he invest in life insurance?

There are very few men who can give you fact-supported answers to such a vital question. But there's one person in your community who can - the Canada Life representative.

> The Canada Life representative is an insurance advisor in the fullest sense of the word.



#### The Setting of the Midnight Sun

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

longer move on. And there he would remain, a grisly statue in the dusk.

Christmas and New Year's marked the peak of the winter season. In late December the town had a Christmas-card feeling to it, the snow crisp and glistening under the aurora, the air clear, and each evergreen outlined in powdery white. All over the valley you could hear the tinkle of sleigh bells. Christmas had none of the slick commercialized atmosphere that it has on the Outside. We had no radios to deafen us with incessant carols and when we heard them in church on Sunday before the Yule they fell sweetly upon the ear. We cut our own tree from the hillside above and dragged it back through the deep snow in tri-umph. New Year's Eve was marked by a lavish masked ball in the Arctic Brotherhood hall. The costumes were handmade and most elaborate. I remember I once went as an Eaton's Christmas parcel, designed by Frank.

In the middle of January the first rays of the sun would peep tentatively over the hills and for a few moments a tiny sliver of light would fall on Fifth Avenue in the centre of town. With this gesture in the direction of far-off spring our spirits would rise and the sun's progress across town would be the only subject of conversation for days. For the first time in two months people could see their shadows and more and more of us would venture onto the streets to see the tints of rose and gold on the white hilltops.

Winter gave way to summer with only a cursory nod at spring. Suddenly only a cursory nod at spring. Suddenly one day the snow would go soft and hundreds of frothing cascades would pour down from the hills. The ditches in town would fill to the brim with water. The low spots became ponds full of mosquito larvae and edged with snipe. The wild crocus would peer through the last snows. Finally the ice would move in the river. This, and the arrival of the first boat, marked the arrival of the first boat, marked the opening of summer.

The ice broke sometime during the first two weeks of May and this was accompanied by the wagering of thousands of dollars on the exact moment of its going. Every store and business establishment and office had business establishment and office had a pool. The hospital had a pool and the school children had a pool and, of course, at our house my husband and I and our son and daughter had a pool, too. The news that the ice was moving flashed through the town like an electric current. Bells rang, whistles blew, dogs howled and whatever the hour the entire population hurried to the river to watch the spectacular sight. I remember one Sunday morning in church, the whistles blew. The minchurch, the whistles blew. The minister swiftly cut short his sermon and we all rushed out. In the river the great cakes of ice, three to eight feet thick, were smashing and grinding against each other with the noise of a dozen express trains. Entire cakes would be hurled onto the banks piling into mountains that sometimes stood fifty feet high. Occasionally carriery fifty feet high. Occasionally caribou could be seen clinging to the ice blocks and sometimes uprooted trees and the odd empty boat sailed by.

The opening of the river was a symbolic act of nature, akin to the breaking of bars on a prisoner's cell. A short time later the first boat puffed in bringing the first fresh fruit seen in months, a cheerful sight with its high plume of white smoke, its yellow stack and bright red paddle wheel. From perpetual twilight we now found ourselves bathed in the perpetual daylight of the short but spectacular Klondike summer. Because it never got dark, plants

grew to enormous proportions. We had pansies four inches across, sweet-pea hedges ten feet high, and asters as big as chrysanthemums. The east side of our house each summer was covered with canary vine which ran over the roof. Frank measured its growth one day at five inches in twenty-four hours. day at five inches in twenty-four hours. All the annuals flowered swiftly but the perennials, except for delphiniums which survived the hardest winter, were another matter. We did raise fine Canterbury bells and hollyhocks but only by keeping them in the root-

cellar from fall to spring.

Most of our seeds were planted in the winter in the cellar. When the ice was out of the river they went into the garden. The vegetables grew as rapidly as the flowers. One of our neighbors grew a fifty-pound cabbage and we raised a cauliflower that weighed eleven pounds ready for the pot. Green peas flourished but beans wouldn't grow at all. Our finest crop was spinach which we gathered by the bushel and bottled for winter use.

#### A Lunch from Nature

On the hot summer days we roamed the hills searching for berries and these gypsy wanderings are among my hap-piest recollections. From the hilltops we could look onto a vast sea windswept mountaintops billowing to Rockies to the east, the purple ranges of Alaska to the west. By midsummer the hills were thick with berries—currants hanging in shiny clusters; rasp-berries ripe for eating and masses of cranberries. Later on, the blueberries hung so thickly that we used a box with sharp metal teeth to comb them from the shrubbery. When the season was on, the whole town took to the bills such formits allowing the desired hills, each family slipping by devious trails to its own secret berry patch, the parents warning the children in stage whispers never, never to shout when picking or reveal by word or action the

location of their private horde.

We had made a memorable trip in poling boat four hundred miles down he Yukon and we were now hopelessly wedded to the river, and Frank, who could build anything, built a boat. It was a twenty-six-foot round-bottomed motor launch of his own design. He even soaked and bent the ribs himself. He named her Bluenose after his native Maritimes, clamped a Johnson Sea-horse Twelve on her stern and launched her one bright June day. From then on we lived on the river in the summer.

At the beginning of each season we could scout the river above the town for a suitable island. This we claimed for our own and established a camp on it. As the silt of the islands shifted every season it was impossible to establish a permanent river camp but as there were plenty of islands we had no trouble finding one each June. Usually we chose one that had been partially under water in the spring floods for when the river dropped it would leave large warm pools behind that served as protected swimming areas. Once we established our camp nobody disturbed us. We could come and go as we pleased, doing and wear-ing what we wanted without interference. From this base, we could roam up and down the river through the innumerable sloughs and small

The river was alive with animals in the summer, wolves and coyotes howling at night, lone moose standing dra-

## SPALDING SETS THE PACE IN GOLF

Whether
weekend golfer
or club champion...

the

## SPALDING CLUBS

and

#### SPALDING GOLF BALLS

will SAVE you strokes!



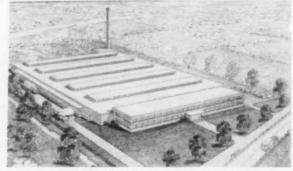
Take Strokes Off Your Score With

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NEW SUITCHER
Registered
WOODS and IRONS for '54

Here are golf clubs so basically new and advanced in design that it's almost impossible not to benefit by them—whether you're shooting to break 100, 90, 80, or win a title.

The reason is simple: every wood, every iron has identical contact feel. The centre of gravity and shaft action of each club are completely controlled by a new, exclusive SPALDING formula. This means uniform timing, new ease of shot control, greater accuracy with less tendency to hook or slice, greater distance . . . in short, lower scores!

Ask golfers who own a set of **SPALDING** Synchro-Dyned Clubs what they have done for their game. Then have the best season you've ever enjoyed with Your set of **SPALDING** Clubs!

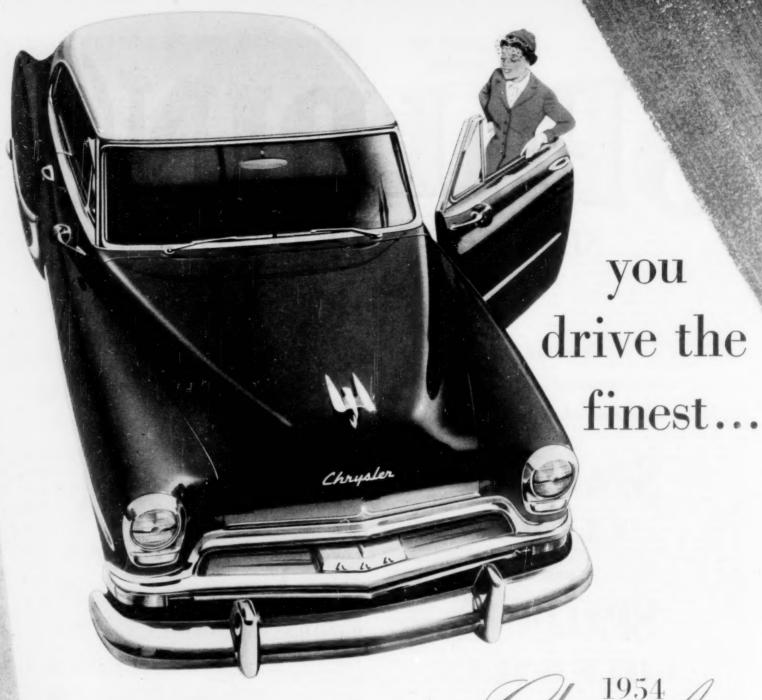


SPALDING . . . Sports Centre of Canada

Above plans show the new proposed SPALDING Factory to be constructed on a twenty acre site recently purchased in Brantford, Ontario, It's dedicated to providing you with equipment that helps you get more fun out of your favourite sport. Here, technicians, engineers, inventors, working with ingenious machines and precision controls, seek new ways to make SPALDING products even better.

G-1-5





When you drive the beautiful new (

Chrysler

Here's winged beauty for you! As beautiful to drive as it is to look at, for it's winged with the swift acceleration of PowerFlite—Chrysler's smooth, silent no-shift drive.

You'll be proud of your beautiful Windsor DeLuxe every thrilling moment you drive—proud of its finer engineering and flashing response—proud of the inspired styling that says you own the leader.

You'll enjoy the new Windsor DeLuxe for so many reasons. Amazing PowerFlite transmission is standard (as on the mighty 235 H.P. Chrysler V-Eights). The advanced system of spring suspension gives you a cloud-soft ride and exceptional stability on curves. Optional Full-Time Power Steering\* does four-fifths of the steering and parking work for you.

The Windsor Deluxe truly compliments your good taste wherever you go . . . as you will discover

The Windsor Deluxe truly compliments your good taste wherever you go . . . as you will discover when your friends remark—"I see you drive a Chrysler!"

\*Full-Time Power Steering is available at moderate cost on all 1954 Chryslers.

Proudly displayed by your CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH-FARGO DEALER

matically against the sunset, caribou swimming against the current by the thousands and bears on the distant hillsides. Occasionally we saw huge grizzlies in the distance, rising on their grizzlies in the distance, rising on their haunches, the brown markings on their great flat faces easily visible at half a mile. One day a grizzly fell upon one of our river neighbors, an old prospector named Red MacDonald, and tore him to pieces. A woodcutter came upon the remains and barricaded them in the cabin until he could get help. But the bear tore down the previously and days used the rest of the barricades and devoured the rest of the corpse leaving only the head rolling about on the floor.

Nature does everything on a huge scale in the Yukon and the caribou migrations across the river were proof of it. Toward fall they would run in gigantic herds on their seasonal trek from the barren lands. The paths of previous herds were easily discernible along the river banks for the caribou trampled everything before them. We could see them plunging through the underbrush and scrambling up the steep banks from our vantage point on the river. As the fall progressed the entire river was pungent with the odor of decaying corpses where dying odor of decaying corpses where dying caribou injured by wolves or accidents or careless hunters lay rotting among the willows. One hot afternoon we drove the boat into the midst of several dozen caribou swimming in the river. We were so close that the children reached out and touched their velvet horns—a dangerous thing to do for they could easily have capsized the boat. There were some friends with movie cameras a few miles downstream movie cameras a few miles downstream and Frank rounded up the herd with

the boat and drove them down.

Most of our excursions were made upriver for we didn't relish the idea of a power failure below the town which would send us floating to Alaska. The one time we did venture downriver a cylinder gave out and we had to beach the boat at the Indian village of Moose hide and prepare to hike back over the hills to Dawson, in the late evening. As we started through the sleeping

As we started through the steeping village a dog began to howl, a low ugly sound. Grey Cloud, our husky dog, was with us and his fur began to rise. Then another dog took up the cry—and another. Now I remembered stories of the Moosehide Malemutes, stories of town dogs attacked and torn to pieces by the Indian dogs who were of the same breed but, because of harsh treatment at the natives' hands, of a

vicious temperament.
"Don't say a word," Frank said,
under his breath. "Keep a tight hold

on Cloud and follow me."

The village consisted of a short row of log cabins set on the river bank, at one end of which was the Anglican

at one end of which was the Anglican church and mission house. Below, cluttered with fishing nets, fish racks, piles of old cans and dumps of filthy refuse, was the beach where our boat lay. We each picked up a heavy club, and with Grey Cloud held firmly in the centre, we advanced.

The Indian dogs had a fierce reputation throughout the territory and were known to spring instantly on dog or sometimes unprotected human. We could see their dark forms now steadily advancing from each cabin into the main roadway. Huskies and Malemutes cannot bark or growl. Like wolves, they can only howl, and it was this eerie banshee sound, very low, that sprang now from their throats. sprang now from their throats

ering

The clubs, and finally the Indians, protected us. At the outset not a soul was to be seen but as the noise mounted and as we began to club at each dog as it advanced toward us, first one, then another human figure slouched from each tightly shut cabin, seized a

heavy club that always reposed at the doorway for just such emergencies and began to flail at the snarling animals. began to nail at the snaring animals. Slowly the dogs receded before this new wave of humanity, their black lips curling back over their teeth. Thus we breached the village in safety, ate a midnight lunch on the hill overlook-ing Dawson and then soothed by the panorama of golden sky and golden water proceeded home. But the Malemutes had their innings. When Frank went down next day to recover the crippled Bluenose he found they had clawed open our entire store of tinned rations. I had an uneasy feeling they had eaten them, tins and all.

By mid-August we knew our river trips were ending for another year. trips were ending for another year. August is autumn in the Klondike. We beached our boat as the leaves grew sere on the trees and began again to hammer on the storm windows and paste brown paper over the cracks. Then we prepared for the ultimate ritual of the dying season, the pilgrimage to the dock to see the last boat leave. I always thought it significant, though perhaps accidental, that while the first boat always arrived at eleven in the morning, the last boat always seemed to go at night. It slipped out into the dark river, a floating spectre, and as we waved it good-by we adjusted ourselves mentally to another long seasonal night before the bright morning of a new summer

#### Even Turkish Delight

Dawson in those days reminded me of Sam Tim, the man frozen into the block of ice. It lay in a sort of state of suspended animation, its character, its people and its folkways frozen into an inflexible pattern by the constric-tions of geography, climate and history The town itself seemed much the same as it had in the gold-rush days until you looked closely and found that the buildings were warped and aged and the frost had heaved the foundations until they were all on a slant. This gave a queerly distorted effect, as if one were viewing the whole community through a warped mirror or a crystal cake of ice. So too were our customs fixed and immutable, if slightly distorted. The men went calling on New Year's Day in formal dress, as they always had. No ball was complete without its grand march and its minute. minuet. The prescribed refreshments at bridge parties included for twenty-five years sherbet, salted almonds and

five years sherbet, salted almonds and Turkish delight.

We were all a bit like George Fraser and Bob Rusk, two old prospectors who kept a general store out on Dominion Creek. They had been there since the gold rush. In the summer they washed out a little gold. In the winter they vegetated. They subscribed to all the big magazines which they allowed to pile up in the summer months. In the winter they read their way through them. When they had finished it was time to wash gold again. They had not been Outside since they They had not been Outside since they first came to the Klondike and they rarely made the thirty-mile trip to Dawson. In fact they spent the final years of their lives without moving more than a few miles from their cabin, content to live vicariously in the colored magazine advertisements

This in a sense was our pattern too. Our ways were governed by the inflexibility of those seasonal anniversaries on which the calendar of the town was set. We were well aware of the ineviset. We were well aware of the inevitability of the river breaking in the spring and freezing in the fall. More than most North Americans, I think, we had become used to a certain precision in nature. It was perhaps natural that we should unconsciously No matter what they track in your kitchen...



TVY SQUARE in yellow and white 6', 9' and 12' wide.

#### **GOLD SEAL** CONGOLEUM has the 8-COAT **THICKNESS** wear-layer that can take it!

Gold Seal Congoleum has a wear-

layer that's a dream to clean, a wear-layer of paint and enamel that's thick as 8 coats of the finest floor paint put on, by hand. The Gold Seal guarantees satisfaction and remember a Congoleum room-size rug costs ONLY A FEW DOLLARS!

At right - CONGOWALL - the wall covering that looks and feels like ceramic tile...costs only a few cents a foot.

See the full range of Congoleum and Congowall patterns at your House Furnishing Dealer's soon!



n for free booklet showing you all the latest

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED

MONTREAL, QUEBEC

strive to maintain a similar fixed design in our own lives.

Dawson was a transient town, supporting seven flourishing hotels mainly for miners who worked on the creeks, but the transients made little dent in our social armor. The tourists, police, nurses, teachers, doctors, dentists, mining men and ministers all ebbed and flowed through the community but the hard core remained. The medical men moved through as regularly as the migrating caribou. We had some good doctors in Dawson and also some very There was the doctor who

told me I had cancer of the breast and ordered an immediate operation. I resisted him. The cancer turned out to be a pimple. There was the doctor who examined our daughter for flu and announced she had chronic heart trouble and would never walk again. She refused to be lugged about, tunately, and twenty-five years later she is walking as briskly as ever. was the doctor who gave Frank an injection for something or other and found he had used the wrong drug. Frank turned blue and began to shake. I hustled the doctor out of the house

piled blankets and hot-water bottles on Frank and brought him around. continued to use that doctor. We had

to; he was the only one in town.

There was also poor Dr. Nunns, who was a good doctor. The tragedy was that he, too, was the only one in town.

This meant there was no doctor for the doctor, Dr. Nunns came down with appendicitis and with the whole town watching helplessly he died. From then

on the doctors began to arrive in pairs.
We had two dentists but only in the summertime. In the winter we went without dental care. Then one fall Frank arrived home in a state of great

excitement.
"I've bought Faulkner's tools. He's

"I've bought Faulkner's tools. He selling out."

"You've bought a set of dentist's tools? Are you out of your mind?"

"Not a bit of it. I thought I'd potter about with them this winter. You remember I helped out a dentist in Granville years ago. Why, they even called me Doc."

He gwickly cleared out his den, set

He quickly cleared out his den, set up a dentist's chair and drill and before we knew it, prospectors, Indians—yes, and bank managers, too—were waiting in the living room for appointments. Frank had no license and little training but he was better than nothing in the dead of winter when a man had a toothache and needed quick relief. I soon found to my astonishment that certain townspeople would hold off their dental work until winter in order to go to Frank. There may have been several reasons for this. He was a gentle sort of man and did his best gentle sort of man and did his best never to hurt anybody. He also charged less than real dentists. Again—and I consider this the most valid reason—he always gave a man a healthy slug of brandy when he pulled a tooth. I would not say that Frank was a wildly popular man for popularity in Dawson was based on the intangible

business of being a "good fellow" and Frank was never that. He hated to Frank was never that. He hated to be slapped on the back. He used unusual words and he was keen on correct pronunciation. Nor did he gossip, and in the winter the town lived on gossip. A man who preferred to go off and copy old mining records—as Frank did—instead of standing around the big stove in the office dissecting his neighbors tended to be looked on with suspicion. And yet Frank was greatly respected, and I think loved, by the tattered old men who came in to him regularly to renew their claims or check up on mining law. It was not until years later, when he died, that I began to hear stories of how he regularly lent them money and helped them in various ways.

#### Frank Turns Lawver

The townspeople, I imagine, con-sidered him somewhat eccentric for he played chess and talked about Ein-stein's theory and subscribed to the Scientific American and refused to wear a hat in the summer—a piece of brazen individualism in a town which clung so carefully to the old conventions. For that matter I myself had thought him eccentric on our first meeting though I never again felt so. The truth is that he was a shy nervous sensitive man in he was a shy nervous sensitive man in spite of his varied careers in the mining camp and his early rough life in the Klondike. I remember once when Frank's lodge was holding its annual ball. It was his task to mount the stage and announce that refreshments would be served. My old friend, John Black, a stickler for the proper use of words, as Frank was, slid up beside me as Frank walked up the steps. "At last," said John Black, his whiskers bristling, "at last we'll have somebody who understands the English language who understands the English language and won't employ that confounded word 'lunch.' " At this moment Frank spoke. He was terribly nervous. "Lunch." is now being served in the lunchroom,

This makes his actions on a certain winter's day the following year more than usually remarkable. He came home for the midday meal and in a voice trembling with anger told us how a miner up the Klondike Valley had been about a proper to the control of the contr had been charged with shooting a cow moose, an offense punishable under the

law.
"What they can't seem to get into



their heads," he said, "is that the poor beggar was starving to death. He had to eat. It was him or the moose. The whole thing is a bunch of damned nonsense, if you ask me, and the trouble is he's not going to get a fair shake. There's only one lawyer in town and he'll be prosecuting. They'll give him some rookie noliceman as a give him some rookie policeman as a defense lawyer who doesn't care a hang about the business and find him guilty. He'll have to pay a stiff fine for saving himself from starvation.'

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himself from starvation.

He pushed his plate back from the table and said, half to himself, "If I knew anything about law I think I'd have a shot at defending him myself. It's a damnable piece of nonsense

"But you don't know anything about

law, dear."
"No, perhaps not. Nor do the people who charged him, it seems to me. Anyway, under British justice, a fellow doesn't have to have a license to defend a fellow man . . . Well, it's time to

I watched him walk down the wooden

where he worked.

"Children," I said, "I think your father is really going to defend that

man."

I remembered the hesitant sentences about "lunch" at the lodge ball and shuddered a little to think of Frank in

He returned that night with a look half sheepish and half triumphant. "You went to court this afternoon,

I'll bet."

"Yes, as a matter of fact I did. I got to thinking about it and decided I'd have a shot at defending him. He was grateful, you know."
"I'm sure he was, dear. Did you

"No, no. Lost of course."

"No, no. Lost of course."
"I'm sorry."
"Well, funny thing is that didn't seem to matter too much. The point was, I think, he got an adequate defense. Also he really seemed to feel so much better about it when I offered to help him. I mean, I think he felt somebody was on his side.

Which was all there was to it except one small item. The following day a large parcel arrived at our door tied in brown butcher's wrapping. It contained a giant haunch of meat.

"Moose," said Frank. A pause, then he added drily, "Cow moose at that, I

imagine."
Thus, marked by small dramas, our years in Dawson ticked by. Hardly a season passed without some minor tragedy being enacted in one of the cabins in the town or along the trail. I remember the wave of horror that swept over us when Stewart Barnes died. He was an Oxford graduate and a Greek scholar who had come to the a Greek scholar who had come to the Klondike in gold-rush days. He was too proud to tell anybody he was starving to death. One day they found his emaciated body in his cabin with a notebook beside it describing the agonies of his last hours.

Another year we had a murder. An old prospector was found bludgeoned in his cabin on the Klondike. The murderer was trapped by a single clue that had a peculiarly Klondike flavor. The old man had been killed for his money but his money consisted of banknotes of great age which he had been hoarding since the turn of the century. When these old bills began to appear in the stores the police nabbed their man, a laborer named Barney West who was subsequently hanged.

Like the prospector's hoarded banknotes, most of our pleasures and pursuits were years behind the times. The radio was now the rage Outside but there were no radios in Dawson. Our movies were up to five years old and often older. We got short paragraphs of current news three times a week in the four or six pages of the Dawson News, which meant that our headlines were not more than two or three days old but for more detailed accounts we had to wait a fortnight or more for the coast papers.

Our popular songs were hopelessly out of date. They filtered into town a year or more after they had been sung to death Outside. We were perhaps the last community on the Continent to dance the Charleston and

the Black Bottom. Everybody was drinking Coca-Cola, according to the magazine ads, but it had not reached us. We wore our skirts down when the rest of the world wore them up and we wore them up long after they had gone down again. Arrival of the first boat each spring brought us a new glimpse of what was in vogue Outside. Down the gangplank one day late in May came Mabel Cribbs, the druggist's wife, in a skirt around her ankles. How strange she looked—for ours were up Everybody was the Black Bottom. strange she looked-for ours were up to our kne

These things helped keep Dawson in

its apparent state of suspended aniits apparent state of suspended animation. One went Outside for a visit to find the world had moved on. One returned next spring to find Dawson had remained exactly as before. My parents' letters from Toronto took as long as six weeks to reach me and we did not read the August Book-of-the-Month until November.

The airplane was to change all this in time but airplanes, like everything else were late in coming to Dawson.

else, were late in coming to Dawson. I remember the first one swooping down on Dawson one winter day in 1927—the Lindbergh year—and the



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whole town rushing to the river bank to watch it land on the ice. The little halfbreed children raised their hands in the air to try to catch it as if it were a butterfly. They called it the Queen of the Yukon. A short time later it crashed into some trees. It was replaced by Queen of the Yukon II which plunged into the river. The mail came in by stage weeks later, rescued from the river bottom, each letter encased in a thick jacket of ice.

We lived vicariously, as George Fraser and Bob Rusk did, in the pages of the Outside magazines and in the thick mail-order catalogues. I did most of my shopping from them. If the sizes of the children's clothes were wrong when the goods arrived we had to make do for the distance was so great that it was impractical to return anything. There was no use returning a child's dress because it was 'oo large. By the time the replacement arrived it would almost certainly be too small. Thus we did our Christmas shopping in September, and in November we had a miniature Christmas Eve when we wrapped parcels for relatives Outside.

It is not surprising then that the great depression which began in 1929 should be almost three years late in arriving in Dawson. We had heard vague reports of bread lines and soup kitchens Outside, but Outside was always a remote world, unconnected with our own. In the Yukon full employment, high wages and unlimited credit continued until the spring of 1932. I use this date because Frank was told then he was out of a job. The federal government was reducing the staff as an economy measure. At the age of sixty he was superannuated with a small pension.

#### The Most Nostalgic Day

Now we had a hard decision to make. Should we remain in the Yukon, or should we too, as so many had before us, quit the Klondike for good? It was logic, rather than sentiment, that we had to follow. The pension would allow us to scrape by in some small backwater but it would never maintain us in the north where prices were still skyhigh.

We left a few days after Dawson's great celebration—the anniversary of the discovery of gold on Aug. 17. I remember that day so well. I was standing with the children, as we always did on Discovery Day, watching the parade of the Yukon Order of Pioneers form up in front of the old log lodge hall on King Street, next to Pantages' old Auditorium Theatre, an ornate wreck of slanting walls and gingerbread fretwork that looked like a piece of a Hollywood western set. The pioneers themselves looked like Hollywood extras in their black suits and big grey mustaches and nugget chains.

All day long the people had been pouring into Dawson—trucks overflowing with crews from the dredges, old battered Model Ts carrying miners and their families from the creeks, canoes full of Indians from downriver and the streets a hurly-burly of dust and dogs, snarling, barking, playing, fighting and howling everywhere.

This was a day for nostalgia—our

This was a day for nostaigla—our last Discovery Day and Frank's last parade. Watching the greying men as they adjusted the purple sash of their order and formed up in a shambling line behind their banner, the memories of a quarter of a century in the north began to crowd across my mind like scenes in a newsreel. Each Aug. 17 I had come down here to the Pioneer Hall to watch the parade start off and follow it along the streets to the park in the centre of town. In the first few years the parade had stretched for many blocks and the

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men marched with a young brisk step. Now the line of men was hardly a block in length and the men were stooped and shambling. There was not a man in the line who had not come into the Klondike before the turn of the century. None had found much gold. Most were content to lay their bones in the Yukon Valley.

In the days that followed there were

In the days that followed there were more memories as I packed up those things we could afford to take with us and disposed of those that we couldn't. Here was a pan I'd used to cook with during our honeymoon in a tent on Sourdough Gulch. There was the frog costume that won Frank first prize at the New Year's Eve ball. Here was the flag from the poling boat in which we'd floated down the Yukon. A couple of nights before we left Frank came home looking a little sad.

"Well, I sold the old Bluenose," he said. "A woodcutter bought her. He wants to take her downriver to do some freighting." He had put his very heart in to this boat and I knew it was not easy for him to part with her. Our happiest days had been spent lazing aboard her

on the warm summer evenings.

And Grey Cloud, our husky dog now grown old and blind, had to be disposed of. He was too far gone to give away. Frank took him out to the woods late one evening, after the children had gone to bed, patted his head, settled him down in the leaves and shot him.

The next night we were walking home along the water front when Frank stopped suddenly. "Listen," he said and cocked his ear toward the river at the sound of a high-pitched motor. "There goes the Bluenose."

We waited quietly on the bank while the rhythmic sound drew nearer. "There she is," said Frank softly, pointing out into the main stream as the late evening sun glinted on her blue prow. "She always did ride well, didn't she?"

Automatically we turned to look for the dog, who whenever he heard the Bluenose's engine, rushed to the water front. But the dog was gone.

The next day was our last in town. The house was sold and the boxes packed. As usual the dock was crowded as it had been when I first arrived in Dawson a quarter of a century before. The people were older now but some of them were the same. There was Apple Jimmy Oglow, the Greek fruit merchant who was the first man to greet me when I stepped off the boat a young kindergarten teacher so long ago. His hair had been black then; now it was quite white and heavy lines marked his brown leathery face though his grip was as firm as ever.

was as firm as ever.

The final whistle blew and we boarded the boat. As the sound reverberated around the Yukon hills a husky began to howl in the weird minor cadence of his breed. Another dog took up the howl and another and another, until the mournful strain floated over the town, echoing across the deep bowl in the mountains, echoing over the log cabins and the flanks of the hills where the red currants still grew thickly in the summer, echoing over to the west side of the river where the bones of the decaying river boats lay, and up the Klondike Valley where we had spent our first married months, and across those wooded Yukon islands where we enjoyed so many summer evenings.

The dogs were still howling when the boat passed the mouth of the Klondike River and chugged around the bend.

This concludes Mrs. Berton's reminiscences. In expanded form they will be included in the book, I Married the Klondike, to be published later by Little, Brown and Company.

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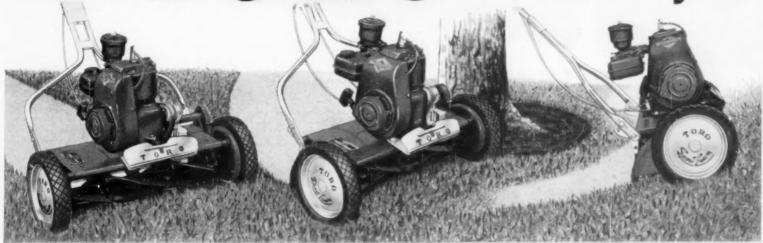
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#### The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

which control such matters to be a great trading centre. It could not be bypassed by the canoes from the north and west which brought the winter's catch down to the market. More and more traders were starting in business and doing well for themselves. The region lying between the Rue St. Paul and the muddy Commune bordering the course of the St. Lawrence was filling up with mercantile establishments, stores, trading posts, warehouses. A census taken in 1665, just five years beyond the point in time which this narrative has reached, would show a jump in population to 525. Two years later it would be 766.

Men were becoming wealthy. The freight received from France was no longer made up of sheer necessities. There were bales of rich materials for clothes and the niceties of attire which Paris created for the world; for the ladies, considérations which were panniers to be worn over skirts, head-dresses of étamine, contouches with bows of red ribbon down the front, lacy robes of gorge-de-pigeon, skirt stiffeners called criardes; for the men, tapabord hats which had turned-up brims and silk linings and claques which were three-cornered and very handsome indeed, bretelles (a primitive form of suspender), and knee-length capots. The finest furniture was being sent out as well; walnut commodes with marble tops, serpentine tables, armoires of sassafras wood and fine crystal chandeliers. The best of wines were available in the stores and very much in demand.

wood and fine crystal chandeliers. The best of wines were available in the stores and very much in demand.

This increase in trade was not an unmixed blessing. The fur merchants had discovered that one commodity was irresistible to the Indian, that he could be parted easily from his furs for brandy. The liquor traffic was beginning to split the colony wide open. The clerical heads fought it bitterly but, in the long run, unsuccessfully. Already in 1660 Montreal had witnessed Algonquin hunters, stark naked and roaring drunk, staggering down the

Rue St. Paul.

ED

There was no real security for a community as exposed as this. The Iroquois studied the straggling rows of houses from the depths of the forest or the opposite bank of the river; their small black eyes intent, their cunning minds at work.

They became progressively bolder and even hid themselves among the houses. The people of the town learned to their sorrow that a lurking shadow was likely to be a Mohawk and that

a sound outside the house had to be investigated warily, for it might mean an Onondagan concealed in the woodpile. Sometimes the daring redskins hid themselves in the gardens of the Hôtel-Dieu, prepared to kill any nun who ventured out.

Fighting might occur at any time in the neighboring woods or in the town itself. The shrill "Cassee kouee!" of the Iroquois became as familiar to the harried whites as the cawing of crows in the spring. The nuns at the Hôtel-Dieu sounded the tocsin whenever they heard it, summoning all the men of Montreal to the scene of the trouble.

But though its man-made defenses were far from strong, Montreal had one natural fortification which was to stand it in historic stead—the Ottawa River. Long before man had been evolved, the Ottawa had served as the outlet of a vast sea which lapped the base of the Laurentian range. It remained a river of furious power, which was augmented as one tributary after another drained

To enter the Ottawa from the St. Lawrence by canoe puts a strain on even the strongest of arms. After negotiating one of the four passages and crossing the Lake of Two Mountains, the first serious obstacle is encountered in the Carillon Rapids. After the Carillon come the rapids of Chute à Blondeau. Still farther along on the broad westward sweep of the stream the entrance to a lake is reached, and this proves to be the most formidable of the many bottlenecks along the lower course of the brawling river. The water pours in roiling fury down a long narrow passage which is called the Long Sault.

The Long Sault, always a menace

The Long Sault, always a menace and a source of delay, made it necessary to unload canoes three times in an ascent. It had grown in importance since domination of the Ottawa had become a part of Iroquois strategy. When parties of Frenchmen approached it from either direction it was always with the expectation of finding Iroquois bands hidden along its banks; and the shoe was on the other foot when it was the Iroquois themselves who were on

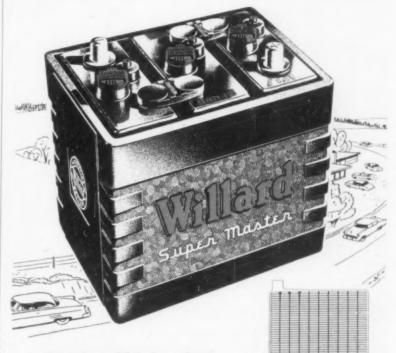
The Long Sault will never be forgotten because here was enacted the great epic story of early Canadian history.

reat epic story of early istory. There was in Montreal at

There was in Montreal at this time, in the capacity of an officer of the armed forces, a young man named Adam Dollard (sometimes, but erroneously, called Daulae), Sieur des Ormeaux. He had come out from France three years before, at 22, and it was generally believed that some kind of shadow had settled on his name at home. In fairness to this brave soldier, whose exploit places him on a level with those two great holders of



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NEXT ISSUE: PART SIX OF

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD By THOMAS B, COSTAIN

The Embattled "Angel of Heaven"

Bishop Laval fought the flow of brandy to the Indians, fought with the Governors of New France for greater powers for the Church. He didn't always win, but the little seminary he founded grew into the great Quebec university that is his monument today.

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historic gaps, Leonidas at Thermopylae and Horatius on the bridge at Rome, there is nothing in the records to warrant the assertion save a statement by Dollier de Casson in his story of Montreal. Dollard was seeking a chance, declared the Sulpician historian, "to be of use to him on account of something which was said to have

happened in France."
Here, then, was Adam Dollard des Ormeaux, looking eagerly for a chance to strike a bold blow for New France and perhaps to win something for the bare shield of a 17th-century Tor. He went to Maisonneuve and told him of a plan he had formed. The war clouds d been getting denser and lower all the time. Iroquois warriors had winthe time. tered on the upper Ottawa, several hundreds of them, and a still larger concentration was under way along the Richelieu. At least a thousand braves were out on the warpath. Would it not be the best kind of defense to go immediately on the offensive? Dollard proposed to the governor that he be allowed to recruit a small band of men and make a stand on the Ottawa in the hope of preventing a junction of the

Such at least was the story accepted and loudly extolled during most of the

captive told his story but it was in April that Dollard proposed his plan to Maisonneuve.

It seems certain that Dollard's suggestion was that he would take his party up the Ottawa and pick off as many as possible of the hunting parties as they returned down the river. This plan was a reasonable one, yet both bold and patriotic. It achieved, wit-tingly or not, the great result which early chronicles declared to have been in his mind from the start, the salvation of Montreal.

Dollard had recruited sixteen men, all as eager as he was to risk their lives in the common cause. The gallant

in the common cause. The gallant seventeen made their wills, confessed and received the sacrament in the little stone chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu.

The band who knelt before the altar were almost pitifully young. There was one who was 31, the rest were in their twenties. They were not men of knightly rank venturing out to a deed of high emprise: they were of humble of high emprise; they were of humble stock, soldiers who had come with the last contingent, artisans, tillers of the

Because they were not experienced woodsmen, they lost time in negotiating the swift and treacherous currents around Montreal Island. It was a full



Dollard and his 16 recruits made their heroic stand at the Long Sault

years which have elapsed: that Dol-lard led his men to the Long Sault, knowing they would all die but believ-ing that a bold enough stand might Montreal more time to prepare and even perhaps raise a doubt in Iroquois minds as to the possibility of succeeding in their main objective. If this were the plan he outlined to the governor, it was indeed a sublime act of sacrifice and one of the great and unforgettable audacities of history. It might reasonably raise doubts, how-ever, as to the good judgment of the commander who allowed them to go. So small a band as Dollard proposed to take might easily be destroyed by a large Iroquois war party and thus they would throw their lives away they would throw their lives away uselessly. They could be employed to better advantage behind the defenses of Montreal where, in the event of a concerted attack, every pair of eyes capable of sighting a musket would be needed, and no heart of good resolution

The facts seem to indicate that Dollard's plan was a less ambitious one. A close checking of the dates involved leads to the conclusion that he could not have known of the Iroquois designs as early as this; that in fact no one in Montreal had yet heard. The first hint of the plan was given at Quebec when a Mohegan warrior, who had become a natural-ized Mohawk, was being burned at the stake. He let it be known that eight hundred Iroquois braves were gathering at the mouth of the Richelieu and waiting only for word of the coming of the party from up the Ottawa. Montreal was to be attacked first, then Three Rivers and finally Quebec. It was in the early part of May that the

week before they managed to enter the mouth of the tumultuous tributary. The task continued hard as they battled the swift-flowing waters. They passed the Carillon and then the Chute à Blon-deau. It was only after nearly two weeks of backbreaking effort that they came to the narrow passage where in white fury the roaring waters of the Long Sault rolled by.

This was on May 1 and none of the Iroquois had yet come down the Otwa. Here Dollard decided to wait. A short distance back from the angry

waters on the eastern side of the Sault they found an abandoned stockade. It was no more than a rough enclosure of logs, high enough to give protection to crouching men but not reinforced in any way and already showing signs of disintegration. This was indeed a stroke of luck, for all the heaviest work involved in creating a fort had been done. A little more effort would have turned the stockade into a tight island of defense against which an Iroquois wave might beat in vain. If Dollard and his followers had been expecting all arge war party to come down the river against them, they would have taken advantage of this spell allowed them to raise the walls and strengthen them in every way. As it was, they did nothing. They even raised their kettles along the bank of the stream and did not stock the fort with pro-visions or water. This is the second reason, a conclusive one, for supposing that Dollard and his young companions had not anticipated the proportions of the risk ahead of them.

At this point a party of Indian allies joined them. There were forty Hurons under a wise and brave chief named Anahotaha and four Algonquins from was in plan to 's sug-

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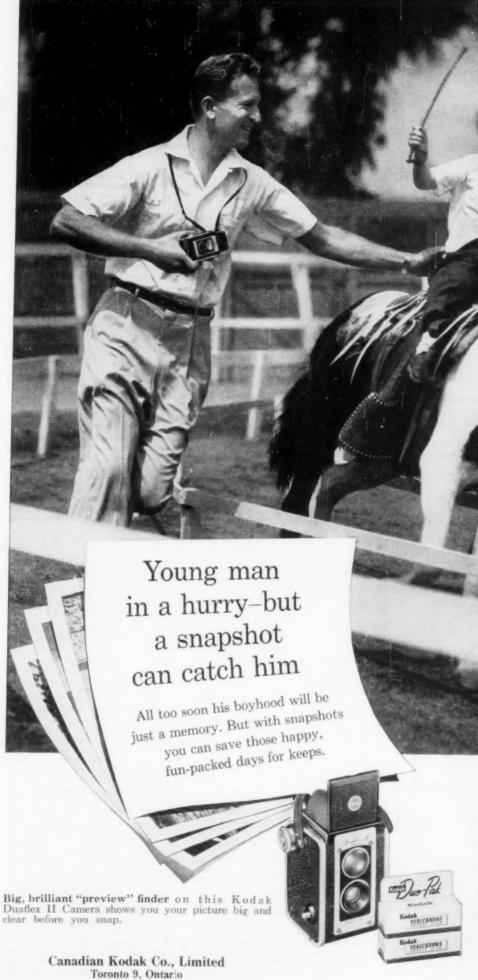
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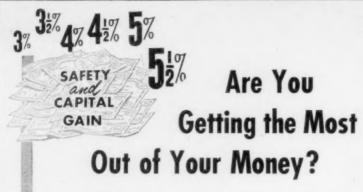


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Three Rivers, led by Mitewemeg. They had arrived in Montreal and had heard of the bold venture of the seventeen Frenchmen and had conceived a desire to take a hand. Maisonneuve had given the chiefs a letter to Dollard to serve as their credentials. For two more days the reinforced party waited.

At last the hour struck. The scouts placed at the head of the Sault brought down word that two canoes, filled with Iroquois, were in sight. Dollard now gave proof of his capacity as a soldier. He selected a spot where he judged the Iroquois would land, and here his men concealed themselves in the underconcealed themselves in the under-brush. The ambush had been shrewdly planted, for the two elm-bark canoes containing five Iroquois braves, pulled in here. As they came ashore the concealed Frenchmen fired a volley. Unfortunately one of the Iroquois escaped unharmed and carried the

word back to the main party.

Almost at once, it seemed, the narrow stream became filled with canoes manned by savages eager to avenge the attack. The startled Dollard, making a hasty appraisal of the enemy strength, saw that there were forty or fifty canoes in the water. This meant a force of not less than two hundred warriors. For the first time, perhaps, he realized the extreme jeopardy in which he and his companions were placed. He ordered a retreat to the shelter of the fort.

The Iroquois swarmed ashore like angry hornets. Without making any attempt at organization, they came down on the stockade in an immediate The Frenchmen and their allies ured volley after volley into them ling and wounding many. The Irokilling and wounding many. The Iro-quois chiefs soon realized from the firmness of the resistance that such a hasty onslaught would not succeed. They drew their men back out of range. ouncil was held and then several of the furiously discomfited warriors

came forward to open a parley.

The heat of conflict was in the blood of the little band behind the loosely constructed log wall. Without pausing constructed log wan. Without pausing for thought, they fired on the Iroquois emissaries, killing several of them. Those who escaped rejoined the waitwarriors in the woods above

Anahotaha is reported to have given his head a grave shake at this. He said to Dollard: "Ah, comrade, you have spoiled everything. You ought to have waited the result of the council our enemies are holding.

The state of mind which now pos ssed the Iroquois braves can easily be conceived. This interruption to their plans was a complete surprise. They had lost many of their number, shot down in that first angry attempt to clear the daring Frenchmen from their path; and there was in the men of the Five Nations a sense of loyalty which made the sight of their dead th most potent incitement to increased most potent incitement to increased effort. If any serious delay resulted here, they would be late for the appointed rendezvous with the large concentration near the mouth of the Richelieu. The hasty council they held, therefore, was not marked by deliberate and rational discussion; it was, rather, an explosion of furious talk. Being wily tacticians, even when roused to the highest fighting pitch, they concluded that another frontal assault would be too costly. they were misjudging the size of the force opposed to them; at any rate, their next step was to begin building a fort of their own farther up the river.

This gave Dollard and his men an opportunity to accomplish the task they should have set themselves to as soon as they arrived and found the log They reinforced the wall by cutting branches from the trees

about them and binding them around the stakes and the crosspieces, thus the stakes and the crosspieces, thus turning the shaky structure into a solid circular wall. All gaps were stuffed with earth and stones, leaving only small loopholes. Realizing the dire peril in which they stood, the young Frenchmen worked in desperate haste; and as they worked they could see bands of the Iroquois ranging up and down the shore of the noisy Sault, smashing the canoes they found there (thus destroying the last chance of the French to make a dash for safety) and demolishing the kettles suspended over ashes of the last fire.

The second attack was launched from all sides and with the suddenness and weight of a thunderbolt. The men of the Long House rushed boldly out from the cover of the trees, leaping in the air as they ran and screaming in hate and rage. They strove to build hate and rage. They strove to build a fire against the stockade, using for fuel the bark of the French canoes. Inside the fort there was no trace of panic. Dollard's voice in directing the defense was clear and confident, and amazingly cool. The Frenchmen at their small loopholes poured a devatating fire into the close ranks of the enemy. The Iroquois, failing to set the wall ablaze, retreated in a sudden confusion. Their chiefs rallied them and they came back a second time; with the same result. A third attack was broken and repulsed, and then the chagrined warriors returned to their own rude fort for a second council

#### "Come over to us!"

The result of the Iroquois debate was a proof of the bewilderment and dismay they were feeling as a result of the unexpected firmness of the French stand. They came to the conclusion that their strength was not sufficient to clear the path unassisted. Messengers were sent off to the main con-

centration, asking for reinforcements. For five days there was a lull but the Iroquois kept a close watch on the stockade, sniping with matchlock and bow from behind the trees, so that the defenders were never permitted a mo-ment's ease. The Iroquois also devised a plan to split the defense forces. Renegade Hurons in the attacking kept up a constant verbal assault on the followers of Anahotaha. whole of the Iroquois strength was coming, they shouted gleefully, they were coming in their hundreds and thousands. The water would be black with their canoes, the loud roar of the rapids would be lost in the great battle cry of the Long House. "Come!" they cried.

selves while you have the chance. Come over to us!

The gallant Frenchmen behind the arth-chinked logs had no illusions. Death faced them, swift and inexorable. They had one consolation left, that they still had it in their power to make the Iroquois victory a costly one. In the hope of diverting attack from the vulnerable little town at the meeting place of the rivers, they would fight on. But their Indian allies had no such consolation and it is not surprising that the followers of Anahotaha began to hearken to this invitation dinned so insistently into their ears. If there was a shred of hope left for them it was in heeding the forked tongues of the renegades. One by one the Hurons renegades. One by one the Hurons began to climb the barricade. The Indians who remained jeered as

the deserters sprang over the top and scuttled across the open space, which was now heaped high with the bodies of the dead. This, as it turned out, was sheer bravado. None of the Hurons, caught in the deathtrap, had any

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stomach left for fighting. Even as they jeered, they were edging up to the barricade in order to join the exodus. In the end the brave Anahotaha was the only member of his party who remained. The four Algonquins, to whom no promise of clemency had been held out, remained with their chief when the last of the Hurons had vanished. But they were a badly shaken lot.

shaken lot.

The position of the small remnant was a desperate one. Rest was denied them, for the foe maintained the threat of attack through the hours of dark-

ness. They had no water and their thirst became so great that they could not force down their throats the dry rations which remained. Hungry, thirsty, unnerved by lack of sleep, the gaunt young men stood at the loopholes and prayed constantly to the God in whom they placed their trust.

On the fifth day the warriors from the Richelieu concentration arrived, more than five hundred in all. The din of their arrival, the triumphant war whoops which echoed through the woods, the formidable massing on all sides, accentuated the hopelessness of

the odds; seven or eight hundred trained fighting men, filled with hate and rage, against seventeen weary Frenchmen and five native allies. The defenders were starved, maddened with thirst, their nerves raw. The end, it was only too clear, could not long be delayed.

But in an area as restricted as the ground over which the small redoubt could be attacked, the law of diminishing returns came into operation. Eight hundred Iroquois could do little more, when it came to a frontal attack, than two hundred, save to assure replace-

ments and an unrelenting persistence. The first attack, delivered to the clamor of hundreds of threats, was no more successful than the earlier ones. The desperate defenders treated the charging tribesmen to such a welcome of lead that the Iroquois charge curled back like a spent wave, broke and receded. This check was so unexpected that an Iroquois council was held immediately after and the suggestion of abandoning the contest was seriously debated.

Second thoughts prevailed, however. The Unbeatable Men, the Ongue Honwe, as they still proudly called themselves, could not concede their inability to break down the resistance of a mere handful. The stockade must be carried, no matter at what cost in lives. For three days they busied themselves with preparations, keeping up an incessant, all day and all night aggression. The white of complete exhaustion began to show under the two weeks' accumulation of beard on the faces of the defenders. Staggering from lack of nourishment, they were barely able to keep their positions at the loopholes.

The Iroquois chiefs then produced the packages of sticks. This was always a solemn moment in the Spartan ritual of war which the men of the Five Nations observed. The sticks were strewn on the ground near the simmering food kettles. No exhortation was delivered, no form of compulsion employed. Each man willing to attack in the van was expected to come forward and pick up one of the sticks.

#### Dread and Horror

There was no delay, no holding back. The tall, proud volunteers stepped up and each selected his stick. These bold spirits were then given shields which had been fashioned out of the trunks of trees during the three days of preparation. Behind these they crouched, waiting for the signal to advance, another Birnam Wood ready to move on Dunsinane.

The charge was delivered from all quarters. Nothing could exceed the dread and horror of the scene on which the eyes of the little white handful rested. First came the Men of the Sticks, bold, vengeful, crouching like tigers behind their rough shields, lighted torches in their hands to be applied to the logs of the barricade; behind this vanguard the less bold spirits, fierce nevertheless in their war paint, wildly vocal. If the defenders cast despairing glances upward, they were robbed of a last glimpse of the sun, for the smoke of the torches and the burning fuel, which was being dragged forward, had already mounted above the tops of the trees. It was impossible to exchange a word, for the air was filled with the wild screeching of the embattled braves. Only one consolation was left and each of the gallant young men took advantage of it, without a doubt, a brief prayer. Perhaps each made a special intercession, "Oh God, in Thy mercy, let me die in the fighting!"

The charge did not succeed at once, so stoutly were the loopholes manned. It was the recoil of an experiment which gave the Iroquois their chance. Dellard had crammed a musketoon with power and bullets, intending to toss it ever the barricade so that it would explode in the close ranks of the attacking redskins. His aim was not good, the handmade grenade struck the top of the logs and fell back into the enclosure. The explosion which followed killed several of the defenders and nearly blinded the rest. In the confusion thus created, the Iroquois gained possession of some of the loopholes and began to fire through them at the surviving members of the little band.



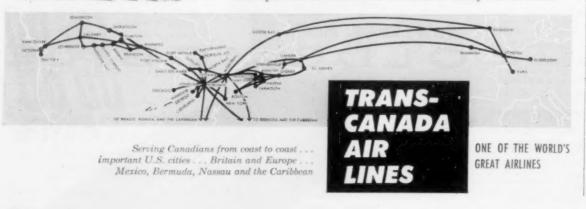
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It was soon over then. The Men of the Sticks climbed the barricade, tomahawks out and ready, scalping knives bare in their belts, screeching in triumph. Dollard was one of the first killed. In the hand-to-hand fightfirst killed. In the nand-to-nand ngui-ing which ensued the Frenchmen were soon cut down. All but four died in the struggle and of the survivors three were so close to death that the savages were so close to death that the savages dispatched them where they lay. The fate of the fourth has never been determined definitely. He may have succumbed to his wounds before he could be carried away to die on a torture platform; but even after a lapse of three centuries it is impossible to suppress a shudder at the thought of the terrible retribution which may have been exacted of one unfortunate man. The Men of the Sticks tossed their improvised shields on the fire which licked at the barricade of logs. They had gambled with death and now they could strut in the insolence of pride in their home villages, each with his stick suspended around his neck. The Iroquois losses had not been heavy on

stick suspended around his neck. The Iroquois losses had not been heavy on this last day but it is much to be doubted if the leaders of this great concentration took much satisfaction out of the result. They had won but at a bitter cost in men, in prestige, in the complete dislocation of their plans for driving the French into the sea.

The last day of the attack could not have been later than May 11. Ten days later one of the Huron deserters, a Christian who had been baptized and given the name of Louis, arrived at Montreal, having managed to make his escape. He told the story of the uneven struggle, providing the details

uneven struggle, providing the details which could come only from an eye-witness. The circumstantial narrative witness. The circumstantial narrative which has been set down is based largely on what Louis told of the epic adventure and on corroborative bits of evidence which developed later from other Huron prisoners who escaped, one of whom was actually tied to the death stake and had suffered the first tortures when a violent storm drove his tormentors into shelter and gave him the opportunity to free himself

tortures when a violent storm drove his tormentors into shelter and gave him the opportunity to free himself from his bonds.

The first inventory of the wills and possessions of the brave young men was made on May 27. On June 3 their deaths were entered on the parish records. They were now officially dead, even the one who had not been fortunate enough to have his lifeless body nailed to a post along the boiling waters of the Long Sault.

The Iroquois forces returned to their own country without striking another blow and the conclusion has been accepted that they had lost faith in the feasibility of breaking down the bristling redoubts of Montreal. Their confidence had been shaken by the difficulty they had met in carrying a flimsy barricade with no more than a handful of boys behind it. The French crops were planted in peace; and in the fall there was a bountiful harvest to carry the settlers through the long winter.

It does not matter whether or not Adam Dollard enlisted his band with a sure knowledge of the fate in store for them and an advance knowledge of Iroquois plans. The important thing is that they did save the colonies. They held the gap long enough, even as Leonidas did at Thermopylae.

NEXT ISSUE - PART SIX The Embattled "Angel of Heaven"

#### When the Children Went to War

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

obvious wishes in the matter had also

to be met, if possible.

The Foreign Office therefore sent the defiant country an unacceptable ultimatum and, pending the reply, the child army was mobilized within twenty-four hours. The reply was found to be unsatisfactory and consequently war was declared immediately.

Unparalleled enthusiasm marked the departure for the front. The intrepid little youngsters had green sprigs in the barrels of their rifles and were pelted with flowers. As is so often the case, the campaign was begun in the spring, and this time the general opinion was that there was something symbolic in it. In the capital the little commander-in-chief and chief of general staff, in the presence of huge crowds, made a pas-sionate speech to the troops in which he expressed the gravity of the hour and his conviction of their unswerving

valor and willingness to offer their lives

for their country.

The speech, made in a strong voice aroused the greatest ecstasy. The boy
—who had a brilliant career behind
him and had reached his exalted position at the age of only twelve and a
half—was acclaimed with wild rejoichalf—was acclaimed with wild rejoic-ing and from this moment was the avowed hero of the entire nation. There was not a dry eye and those of the many mothers especially shone with pride and happiness. For them it was the greatest day in their lives. The troops marched past below fluttering

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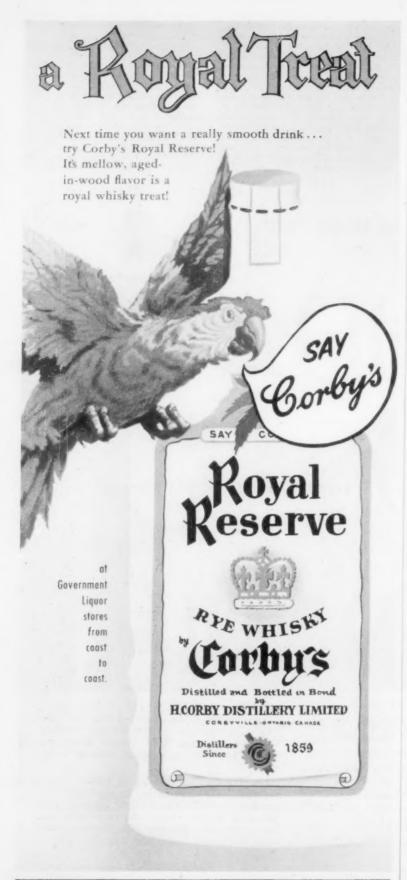
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banners, each regiment with its music corps at the head. It was an unforgettable spectacle.

There were also many touching incidents, evincing a proud patriotism, as when a little four-year-old, who had been lifted up on his mother's arm so that he could see, howled with despair and shouted, "I want to go, too. I want to go, too!" while his mother tried to hush him, explaining that he was too small. "Small am I, eh?" he exclaimed, punching her face so that her nose bled. The evening papers were full of such episodes showing the mood of the people and of the troops who were so sure of victory. The big march past was broadcast and the C-in-C's speech, which had been recorded, was broadcast every evening during the days that followed, at 7.15 p.m.

ILITARY operations had already begun, however, and reports of ory began to come in at once from The children had quickly taken the offensive and on one sector of the front had inflicted a heavy defeat on the enemy, seven hundred dead and wounded and over twelve hundred prisoners, while their own losses amounted to only a hundred or so fallen. The victory was celebrated at home with indescribable rejoicing and with thanksgiving services in the churches. The newspapers were filled with accounts of individual instances of valor and pictures several columns wide of the high command, of which the leading personalities, later so well-known n to appear now for the first time In their joy, mothers and aunts sent so much chocolate and other sweets to the army that headquarters had to issue a et order that all such parcels for the time being at any rate, forbid-den, since they had made whole regi-ments unfit for battle and these in their turn had nearly been surrounded by

For the child army was already far inside enemy territory and still managed to keep the initiative. The advance sector did retreat slightly in order to establish contact with its wings but only improved its positions by so doing. A stalemate ensued in the theatre of war for some time after this.

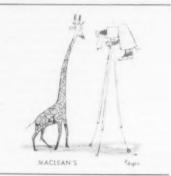
During July, however, troops were concentrated for a big attack along the whole line and huge reserves—the child army's, in comparison with those of its opponent, were almost inexhaustible—were mustered to the front. The new offensive, which lasted for several weeks, resulted, too, in an almost decisive victory for the whole army, even though casualties were high. The children defeated the enemy all along the line but did not manage to pursue him and thereby exploit their success to the full because he was greatly favored by the fact that his legs were so much longer, an advantage of which he made good use. By dint of forced marches, however, the children finally succeeded in cutting the enemy's right flank to pieces. They were now in the very heart of the country and their outposts were only a few days' march from the capital.

It was a pitched battle on a big scale and the newspapers had enormous headlines every day which depicted the dramatic course of events. At set hours the radio broadcast the gunfire and a résumé of the position. The war correspondents described in rapturous words and vivid colors the state of affairs at 'the front—the children's incredible feats, their indomitable courage and self-sacrifice, the whole morale of the army. It was no exaggeration. The youngsters showed the greatest bravery; they really behaved like heroes. One only had to see their discipline and contempt of death during

an attack, as though they had been grown-up men at least.

It was an unforgettable sight to see them storm ahead under murderous machine-gun fire and the small medical orderlies dart nimbly forward and pick them up as they fell. Not one sound of complaint crossed the small lips of the wounded and dying. The hand-to-hand fighting had been very fierce and a great number of children fell in this, while they were superior in the actual firing. Losses were estimated at four thousand on the enemy side and seven thousand among the children, according to the secret reports. The victory had been hard won but all the more

This battle became very famous and was also of far greater importance than any previously. It was now clear beyond all doubt that the children were incomparably superior in tactics, discipline and individual courage. At the same time, however, it was admitted by experts that the enemy's headlong retreat was very skilfully carried out, that his strength was evidently in de-



fense and that he should not be underrated too much. Toward the end, also, he had unexpectedly made a stubborn resistance which had prevented any further penetration.

This observation was not without truth. In actual fact the enemy was anything but a warlike nation, and indeed his forces found it very difficult to hold their own. Nevertheless, they improved with practice during the fighting and became more efficient as time went on. This meant that they caused the children a good deal of trouble in each succeeding battle. They also had certain advantages on their side. As their opponents were so small, a kick was enough to fell them to the ground.

But against this, the children were so much more numerous and also braver. They were everywhere. They swarmed over one and in between one's legs and the unwarlike people were nearly demented by all these small monsters who fought like fiends. Little fiends was also what they were generally called—not without reason—and this name was even adopted in the children's homeland, but there it was a mark of honor and a pet name. The enemy troops had all their work cut out merely defending themselves. At last, however, they were able to check the others' advance and even venture on one or two counterattacks. Everything then came to a standstill for a while and there was a breathing space.

THE CHILDREN were now in possession of a large part of the country. But this was not always so easy. The population did not particularly like them and proved not to be very fond of children. It was alleged that snipers fired on the boys from houses and that they were ambushed when they moved in small detachments. Children had even been found impaled on stakes, so it was said. And in many cases these stories were no doubt true.

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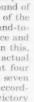


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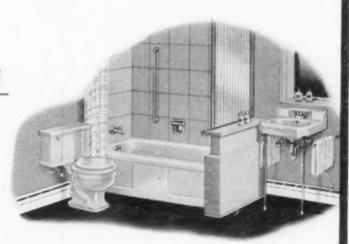




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The population had quite lost their heads, were obviously goaded into a frenzy, and as they were of little use as a warlike nation and their cruelty could therefore find no natural outlet, they tried to revenge themselves by atrocities. They felt overrun by all the foreign children as by troublesome vermin and, being at their wits' end, they simply killed whenever they had the chance. In order to put an end to these outrages the children burned one village after the other and shot hundreds of people daily, but this did not improve matters. The despicable deeds of these craven franc-tireurs caused them endless trouble.

At home, the accounts of all this naturally aroused the most bitter resentment. People's blood boiled to think that their small soldiers were treated in this way by those who had nothing to do with the war, by barbarous civilians who had no notion of established and judicial forms. Even greater indignation was caused, however, by an incident that occurred inside the occupied area some time after the big summer battle just mentioned.

A lieutenant who was out walking in the countryside came to a stream where a large, fat woman knelt washing clothes. He asked her the way to a village close by. The woman, who probably suspected him of evil intent, retorted, "What are you doing here? You ought to be at home with your mother." Whereupon the lieutenant drew his saber to kill her, but the woman grabbed hold of him and, putting him over her knee, thwacked him black and blue with her washboard so that he was unable to sit down for several days afterward. He was so taken aback that he did nothing, armed though he was to the teeth. Luckily no one saw the incident, but there were orders that all outrages on the part of the population were to be reported to headquarters. The lieutenant therefore duly reported what had happened to him. True, it gave him little satisfaction, but as he had to obey orders he had no choice. And so it all came out.

The incident aroused a storm of rage, particularly among those at home. The infamous deed was a humiliation for the country, an insult which nothing could wipe out. It implied a deliberate violation by this militarily ignorant people of the simplest rules of warfare. Everywhere, in the Press, in propaganda speeches, in ordinary conversation, the deepest contempt and disgust for the deed was expressed. The lieutenant who had so flagrantly shamed the army had his officer's epaulettes ripped off in front of the assembled troops and was declared unworthy to serve any longer in the field. He was instantly sent home to his parents, who belonged to one of the most noted families but who now had to retire into obscurity in a remote part of the country.

The woman, on the other hand, became a heroic figure among her people and the object of their rapturous admiration. During the whole of the war she and her deed were a rallying national symbol which people looked up to and which spurred them on to further effort. She subsequently became a favorite motive in the profuse literature about their desperate struggle for freedom; a vastly popular figure, brought to life again and again as time passed, now in a rugged, everyday way which appealed to the man in the street, now in heroic female form on a grandiose scale, to become gradually more and more legendary, wreathed in saga and myth. In some versions she was shot by the enemy; in others she lived to a ripe old age, loved and revered by her people.

her people.

This incident, more than anything else, helped to increase the bad feelings





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between the two countries and to make them wage the war with ever greater ruthlessness. In the late summer, before the autumn rains began, both armies, ignorant of each other's plans, simultaneously launched a violent offensive, which devastated both sides. On large sectors of the front the troops completey annihilated each other so that there was not a single survivor left. Any peaceful inhabitants thereabouts who were still alive and ventured out of their cellars thought that the war was over, because all were slain.

But soon new detachments came up

But soon new detachments came up and began fighting again. Great confusion arose in other quarters from the fact that in the heat of attack men ran past each other and had to turn around in order to go on fighting; and that some parts of the line rushed ahead while others came behind, so that the troops were both in front of and behind where they should have been and time and again attacked each other in the rear. The battle raged in this way with extreme violence and shots were fired from all directions at once.

When at last the fighting ceased and stock was taken of the situation, it appeared that no one had won. On both sides there was an equal number of fallen, 12,924, and after all attacks and retreats the position of the armies was exactly the same as at the start of the battle. It was agreed that both should claim the victory. Thereafter the rain set in and the armies went to earth in trenches and put up barbedwire entanglements.

THE CHILDREN were the first to finish their trenches, since they had had more to do with that kind of thing, and settled down in them as best they could. They soon felt at home. Filthy and lousy, they lived there in the darkness as though they had never done anything else. With the adaptability of children they quickly got into the way of it. The enemy found this more difficult; he felt miserable and homesick for the life above ground to which he was accustomed. Not so the children. When one saw them in their small grey uniforms, which were caked thick with mud, and their small gas masks, one could easily think they had been born to this existence. They crept in and out of the holes down into the earth and scampered about the passages like mice. When their burrows were attacked they were instantly up on the parapet and snapped back in blind fury. As the months passed, this hopeless, harrowing life put endurance to an increasingly severe test. But they never lost courage or the will to fight.

For the enemy the strain was often too much; the glaring pointlessness of it all made many completely apathetic. But the little ones did not react like this. Children are really more fitted for war and take more pleasure in it, while grownups tire of it after a while and think it is boring. The boys continued to find the whole thing exciting and they wanted to go on living as they were now. They also had a more natural herd instinct; their unity and camaraderie helped them a great deal, made it easier to hold out.

But, of course, even they suffered great hardship. Especially when winter set in with its incessant rain, a cold sleet which made everything sodden and filled the trenches with mud. It was enough to unman anyone. But it would never have entered their heads to complain. However bad things were, nothing could have made them admit it. At home everyone was very proud of them. All the cinemas showed parades behind the front and the little C-in-C and his generals pinning medals for bravery on their soldiers' breasts. People thought of them a great deal,

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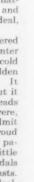
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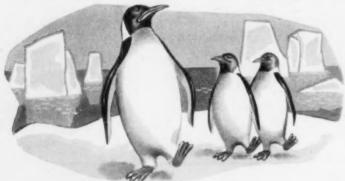
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 15, 1954





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realizing that they must be having a

At Christmas, in particular, thoughts went out to them, to the lighted Christmas trees and all the sparkling childish eyes out in the trenches; in every home people sat wondering how they were faring. But the children did not think of home. They were soldiers out and out, absorbed by their duty and their new life. They attacked in several places on the morning of Christmas Eve, inflicting fairly big losses on the enemy in killed and wounded, and did not stop until it was time to open their parcels. They had the real fighting spirit which might have been a lesson

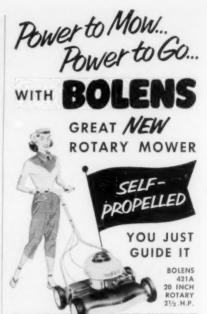
There was nothing sentimental about them. The war had hardened and developed them, made them men. It did happen that one poor little chap burst into tears when the Christmas tree was lighted, but he was made the laughing-stock of them all. "Are you homesick for your mummy, you bastard?" they said, and kept on jeering at him all evening. He was the object of their scorn all through Christmas; he behaved suspiciously and tried to keep himself. Once he walked a hundred yards away from the post and because he might well have been thinking of flight, he was seized and court-mar-tialed. He could give no reason for having absented himself and since he had obviously intended to desert he was shot.

If those at home had been fully aware of the morale out there, they need not have worried. As it was, they wondered if the children could really hold their ground and half-regretted having entrusted them with the campaign, now that it was dragging on so long because of this nerve-racking stationary war-fare. After the new year help was even offered in secret, but it was rejected with proud indignation.

The morale of the enemy, on the other hand, was not so high. They did intend to fight to the last man, but the certainty of a complete victory was not so general as it should have been. They so general as it should have been. They could 'not help thinking, either, how hopeless their fight really was; that in the long run they could not hold their own against these people who were armed to the very milk teeth, and this often dampened their courage.

Hardly had nature begun to come to life and seethe with the newly awakened forces of spring before the children started with incredible intensity to pre-pare for the decisive battle. Heavy mechanized artillery was brought up and placed in strong positions; huge troop transports went on night and day; all available fighting forces were concentrated in the very front lines. After murderous gunfire which lasted for six days, an attack was launched with great force and extreme skill. In dividual bravery was, if possible, more dazzling than ever. The whole army dazzling than ever. was also a year older, and that means much at that age. But their opponents, too, were determined to do their utmost. They had assembled all their re-serves, and their spirits, now that the rain had stopped and the weather was fine, were full of hope.

WAS a terrible battle. The hospi-T WAS a terrible battle. The nospi-tal trains immediately started going back from both sides packed with wounded and dying. Machine guns, tanks and gas played fearful havor. For several days the outcome was impos-sible to foresee, since both armies ap-peared equally strong and the tide of battle constantly changed. The tion gradually cleared, however. enemy had expected the main attack in the centre, but the child army turned to be weakest there. Use was made of this, especially because they them-



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selves were best prepared at this very point, and this part of the children's front was soon made to waver and was forced farther and farther back by repeated attack. Advantage was also taken of an ideal evening breeze from just the right quarter to gas the children in thousands. Encouraged by their victory, the troops pursued the offensive with all their might and with equal success.

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The child army's retreat, however, turned out to be a stratagem, brilliantly conceived and carried out. Its centre gave way more and more and the enemy, giving all his attention to this, forgot that at the same time he himself was wavering on both wings. In this way he ran his head into a noose. When the children considered that they had retreated far enough they halted, while the troops on the outermost wings already far ahead, advanced swiftly until they met behind the enemy's back. The latter's entire army was thereby surrounded and in the grip of an iron hand. All the children's army had to do now wais to draw the noose tighter. At last the gallant defenders had to surrender and let themselves be taken prisoner, which in fact they already were. It was the most disastrous defeat in history; not a single one escaped other than by death.

This victory became much more famous than any of the others and was eagerly studied at all military academies on account of its brilliantly executed, doubly effective encircling movement. The great General Sludelsnorp borrowed its tactics outright seventy years later at his victory over the Slivokvarks in the year 2048.

THE WAR could not go on any longer now, because there was nothing left to fight, and the children marched to the capital with the imprisoned army between them to dictate the peace terms. These were handed over by the little commander in-chief in the hall of mirrors in the stately old palace at a historic scene which was to be immortalized time and again in art and even now was reproduced everywhere in the weekly press. The film cameras whirred, the flashlights hissed and the radio broadcast the great moment to the world. The commander-in-chief, with austere and haughty mien and one foot slightly in front of the other, delivered the historic document with his right hand. The first and most important condition was the complete cession of the country, besides which the expenses of its capture were to be borne by the enemy, who thus had to pay the cost of the war on both sides, the last clause on account of the fact that he had been the challenging party and, according to his own admission, the cause of the war. The document was signed in dead silence, the only sound was the scratching of the fountain pen, which, according to the commentator's whisper, was solid gold and undoubtedly a future

museum piece.

With this, everything was settled and the children's army returned to its own country, where it was received with indescribable rapture. Everywhere along the roads the troops were greeted with wild rejoicing; their homecoming was one long victory parade. The march into the capital and the dismis-

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sal there of the troops, which took place before vast crowds, were especially impressive. People waved and shouted in the streets as they passed, were beside themselves with enthusiasm, bands played, eyes were filled with tears of joy. Some of the loudest cheering was for the small invalids at the rear of the procession, blind and with limbs amputated; who had sacrificed themselves for their country. Many of them had already got small artificial arms and legs so that they looked just the same as before. The victory salute thundered, bayonets flashed in the sun. It

was an unforgettable spectacle.

A strange, new leaf was written in the great book of history which would be read with admiration in times to come. The nation had seen many illustrious deeds performed, but never anything as proud as this. What these children had done in their devotion and fervent patriotism could never be forgotten.

Nor was it. Each spring, on the day of victory, school children marched out, the flags in their hands, to the cemeteries with all the small graves where the heroes rested under their small white crosses. The mounds were strewn with flowers and passionate speeches were made, reminding everyone of the glorious past, their imperishable honor and youthful, heroic spirit of self-sacrifice. The flags floated in the sun and the voices rang out clear as they sang their rousing songs, radiant childish eyes looking ahead to new deeds of glory.

This story will be included in a new collection, The Eternal Smile and Other Stories, to be published later by Random House, Inc.



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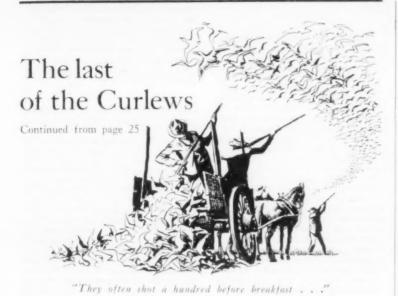
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was thick and luxuriant. Here the female would select her nesting site. In the top of a moss hummock she would fashion out a shallow, saucerlike depression, line it haphazardly with a few crisp leaves and grasses and lay her four olive-brown eggs. The curlew circled higher, his mating

The curlew circled higher, his mating song becoming sharper and more frequent. Suddenly the phrases of the song were tumbled together into a loud, excited, whistling rattle. Far upriver, a brown speck against the mottled grey and blue sky, another bird was winging northward, and the curlew had recognized it already as another curlew.

He waited, flying in tightening circles and calling excitedly as the other bird came nearer. The female was coming. The three empty summers that the male had waited vainly and alone were a vague, tormenting memory, now almost lost in a brain so keenly keyed to instinctive responses that there was little capacity for conscious thought or memory. Instinct took full control now as the curlew spiraled high into the air in his courtship flight, his wings fluttering mothlike instead of sweeping the air with the deep strokes of normal flight. At the zenith of the spiral his wings closed and the bird plunged earthward in a whistling dive, leveled off a few feet above the tundra and spiraled upward again.

The other bird changed flight direc-

The other bird changed flight direction and came swiftly toward him. But instinctively obeying the territorial law that all birds recognize, she came to earth and perched on a moss-crowned boulder well outside the male's territory.

The male was seething now with passion and excitement. He performed several more courtship flights in rapid succession, spiraling noisily upward each time, then plunging earthward in a dive that barely missed the ground. For several minutes the female non-chalantly preened her wing feathers, oblivious to the love display. Then she moved into the mating territory, close to where the male was performing.

The male zoomed up in a final nuptial flight, then dropped like a falling meteorite to a spot about six feet from where the female waited. He stood for a moment, feathers fluffed out and neck outstretched, then walked stiff-legged

When still a yard away, the male abruptly stopped. The whispering courtship twitter that had been coming from deep in his throat suddenly silenced, and a quick series of alarm notes came instead. The female's be-

havior also suddenly changed. No longer meekly submissive, she was on

her feet and stepping quickly away.

The male lowered his head like a fighting cock and dashed at the female. She dodged sideways, and took wing. The male flew in pursuit, calling noisily and striking repeatedly at her retreating back.

The curlew's mating passion had suddenly turned into an aggressive call to battle. The female was a trespasser on his territory, not a prospective mate, for at close range he had recognized the darker plumage and eccentric posture of a species other than his own. The other bird was a female of the closely related Hudsonian species, but the Eskimo curlew knew only, through the instinctive intuition set up by nature to prevent infertile matings between different species, that this bird was not the mate he awaited.

He chased her a quarter of a mile with a fury as passionate as his love had been a few seconds before. Then he returned to the territory and resumed the wait for the female of his own kind that must soon come.

Two curlew species, the longest legged and longest billed of the big shore-bird family of snipes, sandpipers and plovers to which they belong, nest on the Arctic tundra—the Eskimo curlew and the commoner and slightly larger Hudsonian. Though distinct species, they are almost indistinguishable in appearance.

appearance.

The Arctic day was long, and despite the tundra gales which whistled end-lessly across the unobstructed land the day was hot and humid. The curlew alternately probed the mud flats for food and patrolled his territory. At last the sun dipped low, barely passing from view, and the curlew's first Arctic night dropped like a grey mist around him.

The curlew was drawn by an instinctive urge he felt but didn't understand to the dry ridge of cobblestone with the thick mat of reindeer moss at its base where the nest would be. In his fifth summer now, he had never seen a nest or even a female of his kind except the nest and mother he had briefly known in his own nestling stage, yet the know-how of courtship and nesting was there, unlearned, like a carry-over from another life he had lived. And he dozed now on one leg, bill tucked under the feathers of his back, beside the gravel bar which awaited the nest that the bird's instinct said there had to be.

Tomorrow or the next day the female would come, for the brief annual cycle

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of life in the Arctic left time for no delays.

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, December 15, 1915. To the Congress of the United States: In accordance with section 5593 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, I have the honor, in behalf of the Board of Regents, to submit to Congress the annual report of the operations, expenditures, and condition of the Smithsonian Institution for the year ending June 30, 1915. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, Charles D. Walcott, Secretary... The object of the General Appendix to the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution is to furnish brief accounts of scientific discovery in particular directions; reports of investigations made by collaborators of the Institution...

The Eskimo Curlew and Its Disappearance (Reprinted in this annual report after revision by the author, Myron H. Swenk, from the Proceedings of the Nebraska Ornithologists' Union, Feb. 27, 1915).

It is now the consensus of opinion of all informed ornithologists that the Eskimo curlew (Numenius borealis) is at the verge of extinction, and by many the belief is entertained that the few scattered birds which may still exist will never enable the species to recoup its numbers, but that it is even now practically a bird of the past. And, judging from all analogous cases, it must be confessed that this hopeless belief would seem to be justified, and the history of the Eskimo curlew, like that of the passenger pigeon, may simply be another of those ornithological tragedies en-

acted during the last half of the nineteenth century, when because of a wholly unreasonable and uncontrolled slaughter of our North American bird life several species passed from an abundance manifested by flocks of enormous size to a state of practical or complete annihilation . . .

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THE HOT DAYS and chilling nights raced by, the snowdrifts disappeared even from the shaded hollows, the austere browns and greys of the tundra became a flaming carpet of pink and yellow blooms, and the female curlew never came. Other shore birds came in their hundreds, fought for their territories, mated, nested and prepared to bring forth the new cycle of life they had flown six or eight thousand miles to create. The male curlew fought insanely with every plover and sandpiper that crossed his territory boundary until the outer perimeters were flecked with the brown feathers of trespassers that had retreated too slowly before the curlew's onslaughts. The mating hormones poured out by his glands could only dam up within him like an explosive charge.

The nights grew darker and longer. The tiny, brilliant flowers of the tundra dried into wisps of silk-plumed seed. The Arctic summer was waning.

Within the curlew the annual rhythm of glandular activity had passed its peak and begun to ebb, and its product, the belligerent drive of the mating time, was dying. A new urge was replacing it. Where before, defense of the territory was an overriding demand that took priority over even the search for food, the curlew was now feeling the first suirrings of a restless call to move. No female had come. The territory was losing its meaning. Once he flew fer



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down river and was gone a couple of hours, the first time he had left the territory since arriving almost two months before.

months before.

Around him the young shore birds of the year were maturing rapidly and their parents were abandoning them to fend for themselves. The disassociation between parents and young was abrupt and complete, the parents forming their own flocks, the young birds theirs.

It was late July. The tundra potholes and their muddy edges were teeming with water insects and crustaceans on which the shore birds fed. Food was at its peak of abundance and

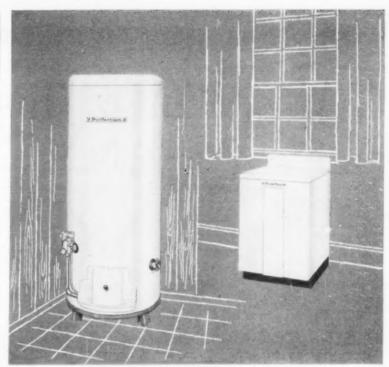
ceans on which the shore birds red. Food was at its peak of abundance and winter was still a couple of months away, but the Arctic had served its pur-pose and now the distant southland was calling the shore birds flocks, many weeks before there was any real need for them to leave. The curlew, who had fought savagely all summer to be alone, now felt a pressing desire for compan-

There was no reasoning or intelli-gence involved. The curlew was merely responding in the ages-old pattern of

his race to the changing cycle of physiological controls within him. The curlew didn't know that winter was coming again to the Arctic and that insect eaters must starve if they remained. He knew only that once again an irright. resistible inner force was pressing him to move.

But somewhere in his tiny, rudimentary brain the simple beginnings of a reasoning process were starting. Why was he always alone? When the rabid fire of the mating time burned fiercely in every cell, where were the females of his species which the curlew's instinct promised springtime after springtime?
And now with the time for the flocking come, why in the myriads of shore birds and other curlews were there none of

the smaller and lighter-brown curlews he could recognize as his own kind? A few days later the lure of the terri-tory disappeared entirely and the curlew rose high and flew southward for a couple of hours without alighting. He came down finally to feed on a small mud flat where a river emptied into a large lake. The tundra was now dis-



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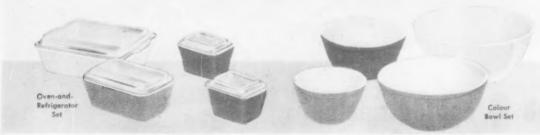
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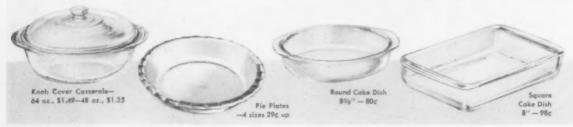
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gorging its summer population of shore birds and flock after flock of southwardmoving sandpipers passed by. Yet in a land pulsing with the wingbeats of migrating shore birds, the curlew was alone.

By afternoon the mud flat was dotted with the darting forms of shore birds that had stopped to feed. Most of them kept together in flocks of their own species. At dusk the flocks ceased feeding and took off, one by one, until only the curlew remained, the birds of each flock whistling sibilantly to each other to retain formation in the falling darkness. They circled high until a half mile or so above the tundra, then leveled off and headed southward. It was usual for the shore birds to migrate principally at night, for their digestion and energy consumption were rapid and the daylight was required for feeding. The high level of energy which migration demanded could be maintained only by timing the flights so that they ended with the dawn when feeding could be at once resumed.

Far above him, the curlew could hear the faint, lisping notes of the Arctic migrants pouring south to a warmer land. Needles of ice began forming at the shallow edges of the mud flat puddles. The bird's instinct rebelled at the idea of flying alone, yet when he called shrilly into the cold night there was no answer, and the time had come when he had to move.

He turned into the breeze, held his wings extended outward and adjusted the angle—leading edge up and trailing edge down—until he could feel the lifting pressure of the wind beneath them. Of all the shore birds' wings, the Eskimo curlew's—long, narrow and gracefully pointed—were best adapted for easy, high-speed flight. Even standing motionless with wings extended in the faint, night breeze, the bird was weightless and almost air-borne. He pushed off gently with his legs, took a few rapid wingbeats with the flight feathers twisted so that they bit solidly into the air, and rose effortlessly. He climbed sharply for more than a minute until the tundra almost vanished in the grey dark below, then he leveled off and picked up speed with a slower, easier wingbeat. The air rushed past him, pressing his body feathers tightly against the skin. The migration had begun. Even the curlew's simple brain sensed vaguely that the unmarked flyway ahead reaching down the length of two continents was a long, grim gantlet of storm, foe and death.

Yet even now, before the austere flatlands of the Arctic had totally disappeared in the horizon mists behind him, the curlew was feeling the first faint stirrings of another year's mating call which would drive him back to await the female when springtime greened the Arctic lichens again.

The curlew's wings beat with a strong, rapid, unchanging rhythm hour after hour. The strokes were deep, smooth and effortless, the wings sweeping low beneath his belly at every downstroke and lifting high over the back with each return. He completed three or four wingbeats a second to give him a flight speed of fifty miles an hour.

Occasionally one of the curlew's wings would bite into the harder, spiraling air of a vortex left by the wingtips of a migrating shore bird ahead of him, for even the passage of another bird left a trail in the air that the curlew's delicately sensitized wings could detect. Usually this alteration in the air pattern was the curlew's first warning that he was overtaking a flock of birds ahead. When he found one of these vortexes, the curlew took advantage of it and followed it in with one wing riding the updraft edge of the horizontal column of spiraling air. In this way he

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ooik ee n found a degree of lift ready made for him and his own wings could work a little easier. But no other shore bird except the golden plover flew as fast as the curlew did, and each time he slowly overtook the bird producing the vortex ahead. First he would hear the faint twitter of a flock's flight notes, the vortex would grow stronger, then the birds would appear as blurred figures against the grey sky in front. The curlew would fly with them for a time, but his greater speed would gradually drive him ahead. Then once more he would be flying alone.

be flying alone.

This happened several times during the night, for the air layers close to the cooling tundra were turbulent and most of the shore birds were flying at the same level just above the turbulence. Toward morning the curlew encountered another vortex trail and adjusted his wingbeat to the change in lift. He followed it for a long time and the vortex remained firm but grew no stronger. This time the curlew wasn't overtaking the flock ahead. Ducks and geese were not yet migrating, only two birds could be flying out of the Arctic now at a speed that the Eskimo curlew wouldn't rapidly overhaul. They had to be either golden plover or his own species, Eskimo curlew.

The curlew's tireless wings beat faster and the airflow pressed hard against his streamlined body. The wingtip vortex eddving back from the

The curlew's tireless wings beat faster and the airflow pressed hard against his streamlined body. The wingtip vortex eddying back from the unseen flyers ahead strengthened, and it was a firmer, rougher vortex than any the curlew had encountered earlier in the night. It grew stronger almost imperceptibly, and the curlew's eagerness grew with it. A tenuous hope, part instinctive reaction and part a shadowy form of reasoning, formed nebulously in the curlew's brain. Was this the end of his lifelong quest for companions of his own kind? The curlew's wingbeat speeded until the powerful sinews of his breast muscles, gram for gram among the strongest of animal tissue on earth, pained with the strain.

The other birds were very close before their figures emerged, faintly at first and then more sharply, out of the darkness ahead. For a minute or more the curlew could detect only the vague, wavering lines of the flock's formation, then slowly the dark lines separated into individual birds. Only the fast, strong flyers like geese, curlew and golden plover flew in single column, diagonally trailing lines or Vs that permitted each bird to benefit from a wingtip vortex of the bird ahead yet escape the air turbulence directly behind it. A restive excitement seized him and the curlew pushed on harder.

The gap closed rapidly and the birds ahead assumed sharper form. They were small, much smaller than the curlew. The curlew called out softly. Golden plovers answered.

Golden plovers answered.

It was a large group of forty or fifty, and the curlew moved in to a rearguard spot. He slackened flight speed and announced his presence with a rapid, twittering series of notes. The plovers answered again, the whole flock chattering sharply in unison. The curlew's flocking urge was satisfied. There was a vague, remote feeling of loneliness deep within him still, but the curlew was no longer alone.

lew was no longer alone.

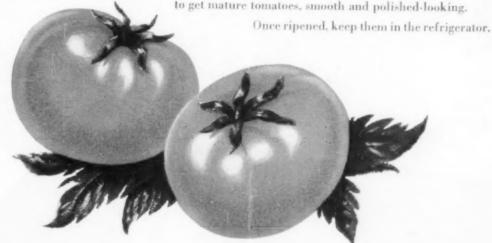
Of the thirty-odd shore birds which fly south out of the Canadian Arctic every fall, only the golden plover is suited as a migration companion for the Eskimo curlew. Their flight speeds and food preferences are similar, but there is another more important reason. With their tireless endurance as flyers, the golden plover and Eskimo curlew spurn the easy land route down the continent that all other migrating birds follow. Instead they work eastward to the rocky coasts of Labrador, New-



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foundland or Nova Scotia, then strike out straight south over the Atlantic for a gruelling, nonstop flight of 2,500 or more miles which doesn't bring them to land again until they reach the northern shores of South America forty-eight hours later. Of all the Arctic's strongwinged shore birds and waterfowl, only the Eskimo curlew and golden plover possess the speed and power of flight to breast or escape the mid-ocean storms encountered on this long oversea short cut south. The route enables them to take advantage of the rich crowberry crop that purples the hillsides and pla-

teaus of the Labrador Peninsula each fall, a luxuriant store of food missed by the hosts of mid-continental migrants. But in spring the plover and curlew must follow the usual migratory route up the western plains. For then the crowberries are dead and hard beneath snows of the Labrador winter which lingers for weeks after the mid-continent's Arctic is greening with spring.

Toward dawn the grey monotony of tundra, dimly visible far below, began to be pierced by slender, twisting fin-gers of black. The birds had covered four hundred miles since nightfall and

were approaching the tree line where tundra gave way to the matted sub-Arctic forests of spruce. The black fin-gers reaching into the tundra were forested river valleys where stunted spruce thickets found shelter in the hollows against winter blizzards and precariously survived. With the first yellow-grey flush of dawn the flock dropped to a lakeshore mud flat, rested briefly, then as daylight came they began busily feeding.

The curlew with his stilt-like legs and

long, down-curved bill stood out strikingly among the smaller, dark-plumaged, short-billed golden plovers.

aged, short-billed golden plovers.

They fed all day with only occasional breaks for resting. With the darkness they flew again. The flock clung together loosely as they climbed for height, then as they leveled off the birds formed smoothly into a straggling V formation which permitted the inner wing of each bird to gain support from the whirling air produced by the outer wing of the bird ahead. The curlew took the lead position at the point of the V and the plovers fell in behind of the V and the plovers fell in behind with a grace and ease as though the manoeuvre had been long practiced. No conscious selection of flock leader had taken place. The bird at the point position had to work harder to create lift and forward speed out of the unbroken air barrier ahead of it, and the curlew was the strongest flyer, so the remainder of the flock formed automatically behind in a movement as involuntary, and spontaneous as each voluntary and spontaneous as each bird's breathing.

The black fingers below merged into a solid mat, and the tundra was behind. Other shore birds were flying straight south toward the western plains, but the curlew led his flock southeastward, veering toward the matted crowberry vines of Labrador.

Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia 1861

August 13th. Dr. Leidy in the Chair. Nine members present. The following papers were pre-sented for publication: "On three new forms of Rattlesnakes," by Robert Kennicott. "Notes on the Ornithology of Labrador," by Elliott Coues

The Esquimaux Curlew arrived on the Labrador coast in immense on the Labrador coast in immense numbers, flying very swiftly in flocks of great extent, sometimes many thousands... The pertinac-ity with which they cling to cer-tain feeding grounds, even when much molested, I saw strikingly illustrated on one occasion. tide was rising and about to flood a muddy flat where their favorite snails were in great quantities. Although six or eight gunners were stationed on the spot, and kept up a continual round of firing upon the poor birds, they continued to fly distractedly about over our heads, notwithstanding the num-bers that every moment fell . . .

By order of the Library and publishing committee, the following Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History for 1906-7 are published .

Paper No. 7—Birds of Labrador. By Charles W. Townsend, M.D., and Glover M. Allen . . . Numenius borealis, Eskimo Curlew. Formerly an abundant but now a very rare autumn transient visitor in Labra-

Packard writes of the Curlew as follows:

"We saw one flock in 1860 which may have been a mile long and nearly as broad; there must have been in that flock four or five thou-

But we met with none during our visit to the Labrador coast in the summer of 1906. We talked with many residents and they all agreed that the Curlew suddenly fell off in numbers, so that now only two or three or none at all might be seen in a season. Capt. Parsons of the mailboat Virginia Lake said

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that they were very abundant up to thirty years ago. He often shot to thirty years ago. He often shot a hundred before breakfast, often killing twenty at a single discharge. Fishermen killed them by the thousands . . . They kept loaded guns at their fish stages and shot into the flying masses, often bringing down twenty or twenty-five at a dis-

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The natives of Labrador did not realize that there was any diminution in their numbers until about After 1892, but a small remnant of this formerly abundant bird has visited Labrador's shores It is apparent that they are now vanishing race-on the way to extinction.

NIGHTS OF ENDLESS FLYING NIGHTS OF ENDLESS FLYING and days of feeding at the edges of stagnant muskeg ponds followed monotonously, and they reached each dawn with hardening breast muscles that felt no fatigue. The curlew led them straight eastward now over the ancient eroded mountains of Quebec toward the gnarled gneiss sea cliffs of Labrador's Gulf of St. Lawrence.

One morning the dawn came in foggy and cold. There was a sharp salty tang in the heavy air. The dawn brightened imperceptibly into a grey, sunless day, the fog banks thinned and the curlew led his flock down to a bare, craggy coastal plateau beside the sea. Creeping, heathlike vines of the crowberry lay everywhere and in patches the fleshy, purple berries were so thick they hid the foliage. The birds com-menced feeding immediately. The wind off the sea was cold and laden with fine rain. After an hour they stopped feed-ing and bunched together, each bird standing with its head into the gale so that the wind carried the rain back along its overlapping feathers and off

For two weeks now there would be nothing to do but gorge and fatten for the long, nonstop flight down the Atlantic to South America. It was mid-August and the Labrador summer was already almost gone. The nights were freety the days were days of interafready almost gone. The highes were frosty; the days were days of interminable fog. They are crowberries until their bills and plumage were stained purple with the juice. On the odd day when the fog lifted under a warming sun they flew to the beaches the stide position to gorge on snails. at low-tide periods to gorge on snails and shrimps.

Every day they encountered at least one other flock of golden plovers and the curlew would stop its feeding to scan the passing flocks for another cur-lew like himself. There were no other curlews, no other shore birds of any species except the plovers.

species except the plovers.
Relatively inactive now, they fattened quickly. Their breasts were soft
and round again with the fat layers
that covered the rigid muscles beneath.
On days when the weather cleared and
the wind was right thousands of other
plovers climbed high and left the coastline on a course straight south across the Gulf of St. Lawrence toward the vast Atlantic beyond. But the curlew waited, held by a tenuous bond that his meagre brain felt but couldn't quite identify. Vaguely he sensed that when the Eskimo curlews of the tundra came, they would have to come this way.

The restless urge to push on grew stronger and the curlew was torn between the two torturing desires wait and to move on. The plovers be-gan breaking away, joining in twos and threes with other southward flying plover flocks. The flock had dwindled to half its original size when September came and the nights grew suddenly colder. Now the fog banks which

rolled in off the sea occasionally carried big, wet flakes of snow. The last plover flocks had gone. The curlew's flock was

Frost hardened the crowberries and with their succullent juices gone the feeding became sparser. The fat that the birds had stored up as body fuel for their ocean flight was beginning to be re-absorbed before the flight had even

begun.

Finally the curlew could restrain his migratory urge no longer. On a cold dusk after a blustery day during which the temperature had barely risen above

the freezing point the curlew took wing

and climbed into the murky sky.

The take-off, the climb for height, the automatic V-ing with the curlew at the point were accomplished with the same casual unthinking precision as on same casual untilinking precision as on numerous dusks before. The curlew and many of the plovers had made the ocean flight in previous autumns and they had a shadowy, remote memory of it. Most of them sensed obscurely that when dawn came there would be only the vacant sea below their wings, that they would fly on and on and another night and another dawn would

come and the same vacant sea would still be there. And they knew that the sea was an alien and hostile element, for they were strictly creatures of the land and of the air. During periods of unusually smooth water they might alight breifly on the ocean's surface to snatch a few moments of rest, but they snatch a few moments of rest, but they were clumsy swimmers at best, their feathers lacked oil and waterlogged quickly, and rarely did the sea provide the calm conditions that would permit even a momentary landing. Usually the long flight, once begun, had to be completed nonstop without food for







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their stomachs or respite for their

Behind them now the Arctic's aurora borealis was flashing vividly above the Labrador sky line, but when they came to earth again, with flight feathers frayed and their breast muscles numbed by fatigue, it would be in a dank jungle river-bottom of the Guianas or Venezuela. Yet there was no fear or hesita-tion now with the take-off, no recognition now with the take-off, no recogni-tion of the drama of the moment. There was only a vague relief to be off. For it was a blessing of their rudimen-tary brains that they couldn't see themselves in the stark perspective of reality
—minute specks of earth-bound flesh challenging an eternity of sea and sky

For the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. Smithso-nian Institution, Washington. An-nual report of the board of regents for the year ending June 30, 1915... In Newfoundland and on the

Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for many years after the middle of the nineteenth century, the Eskimo curlews arrived in August and September in millions that darkened the sky . . . In a day's shooting by 25 or 30 men as many as 2,000 curlews would be killed for the Hudson's Bay Co. store at Cartwright, Labrador. At night when the birds were

roosting in large masses on the high beach a man armed with a lantern to dazzle and confuse the birds could approach them in the darkness and kill them in enormous numbers by striking them down with a stick . . .

The curlew held to a course that was almost due south. When the tumbling Labrador hills dropped from sight behind, the last orienting landmark was lost, but the curlew led the flock un-erringly on. Somewhere in the cosmic interplay of forces generated by the earth's rotation and magnetic field was a guide to direction to which hidden facets of his brain were delicately tuned. He held direction effortlessly, without conscious effort. An unthink-ing instinct, millenniums old, was per-forming subconsciously a feat beyond the ken of the highest consciousr in the animal world.

The night was but yet half spent when white surf outlined the craggy coastline of Nova Scotia's Cape Breton coastine of Nova Scotia's Cape Breton half a mile below. In some other years the curlew had stopped here, but the season was late and there was no thought of stopping now. The flock pushed on without pause across the tip of Cape Breton to the 2,500-mile misty

maw of the Atlantic beyond.

An hour later a cold front of air, moving eastward off the Canadian mainland, enveloped them in an area of turbulent air currents. The warm lower layers of air were being lifted by the heavier cold air pushing beneath. In the colder temperature of higher altitudes, the warm air's moisture began condensing, first into misty rain and then, as its temperature dropped, it be-

Erratic air currents buffeted the flock and the formation broke up. The snow, light and sparse at first, became thicker. The flakes grew into large, loose, damp clusters that caked into the birds' wins feathers and made flight difficult. The feathers and made flight difficult. The curlew led the flock upward in a steep spiraling climb. The air turbulence de-creased as they climbed, but the snow clouds grew denser. The quieter air permitted them to line up in formation again, but they had to form ranks more by the feel of the wingtip air whorls than by sight, for now the s

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was so thick that frequently even the bird next ahead was hidden.

stopped climbing and leveled off again.

There was no way of detecting how fast the cold front was moving east-ward, but the curlew knew-partly from half-remembered experiences of previous migrations, but mostly by an instinctive intuition—that their fifty-mile-an-hour flight speed would take them back through the front and keep them ahead of it, because the storm's front would be moving at a speed slow-er than theirs. But they would have to turn and fly with the storm, and that was eastward toward mid-Atlantic.

The curlew veered eastward and the double rank of plovers behind followed his deflecting air trail, though only the front few birds had been able to see the curlew turn. The snow clung to their wings, packed into the air slots between the flight feathers. Wings that a few minutes before had responded deftly to the gentle, rhythmic flexing of the breast muscles were now heavy and stiff. Their flight speed dropped until they were hovering almost motionless a disorganized, bewildered cluster, almost a mile above the sea. Then the curlew led them eastward again by angling slowly downward and drawing from gravitational pull the flight speed that their soggy wing feathers could no longer produce unaided. Now their flight speed was normal once more, but they were sacrificing altitude rapidly to maintain it. Up from the grey void below, the sea was rising steadily to-ward them.

The curlew led them on a long, gradual, seaward incline, adjusting the downward flight angle to the pressure of the airflow on its sensitized wings so that normal speed was maintained with the minimum of altitude loss that would accomplish it. Occasionally the snow thinned and for brief intervals almost level flight was possible. Then it thickened again and their wings grew heavy and the curlew would have to angle sharply downward.

For a long time the blind, numbing flight continued and the curlew fought to maintain height until not only his breast muscles but every fibre of his body throbbed with agonizing fatigue. To the lisping murmur of flight notes from the plovers behind there was soon added a sibilant hissing that came from below. The hissing grew stronger. It was the sound of snow striking water.

Then through the white curtain the curlew could see it. Waves with silvery caps curling upward appeared first ahead of the flock, paused momentarily below as they were overtaken, then disappeared behind. The snow had cleared slightly and now the plovers became visible again strung out hap-hazardly to the curlew's rear. The hindmost, weaker birds were lower, loser to the sea. They had had to sacrifice altitude faster to keep up with the stronger flyers ahead. Glutinous snow clung to their wingtips, the melting rate from body heat barely equalling the rate at which new snow accumulated.

The curlew would hold a level plane of flight for several seconds, then as forward speed decreased he would have to dip downward, gain new speed and level off again. The sea was clearly visible now, the white wave crests etched sharply against the black water. At times a higher crest leaped upward to within a few feet of the struggling birds.

A great wave appeared ahead. The curlew fought the lethargy in his wings and lifted over it painfully to drop into the trough beyond. He struggled on. The next crest was lower and the curlew mounted it with several feet to spare. Behind him, the great wave lunged into the plover flock. Three of the lower birds fought for height but

could do no more than hover helplessly. There was no cry. The wave arched upward momentarily and the birds dis-appeared from sight. The wave passed

and the three plovers didn't reappear. Nature, highly selective in all things, is most selective with death. The weak neither ask nor obtain mercy.

The flock slogged on, a few feet above the sea, struggling laboriously over each crest and snatching a few nig-gardly seconds of partial rest in the quieter, protected air of each trough. Once a long trough lifted into a seeth-

preceding and the spray of its crest lashed the curlew's wings. The curlew had to battle a maelstrom of air cur-rents for several seconds to keep airborne. When the wave passed two more of the plovers failed to reappear. But the spray melted much of the snow clinging to the curlew's wingtip feath-For a minute his unburdened wings could bite into the air with all their old power. Then the snow clogged them again. Only the knowledge that some-where close ahead the cold front terated kept the curlew plunging

so slowly it was difficult to detect the change. But the snow altered to rain abruptly. At one wave crest there was only the swirling white wall of snow ahead, by the next crest the snow was chind and sheets of rain pelted them. The snow melted from their feathers The snow melted from their feathers in a few seconds and the curlew led the remnant of his flock upward in a sharp climb. The pain and fatigue drained quickly from their wings and breasts with the resumption of normal flight. The sea disappeared again in the dark ness beneath them. After several min-utes they broke through the rain front



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into a quiet mist-roofed world beyond.

... and sometimes, during northeast storms, tremendous numbers of the curlews would be carried in from the Atlantic Ocean to the beaches of New England, where at times they would land in a state of great exhaustion, and they could be chased and easily knocked down with clubs when they attempted to fly. Often they alighted on Nantucket in such numbers that the shot supply of the island would become exhausted and the slaughter would have to stop until more shot could be secured from the

The gunner's name for them was "dough-bird," for it was so fat when it reached us in the fall that its breast would often burst open when it fell to the ground, and the thick layer of fat was so soft that it felt like a ball of dough . . . Two Massachusetts market gunners sold \$300 worth from one flight . . . boys offered the birds for sale at 6 cents apiece . . . In 1882 two hunters on Nantucket shot 87 Eskimo curlew in one morning . . by 1894 there was only one dough-bird offered for sale on the Boston market.

The curlew knew that they had to continue flying eastward to keep the storm from overtaking them again. But their course eventually had to be southward. To the east for four thousand miles there was only empty sea. After half an hour the curlew turned the flock southward, and they flew south unhindered for almost another half hour before the eastward-moving storm front enveloped them again. At

the first big drops of rain, the curlew

veered sharply to the east once more and in a few minutes the flock reentered clear air.

In the three hours that remained before dawn, they repeated this many times, flying south until the rain overtook them, then veering eastward to get ahead of it again. They were on a southerly course when the yellowing dawn pierced a murky eastern sky. Daylight came swiftly, changing the black of the sea to a cold green. They flew southward for an hour, then two hours, and the cloud cover grew thinner and the day brightened and this time the storm didn't reappear. The birds had worked southward around it. The snow clouds of the night, what would be left of them, would be breaking up now far to the north over the codish shoals of Newfoundland's Grand Banks.

In mid-morning the air warmed and eddying wisps of fog began rising off the sea. They were approaching the spot where the icy Labrador current flowing southward out of the Arctic met the tepid northward-flowing tropic waters of the Gulf Stream. Here the Gulf Stream is deflected eastward past Newfoundland into mid-Atlantic. After an hour, the pale green Arctic waters changed abruptly to a deep indigo blue with a line of demarcation as sharp as a line between water and shore. They were over the Gulf Stream, a product of the tropics. The green of the Labrador current, last feature of the Arctic, faded behind them.

Their wings beat mechanically, without change of pace or fatigue. The air warmed constantly, for each hour put them fifty miles southward.

By evening they had crossed the eastward-flowing arm of the Gulf Stream and were over the immense two-million-square-mile eddy of the mid-Atlantic where no currents came to stir



the brackish water and where the rubbery fronds of sargassum weed collected in the great floating islands of the Sar-gasso, weirdest of all seas. They had flown almost twenty-four hours, yet there was no fatigue in the pulsing

muscles of their breasts.

Throughout the night they flew steadily at a height of a half mile or so, the birds calling intermittently to each other. When the curlew was leading the flock his senses had to be kept sharply tuned to the vagaries of wind sharply tuned to the vagaries of wind and the cosmic impulses which his brain interpreted into a sense of direction. Periodically, when he dropped back for rest, he could fly in a half-sleep, his wings beating automatically, his eyes half shut, following subconsciously the trailing air vortex of the bird ahead of him.

That night the North Star and the familiar constellations of the Arctic sky.

familiar constellations of the Arctic sky dropped almost to the northern horizon. New star groups rose to the south. And shortly before dawn the wind freshshortly before dawn the wind fresh-ened, a warm, firm wind that blew with monotonous constancy out of the northeast. They had entered the re-gion of the trade winds. It was a quartering tail wind that gave them almost another ten miles an hour of speed.

Day, when it came, was hot despite the wind. This was the rim of the tropics, and the sea turned bluer, and condensation of the hot rising air gave the sky a lumpy patchwork of white cumulus clouds. Occasionally there were thicker knobs of cloud that hung were thicker knobs of cloud that hung motionless on the western horizon, the island signposts of the sea, for every island had its cap of cloud that was visible far beyond the island's own horizons. These were the Lesser An-tilles of the outer Caribbean. And far ahead, another twelve hours of flying way, were the jungles and mountains of South America.

Now their breasts and wing tendons were tiring from the thirty-six hours of flying behind them. Flight was no longer the effortless subconscious reflex it had been. It had become a function that had to be willed, only conscious that had to be whied, only conscious concentration on the task kept their flagging wings working. Two nights and a day without food had slowed their body processes. Now they had to pant rapidly in the hot tropic air, their bills slightly agape, to capture the oxygen call, their burst demanded. gen supply their lungs demanded.

The curlew knew that where the thick clouds dotted the western horizon there were islands only an hour or two's flight away. But to reach them would require a course that would put the wind directly on their tails, and a wind from straight behind could interfere with flight as seriously as a wind from dead ahead. So the curlew held to the original course. And he knew that long before the coast could be reached a third night would be upon them. Then the landfall would come in darkness and if the aircht were cloudy and block there. if the night were cloudy and black there could be no landing even then until the dawn light revealed the outlines of Venezuela's mangrove swamps and

Venezuela's mangrove swamps and river sand bars.

The day passed with interminable slowness, the sun sank finally into the Caribbean and the night dropped quickly without twilight. Then the overcast moved in to shut out moon and stars, and rain began falling, for they were reaching the tropics at the height of the rain season. It was a signal that the coast was approaching.

For another two hours they flew through rain. The curlew could see nothing, but he knew immediately when they left the sea and were flying over land. First the rumble of surficame up through the darkness, then the air became turbulent with the rumal. the air became turbulent with thermal updrafts lifting off the warmer land. They could do nothing but fly on for



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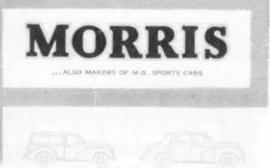
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hours longer. And now, with the knowledge that land lay below, the continuance of flight became the harshest ordeal of all. Every wingbeat was a torturing battle with lethargy and fatigue. And much of the energy used was now wasted, for their flight feathers were frayed and ragged, no longer capable of the sharp, propeling bite of feather against air which had made flight so easy and effortless when they left Labrador.

The curlew knew that once they had

The curlew knew that once they had crossed the coastal strip with its beaches and river estuaries, there was nothing beyond for a hundred and fifty miles but the dense tangle of mangrove swamp where a landing was as impossible as on the open sea. Now, even if the night cleared, they would have to push on regardless until the flat, grassy llanos of the Venezuelan interior spread out below them. Despite the growing heaviness of their wings, the curlew led them upward to clear the coastal mountains he knew were ahead. The climb was a torturing anguish. They leveled off, but it brought no respite to the burning pangs of fatigue which throbbed in every fibre of their small bodies.

At last the dawn came, not yellow or red, but in a sombre pall of greyness. The land below was a drowned and sodden land of mud, water and swolfen rivers, like the springtime tundra of the Arctic. The broad treeless valley of the great Orinoco spread in every direction as far as the grey pall would let them see. The rain still fell.

They had flown without rest or food for almost sixty hours. From a land of snow and the northern lights, they had come nonstop to a land that was steaming with the rank growth of the tropics. Below them were hundreds of miles of mud flats and grassy prairie that teemed with the abundance of aquatic insect food that only the months of tropical rain could produce.

With the first misty light of the dawn, the curlew arched his stiffened wings and plunged downward in an almost vertical dive. He had spanned the length of a continent since his wings had last been still. The plovers followed. The flock touched down.

But not a bird rested, for feeding had to come first. Their stomachs had been empty fifty-five hours and they had flown close to three thousand miles on the fuel stored in Labrador as body fat. Now the fat was gone and in less than three days each bird had lost ten to fifteen percent of its weight. Only the fact that they were the most economical fuel users in the animal world had made the flight possible. Each bird had burned about two ounces of fat over the ocean—at the same rate of fuel consumption, a half-ton plane would fly one hundred and sixty miles on a gallon of fuel instead of the usual twenty miles.

They fed rapidly until mid-morning, and only then did they rest. On the broad savannahs abutting the Orinoco, food was abundant. They fed again for several hours before the first tropic night brought darkness.

0 0 0

This is the eighth in a series of bulletins of the United States National Museum on the life histories of North American birds by Arthur Cleveland Bent. Order Limicolae. Family Scolopacidae... Numenius borealis, Eskimo curlew... I cannot believe that it was overtaken by any great catastrophe at sea which could annihilate it; it was strong of wing and could escape from or avoid severe storms. There is no evidence of disease or failure of food supply. No, there was only

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cause, slaughter by human beings, slaughter in Labrador and New England in summer and fall, slaughter in South America in winter and slaughter, worst of all, from Texas to Canada in the spring. They were so confiding, so full of sympathy for their fallen com-panions, that in closely packed ranks they fell, easy victims of the carnage. The gentle birds ran the carnage. The gentle birds ran the gantlet all along the line and no lifted a finger to protect them until it was too late .

THE PLOVERS AND CURLEW line gered on the savannahs of the Orinoco for two weeks, rapidly growing fat again. Food was limitless, but once more they felt the old restless torment calling them again to a more distant southland.

They took off on a bright moonlight night early in October, and by dawn they had reached the Amazon. That next night they turned southwest and another five hundred miles of flying put them, by dawn, within sight of the Peruvian Andes' snow-capped peaks. For three nights following they flew southeast. On the fifth dawn, gaunt and wing-worn again, they dropped to the grassy flatlands of the Argentine pampas.

Spring was greening the pampas grass and giant thistle. Grasshoppers grass and giant thistle. Grasshoppers were emerging. For days the birds did little but gorge on the insect life of the short grass plains. Their worn wing feathers were molted one by one and replaced, giving them full flight power again. Here, they were eight thousand miles from the Arctic nesting grounds and of all the tundra shore bird species only the vellowlees knot huff-breasted. only the yellowlegs, knot, buff-breasted sandpiper and one or two others had migrated so far, yet at times the rest-less migration urge still pressed the curlew and plovers on.

They straggled slowly southward. By the time the hot December sun had burned the giant thistles, and the pampas grass was silver with its nodding panicles of flowers, they were deep down into the stony undulating plains of Patagonia, within a single night's flight of the Antarctic Sea. The Herculean thrust of the migratory impulse had carried them from the very nor-thernmost to the southernmost reaches of the mainland of the Americas. Yet even here there were still great flocks of shore birds. The days were long and hot, the brief nights cool. Of all the world's living creatures, none but the similarly far-flying Arctic tern sees as much sunlight as the shore birds which spend each year chasing, almost pole to pole, the lands of the midnight sun.

Now the urge of the migration time was dead. A peculiar lethargy gripped the plovers and they were content to fly back and forth between two salt lagoons—feeding, dozing, flying list-lessly, waiting like an actor who has forgotten his lines for the prompting of instinct to tell them what to do next.

But within the curlew, as fast as the pressure of the migratory urge relaxed

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new tormenting pressure replaced it. It was the old vague hunger and loneliness. Suddenly the curlew remembered again that he lived alone in a world to which other members of his own species never came. A restlessness of a differ-ent sort beset him. He tried to lead the plovers farther afield but they would not follow. Finally the restlessness became irresistible. The curlew spiraled high, circled and re-circled the lagoon where the plovers were feeding. He called loudly and repeatedly, but the plovers gave no sign of hearing. Then the curlew turned eastward toward the

coastal tide flats that he knew wer there, many hours of flight away. He was flying alone again.

Other shore birds too were drifting eastward toward the cool, food-rich mud flats of the seacoast, where vast flocks followed each low tide outward.

Most of them were golden plover.
On the tide flats the curlew wandered from flock to flock, searching restlessly he was not sure what. It was January, and the tundra nine thousand miles to the north would remain for months yet a sleeping, lifeless land of blizzard and unending night, but the curlew began

to feel the Arctic's first faint call. It was a feeble stirring deep within, a sig-nal that dormant sex glands were awakening again to another year's breeding cycle. It was a nostalgic yearning for home. And the goal was explicit—not merely the Arctic, not the tundra, but that same tiny ridge of cobblestone by the S-twist of the river where the female would come and the nest would be,

The curlew started home. Drifting slowly from mud flat to mud flat, he dida't move far each day, but the aim-lessness was gone. In a week he was



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The Committee on Bird Protection desires to present herewith to the Fifty-fifth Stated Meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union the results of its inquiries during 1939 into the current causes of depletion or maintenance of our bird life . . . but the most dangerously situated are unquestionably the California Condor, Eskimo Curlew and Ivory-billed Woodpecker. They have been reduced to the point

where numbers may be so low that individuals remain separated, thus interfering with reproduction . . .

0 0 0

The arrival of the female was a strangely drab and undramatic climax to a lifetime of waiting. One second the curlew was feeding busily at the edge of the breakers, surrounded by dozens of plovers, yet alone; the next second the female curlew was there, not three feet away, so close that when she held her wings extended in the moment after landing even the individual feathers.

were sharply distinguishable. She had come in with a new flock of nine plovers. They had dropped down silently, unnoticed. She lowered her wings slowly and deliberately, a movement much more graceful, than the alighting pattern of the plovers. Her long, downward-sweeping bill turned toward him.

toward him.

The female bobbed up and down jerkily on her long greenish legs and a low, muffled quirking came deep from within her throat. The male bobbed and answered softly.

Recognition was instantaneous and

intuitive. The male knew he had been mistaken many times before. He knew that the puzzlingly similar Hudsonian curlews were far to the north, wintering on the shores of the Caribbean, and that only another Eskimo curlew could be this far south. He knew this new curlew was smaller and slightly browner, like himself, than the others had been. But these thoughts were fleeting, barely formed. It was a combination of voice, posture, the movements of the other bird, and not her appearance, which signaled instantly that the mate had come.

For a minute they stood almost motionless, eyeing each other, bobbing occasionally. A small sea snail crept through a shallow film of tidewater at his feet and the curlew snapped it up quickly, crushing the shell with his bill. But he didn't eat it himself. With his neck extended, throat feathers jutting out jaggedly and legs stiff, the male strutted in an awkward sideways movement to the female's side and handed her the snail with his bill. The female hunched forward, her wings partly extended and quivering vigorously. She took the snail, swallowing it quickly. In this simple demonstration of

In this simple demonstration of courtship feeding, the male had offered himself as a mate and been accepted. The love-making had begun

The love-making had begun.

Now they resumed feeding individually, ignoring each other, but never straying far apart. And the cobble bar by the S-twist of the distant tundra river called the male as never before.

At dusk he took wing and circled over the female, whistling to her softly. She sprang into the air beside him and together they flew inland over the co istal hills. They landed on a grassy hillside when darkness fell and they slept close together, their necks almost touching.

They returned to the beaches at dawn and began to move northward more rapidly, alternating flights of ten miles or so at a time with stops for feeding. The call of the tundra grew more powerful and each day they moved faster than the day before, flying more and eating less. By early February they were a thousand miles north of where they had started, still following the seacoast tide flats, and the springtime outpouring of hormones began filling them with a growing excitement. Now the male would frequently stop suddenly while feeding and strut like a game cock before the female with his throat puffed out and tail feathers expanded into a great fan over his back. The female would respond to the love-making by crouching, her wings aquiver, and beg for food like a young bird. Then the male would offer her a food tidbit and their bills would touch and the love display suddenly end.

One dusk the male led her high above the browning pampas and darkness came and they continued flying. The short daytime flights were not carrying them northward fast enough to appease the growing migratory urge. They left the seacoast far behind and headed inland northwesterly toward the distant peaks of the Andes. Now the male felt a sudden release of the tensior within him, for with the first night flight there was recognition that the migration had really begun.

They flew six hours and their wings were tired. It was still dark when they landed, to rest till the dawn. Now they moved little during the day, but at sunset the curlew led his mate high into the air and turned northwestward again. Each night their wings strengthened and in a week they were flying from dusk to dawn without alighting.

They flew close together, the male always leading, the female a foot or two behind and slightly aside riding the air

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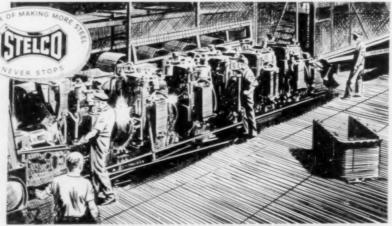
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vortex of one of his wingtips. They talked constantly in the darkness, soft lisping notes that rose faintly above the whistle of air past their wings, and the male began to forget that he had ever known the torture of being alone.

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The northward route through South America was different from the southward flight. When they passed over the pampas into the forested region of northern Argentina, feeding places became more difficult to find. Five hundred miles to the west were the beaches of the Pacific but the towering cordillera of the Andes lay between. They were entering the region of the southeast trades and to fly now with a favorable beam wind they could turn northeastward into the endless equatorial jungles of Brazil where food and even landing places would be scarce for fifteen hundred miles, or they could swing westward to challenge the high, thin, stormy air of the Andes which had the coastal beaches of the Pacific just beyond. The curlew instinctively turned westward.

For a whole night they flew into

For a whole night they flew into foothills which sloped upward interminably, climbing steadily hour after hour until their wings throbbed with the fatigue. And at dawn, when they landed on a thickly grassed plateau, the rolling land ahead still sloped upward endlessly as far as sight could reach, to disappear eventually in a sawtoothed horizon where white clouds and snow peaks merged indistinguishably.

snow peaks merged indistinguishably.

When the sun set, silhouetting the Andean peaks against a golden sky, the curlews flew again. Flight was slow and labored for the angle of climb grew constantly steeper. The air grew thin, providing less support for their wings and less oxygen for their rapidly working lungs. They tired quickly and hours before dawn they dropped exhausted to a steep rocky slope where a thin covering of moss and lichen clung precariously. For the remainder of the hight they stood close together resting, braced against the cold gusty winds. Daylight illuminated a harsh barren world.

Daylight illuminated a harsh barren world, a vertical landscape of grey rock across which wisps of foggy cloud scudded like white wings of the unending wind. And the top of this world was still far above them. The peaks that they yet had to cross were hidden in a dense ceiling of boiling cloud. Even here, though, there were insects and the curlews fed. It was slow and difficult feeding, not because food was scanty, but because every movement was a tiring effort, using up oxygen that the blood regained slowly and painfully. At dusk the air cooled suddenly and the fog scud changed to snow. They didn't fly. The turbulent air currents and the great barrier of rock and glacier ahead demanded daylight for the crossing.

There was no sleep, even little rest, that night. The wind screeched up the

There was no sleep, even little rest, that night. The wind screeched up the mountain face, driving hard particles of snow before it, until at times the birds could hardly stand against it. They clung together neck to neck and the heat of their bodies melted a small oval in the hard granular snow.

oval in the hard granular snow.

The wind slackened at dawn. When the snow changed to fog again and the sun pierced it feebly in a faint yellow glow, they took off and spiraled upward into the flat cloud layer that hid the peaks above. In a minute they were entombed in a ghostly world of white mist which pressed in damp and heavy upon them. They spiraled tightly, climbing straight upward into air so thin that their wings seemed to be beating in a vacuum and their lungs when filled still strained for breath.

In the cloud layer the air was turbulent. Occasionally there were pockets where the air was hard, and their wings bit into it firmly and they climbed rapidly, then the air would thin out again, and for several minutes they would barely hold their own.

They broke free of the swirling cloud mass finally and came out into a calm, clear sky. It was a weird, bizarre world of intense cold and dazzling light which seemed disconnected from all things of earth. The cloud layer just below them stretched from horizon to horizon in a great white rolling plain that looked firm enough to alight upon. A mile away a mountain peak lifted its cap of perpetual snow through the cloud, and in the distance were other peaks rising like rocky islands out of a white sea.

The curlews leveled off close to the cloud layer and flew toward the peak. Flight was painful and slow. They flew with bills open, gasping the thin air. Their bodies ached.

They approached the mountain top and landed for rest on a turret of grey rock swept bare of snow by the wind. Now a new torment racked their aching bodies, for the dry, rarified air had quickly exhausted body moisture, and their hot throats burned with thirst

their hot throats burned with thirst.

The pain drained from their bodies and the curlews flew westward again past the wind-sculptured snow ridges

and out into the strangely unattached and empty world of dazzling sunlight and cloud beyond. They flew a long time, afraid to drop down through the cloud again until there was some clue as to what lay below it, and far behind them the peak grew indistinct and fuzzy beneath its halo of mist and snow. The cloud layer over which they flew loosened, its smooth, firm top breaking up into a tumbling series of deep valleys and high white hills. The valleys deepened, then one of them dropped precipitously without a bottom so that it wasn't a valley but a hole





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that went completely through the cloud. Through the hole, the birds could see a sandy, desertlike plateau strewn with green cacti clumps and brown ridges of sandstone, two to three miles below.

They had been silent all day, for the high altitude flight took all the energy their bodies could produce, but now the male called excitedly as he led the female sharply downward between the walls of cloud. The air whistled past them and they zigzagged erratically to check the speed of the descent. At first the air was too thin to give their wings

much braking power and they plunged earthward with little control, then the air grew firmer, it pressed hard against their wing feathers and they dropped more slowly. When they came out below the cloud layer they leveled off again and headed toward the faint blue line of the Pacific visible at the horizon.

line of the Pacific visible at the horizon.

Here the day was dull and sunless, not glaring with light, but the air was warm. And the air now had a substance that could be felt. It gave power and lift to their wings again and it filled their lungs without leaving an aching breathless torment when exhaled.

Late that afternoon they alighted on a narrow beach of the Pacific. They drank hurriedly of the salt water for a couple of minutes. Then they fed steadily until the dusk

With twilight the sky cleared and the great volcanic cones of the Andes, now etched sharply against the greying east, assumed a frightening massiveness. Every year the male curlew's migratory instinct had led him across this towering barrier of limestone, storm and snow. And every year before the memory of it dimmed, the curlew looked back and even his slow-working brain

could marvel at the endurance of his own wings.

THE NARROW COASTAL STRIP between the Andes and the sea is a parched region of sandy desert plateaus where rain rarely falls. Few rivers tumble down the Andes' western slopes into the Pacific to create the estuary mud flats on which the tides can scatter the foodstuff of the sea for the shorebird flocks. So here the shore birds eat sparsely.

The curlews followed the narrow Peruvian beaches northward, flying hard each night until the dawn, using every hour of daylight in the wearying search for food. In less than a week they covered two thousand miles and reached the sandy flatlands of Punta Parinas near the equator, where the South American coast turns back northeastward toward its juncture a thousand miles away with the Isthmus of Panama.

March was almost here. Far to the north, spring would be moving up the Mississippi Valley, greening the cottonwoods and prairie grasses. And the tundra was still six thousand miles away. Now the Arctic beckoned with a fever and flerceness that their aching and wasted breast muscles couldn't still.

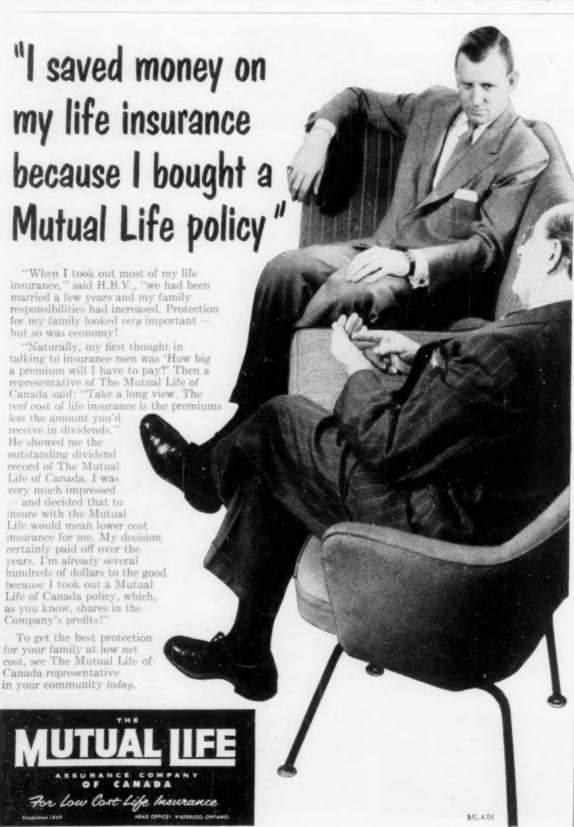
Here the coast swung in a great 2,500-mile crescent east, north and west to the rich highlands of Guatemala, but straight north, across the bight of the Pacific enclosed by this crescent, Guatemala was only 1,200 miles away. The male curlew was still hungry, his crop half-filled, when night began cooling the hot sands of the Parinas desert. He climbed into the tropic twilight and the female followed close behind. And he turned north, away from the low coastland, out into the Pacific where the landfall of Central America lay twenty-four hours of flying away.

They flew silently, wasting neither breath nor energy with calling to each other. It would be an ocean crossing only half as long as the exhausting autumn flight down the Atlantic from Labrador to South America, but the crowberries of Labrador always assured that the autumn flight could begin with bodies fat and fully nourished. Now they were wasted and thin. In two hours their stomachs were gaunt and empty again.

The moon set and the dawn came and they flew hour upon hour, the speed of their wingbeats never varying.

The sun was setting again when the hard blue of the sea at the horizon ahead of them became edged with a narrow, hazy strip of grey-blue. For several minutes it looked like a cloud, then its texture hardened, and behind it higher in the sky emerged the serrated line of the Guatemalan and Honduran mountain ranges. The outline of the distant volcanic peaks sharpened. The lowland close to the sea changed from blue to green, and a white strip of foaming surf took form at its lower edge. There was still a half hour of daylight when the curlews reached the palm-fringed beach. They commenced eating immediately. When darkness came the pain of hunger and fatigue was already diminishing.

They fed busily all next morning, but the feeding was not good for the beaches were scattered and narrow, and swept clean by the Pacific's surf. By noon the day was very hot, but the curlews flew again. They flew inland now, for this was the Central American summer and the grassy highlands of the interior would have a rich crop of grasshoppers. They flew across the coastal plain which rose gently into the mountains behind, then entered a narrow valley which led them through



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to the rolling tablelands beyond. Finally they landed on a hilly plateau Finally they landed on a hilly plateau two hundred miles inland from the Pacific. Here, for the first time, the curlews joined the hosts of migrants which were flowing northward to overtake the North American spring. In the forested valleys were swarms of tanagers, thrushes and warblers, all feeding busily to store energy for the long night flights. On the grassy uplands were flocks of other shore birds lands were flocks of other shore birds and bobolinks.

and bobolinks.
On the sloping hills grasshoppers swarmed everywhere. The curlews fed antil their crops and stomachs were gorged. With nightfall thousands of other migrants began passing overhead, their lisping chorus of flight notes an uninterrupted signal of their passage. But the curlews waited, for winter still gripped their Artic petting grounds. gripped their Arctic nesting grounds and here they could fatten for the final dash north.

They waited a week, feeding well, straggling slowly northward each day. Their bodies grew firm and plump again and with the return of strength the mating urge burned like a fever within them. By the end of the week they had moved out the Yucatan peninsula to its tip. Five hundred miles northward across the Gulf of Mexico were the swampy shores of Louisiana and Texas, with nothing beyond but the flat unobstructed prairies reaching almost to

but the greatest killings occurred after the birds had crossed the Gulf of Mexico in spring and the great flocks moved northward up the North American plains.

These flocks contained thousands of individuals and when a flock would alight the birds would cover 40 or 50 acres of ground. The slaughter was almost unbelievable. Hunters would shoot the birds without mercy until they had literally slaughtered a wagonload of them, the wagons being actually filled, and often with the side-boards on at that. Sometimes when the flight was unusually heavy and the hunters were well supplied with ammunition their wagons were too quickly and easily filled, so whole loads of the birds would be dumped on the prairie, their bodies forming piles as large as a couple of tons of coal, where they would be allowed to rot while the hunters proceeded to refill their wagons

with fresh victims.

In addition to the numerous gunners who shot these birds for local consumption or simply for the love of killing, there developed a class of professional market hunters, who made it a business to follow the flights . . .

In the Eighties the Eskimo curlew began decreasing rapidly . . .

MARCH HAD COME. In Canada far to the north, robins, bluebirds and kildeers were already nest-building. Here on the Yucatan coast the later migrants waited, gathering strength, until an evening with favorable wind would send them by thousands into the falling night, out into the wide sweep of the Gulf of Mexico.

One afternoon after two or three days of calm the wind freshened and a restlessness seized the small bird flocks. Bobolinks and thrushes were rising into the air, making short flights out over the water and returning, testing wind and wings. For the curlews, the 500-mile migration across the gulf would be no more than an average night's flight. But for the smaller songsters, with half the flight speed of the curlews, it was

the migration's most rigorous orderal and the time of starting had to be carefully appraised. By mid - afternoon many of them were not returning from the test flights. They were climbing high above the surf and in twos and threes were continuing seaward until the black specks of their bodies dis-solved into the blue of the sky. By sunset the Yucatan shore was strangely quiet. Only the two curlews and a few other shore birds remained.

It was dark and a full moon was ris-ing when the curlews flew. Now they flew an oversea flyway that was dotted

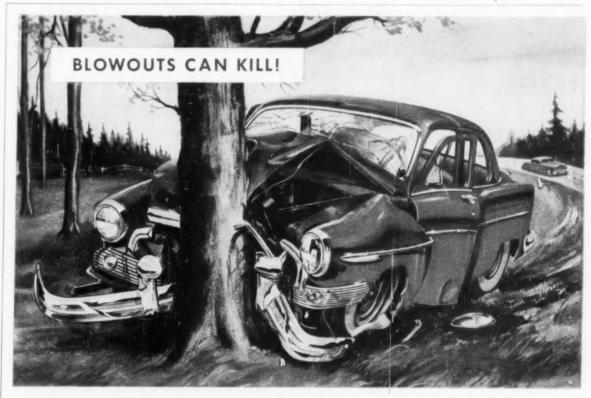
with other birds, and in two hours the curlews began overtaking the smaller birds that had started earlier. The air was filled with call notes, and wings glistened silver in the moonlight all around.

around.

The curlews passed cuckoos that would nest in New England, thrushes and bay-breasted warblers that would mate in the dark spruce forests of the far north, blackpoll warblers that would continue on to Alaska, bobolinks and dickcissels that would fan out across the mid-continental prairies, and brilliant little vernilion flyestchers that liant little vermilion flycatchers that

would stop and nest as soon as they reached the Louisiana coast. Most of the birds would fly twenty hours before they reached the American mainland. The curlews would take ten hours.

After four or five hours, the curlews had passed through the flight of smaller had passed through the flight of smaller birds and were alone again. Suddenly the air grew cool and heavier, giving more lift to their wings, and the easter-ly trade wind shifted almost to south. Feathery scuds of cloud dimmed the moon at intervals, then the clouds massed into a thick, black, lumpy ceiling and the night was very dark and the



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and kiss.

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gulf waters below were lost in the night's blackness. The wind shifted easterly again, then within fifteen minutes it reversed itself entirely and was blowing from the north, gusty and erratic. And then the rain came; it was almost a solid wall of driving water.

After the first explosive outburst, the wind and rain moderated into a steady, lingering storm. It lasted about five hours and the curlews came through nours and the currews came through the rear of the storm into a clear sky just as the sun was rising. Normally they would have flown on, high over the lagoons and salt marshes of the Texas coast, to land on the prairies of the alluvial plains far inland, but the storm had tired them, their wet wing feathers clung together clammily and responded awkwardly to their pulsing muscles, and the curlews glided low over the beach as soon as they reached

It was a long, narrow island of sand dunes and grassland that stretched for miles paralleling the coastline. In the hollows of the sand flats there were numerous ponds with water replenished by the rain of the night before. Hosts of other shore birds that had left the Yucatan coast ahead of the curlews had also been forced down by the storm and they fed and preened intermittently at the pond edges. The curlews passed over several flocks of plovers and willets, then they breasted a dune and came out suddenly over a broad patchwork of marshy ponds that was dotted with hundreds of Hudsonian curlews. The Hudsonians called to them noisily and the two Eskimo curlews set their

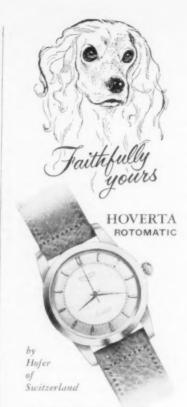
wings and pitched down among them. But they remained with the Hud-sonians only that day. At nightfall the two Eskimo curlews flew on alone and in brilliant moonlight two hours later they landed on prairie a hundred miles

Now the migratory restlessne again and the curlews were content to wait while the spring moved on ahead of them. Instinct, not reasoning, told them that all the obstacles of the migra-tion were behind and now for three thousand miles to the Arctic there were only the great flatlands of the American and Canadian plains, teeming with food, lacking mountains, lacking even a range of hills large enough to interfere a range of hills large enough to interfere with the home-coming flight. It was the home stretch and they could span it in a week if need be. But the migra-tory urge was temporarily dead. The curlews didn't know that the tundra would not be ready for the nesting for more than two months yet. They only knew that the Texas prairies were rich with the insect life of awakening spring. And they felt an urge to stay.

It was early April when the restles ness seized them and they began making brief night flights again. They flew easily, stopping always many hours be-fore dawn, sometimes not moving at all for several days at a time. They would wait as the spring moved northward far ahead of them, then in a couple of rapid night flights they would overtake and pass the spring again and wait for it to catch up. The signal to move was the blooming of the willows on the river bottomlands. When the fluffy catkins opened, dusting the evening breez opened, dusting the evening breezes with the yellow pollen, they would take to the air and fly until they reached a point farther north where the willow buds were unopened and the prairie grass still brown. Then they would wait, feeding luxuriantly on the capsules of grasshopper eggs which their sensitive bills could feel in the damp soil, and when the willow catkins pierced their buds the curlews would fly northward again.

Each week they moved faster, for

Each week they moved faster, for the advancing spring picked up speed as it reached more northern latitudes.



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THE AUK A Quarterly Journal of Ornithology Published by

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General Notes. Natural Hybrids Between Dendroica coronata and D. auduboni . . . Rivoli's Humming-bird (Eugenes fulgens) in Colorado . . . Eskimo Curlew in Texas. Two Eskimo curlews which appeared to be a mated pair were seen in March at Galveston, Texas, by the writer and a number of Houston observers. The birds were amongst a huge assemblage of marsh and shore birds, including Buff-breasted and other sandpipers, Black-bellied Plovers, Eastern and Western Willets, various herons, and hundreds of Hudsonian Curlews. All were feeding over a wide area of sand flats, shallow ponds and grassy patches on Galveston Island, which parallels the coast. Nearness of the Eskimo Curlews to Hudsonians gave fine opportunity for comparison. Fully an hour was spent checking every identification mark through eight-power glasses at a range of less than one hundred yards from our parked car . . . As is often the case along the Texas gulf coast during spring migration, a heavy rainstorm and change of wind from south to north during the previous night brought down a swarming visitation of migrants.

IC

### A Summary of the Spring Migration

Undoubtedly the most noteworthy record was the observation of a pair of Eskimo curlews on Galveston Island, Texas, the first acceptable record of this species in several years. For twenty years only an occasional lone Eskimo curlew has been seen and the fact that these were probably a mated pair makes it a record of great significance. As long as one pair remains the species may yet escape extinction . . .

NOW IT WAS CORN-PLANTING time on the Nebraska and Dakota prairies and great steel monsters that roared like the ocean surf were crossing and recrossing the stubble fields leav-ing black furrows of fresh-turned soil in orderly ranks behind them. Most of the shore birds shunned the growling ma-chines and the men who were always riding them. Yellowlegs and sandpipers riding them. Yellowlegs and sandpipers would stop their feeding and watch warily when the plowman was still hundreds of yards off, then if the great machine came closer they would take wing, whistling shrilly, and not alight again until they were a mile away. But the Eskimo curlews had little fear, and they followed the roaring machines closely for the white grubs and cutclosely for the white grubs and cut-worms that the plows turned up.

All the time their reproductive glands had been swelling in the annual springtime rhythm of development, the development keeping pace with the northward march of spring, so that their bodies and the tundra would become ready simultaneously for the nest-ing and egg-laying. As the physical development came close to the zenith of its cycle, there was an intensification

of emotional development too.

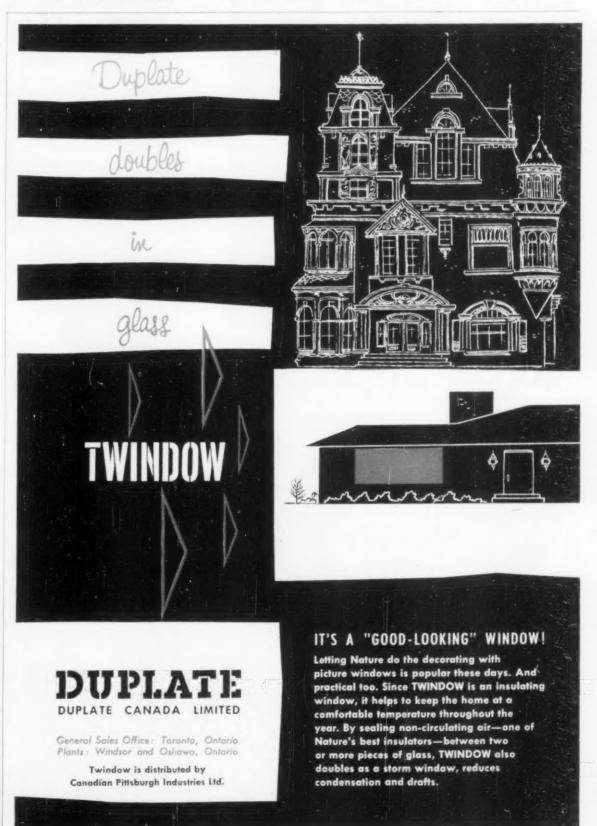
Now many times a day the male curlew's mounting emotion boiled over into a frantic display of love. It had become a much more violent display than the earlier acts of courtship. First the male would spring suddenly into the air and hover on quivering wings while he sang the clear, rolling, mating song-a song much more liquid and mellow now than at any other time of year. After a few seconds his wings would beat violently and he would rise almost straight upward, his long legs trailing behind, until he was a couple of hundred feet above the prairie. There he would hover again, singing louder so that bursts of the song would reach the female, bobbing and whistling excitedly far below. Then he would close his wings and dive straight toward her, swerving upward again in the last few feet above her head.

Panting with emotion, singing in

loud bursts, his throat and breast inflated with air and the feathers thrust outward, he would hold his wings extended gracefully over his back until the female invited the climactic ap-She would bob quickly with quivering wings and call with the harsh. food-begging cries of a fledgling bird. Then he would dash toward her, his wings beating vigorously again so that he was almost walking on air. Their swollen breasts would touch. The male's neck would reach past her own and he would tenderly preen her brown wing feathers with his long bill.

It would last for only a few seconds, and the male would dash away again. He would pick up the largest grub he could find and return quickly to the female. Then he would place it gently into her bill. She would swallow it, her throat feathers would suddenly flatten, her wings stop quivering, and the love-making abruptly end. For as yet the courtship feeding was the love climax. They moved north steadily, a couple

of hundred miles each night. The male's development matured first and he was ready for the finalizing of the Continued on page 78



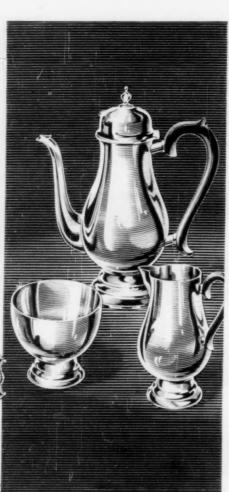
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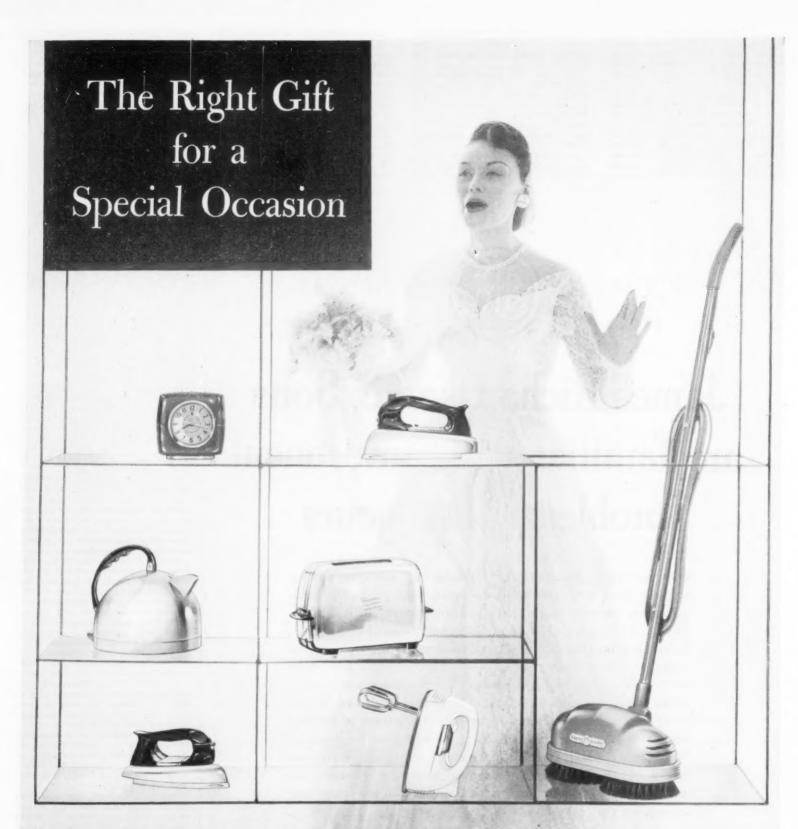
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Continued from page 75 mating. He spent most of each day in violent display before the female, but with each courtship feeding her tense-ness suddenly relaxed and the display would end.

It was mid-May and the newly plowed sections of rolling Canadian prairie steamed in the warming sun. They followed closely behind the big machine with the roar like an ocean surf. The grubs were fat and they twisted convulsively in the few seconds that the sun hit them before the cur-lews snapped them up. Now the snows of the tundra would be melting. In the ovaries of the female the first of her four developing eggs was ready for

The male flung himself into the air his love song wild and vibrant. He hovered high above the black soil of the prairie with its fresh striated pat-tern of furrows. The roar of the big machine stopped and the curlew hardly noted the change, for his senses were focused on the female quivering excitedly against the dark earth far be-low. The man on the tractor sat stiffly, his head thrown back, staring upward

his eyes shaded against the sun with one hand. The curlew dove earthward and the female called him stridently. He plucked a grub from the ground and dashed at her, his neck outstretched, wings fluttering vigorously. He saw the man leap down from the tractor seat and run toward a fence where his jacket hung. Normally, at this, even the curlews would have taken wing in alarm, but now the female accepted the courtship feeding and her wings still quivered in a paroxysm of mating pas-sion. And in the excitement of the mating they were blind to everything

around them but their own love.

a The thunder burst upon them out of a clear and vivid sky. The roar of it seemed to come from all directions at once. The soil around them was tossed upward in a score of tiny black splashes like water being pelted with hail.

The male flung himself into the air. He flew swiftly, clinging close to the ground so that no speed was lost in climbing for height. Then he saw the female wasn't with him. He circled back, keering out to her in alarm. Her back, keering out to her in alaim. Her brown body still crouched on the field where they had been. The male flew down and hovered a few feet above her, calling wildly.

Then the thunder burst a second time and a violent but invisible blow blasted two of the biggest feathers from one of his extended wings. The impact twisted him completely over in mid-air and he thudded into the earth at the female's side. Terrified and be-wildered at a foe that could strike without visible form, he took wing again. Then the bewilderment overcame his terror and he circled back to his mate a second time. Now she was standing, keering also in wild panic. Her wings beat futilely several times before she could raise herself slowly into the air. She gained height and flight speed laboriously and the male moved in until he was close beside her

He continued to call clamorously as he flew, but the female became silent. as he flew, but the temale became shent. They flew several minutes and the field with the terrifying sunlight thunder was left far behind. But the female flew slowly. She kept dropping behind and the male would circle back and urge her on with frantic pleas, then he would outdistance her again.

Her flight became slower and clumsy One wing was beating awkwardly and it kept throwing her off balance. The soft buffy feathers of the breast under the wing were turning black and wet. She started calling to him again, not the loud calls of alarm but the soft, throaty quirking of the love display.

Then she dropped suddenly.

wings kept fluttering weakly, it was similar to the excited quivering of the mating moment, and her body twisted over and over until it embedded itself in the damp earth below

The male called wildly for her to follow. The terror of the ground had not yet left him. But the female didn't move. He circled and re-circled above and his plaintive cries must have reached her, but she didn't call back He circled and re-circled above

A long time later he overcame the fear and landed on the ground close to her. He preened her wing feathers softly with his bill. When the night came the lure of the tundra became a stubborn, compelling call, for the time of the nesting was almost upon them. He flew repeatedly, whistling back to her, then returning, but the female wouldn't fly with him. Finally he slept close beside her

At dawn he hovered high in the grey sky, his lungs swelling with the cadence of his mating song. Now she didn't respond to the offer of courtship feed-The tundra call was irresistible He flew again and called once more. Then he leveled off, the rising sun glinted pinkly on his feathers, and he headed north in silence, alone

The snow-water ponds and the cobblestone bar and the dwarfed willows that stood beside the S-twist of the tundra river were unchanged. The tundra river were unchanged. The curlew was tired from the long flight. But when a golden plover flew close to the territory's boundary he darted madly to the attack. The Arctic sum-mer would be short. The territory must be held in readiness for the female his instinct told him soon would



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### The Dilemma of Dwight D. Eisenhower

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

only through the instrument of a party and the turmoil of practical politics can he accomplish anything. That is the American system which Eisenhower has yet to master, which the enemies in his own camp are endangering.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say of his party managers that never have so few men plunged a new administration into such a mess in so short a time. Under their guidance, the GOP has looked less like a party than a brawl. At the convention of 1952 the professionals lost to Eisenhower by a narrow margin but they planted a time bomb under the winner. It has lately exploded. It could be lethal to him.

This spring marked the end of the

This spring marked the end of the apprenticeship. As so often in war, Eisenhower is nearing the moment of ultimate, lonely and irrevocable decision. In some respects his is a per-

sonal crisis without precedent.

The last election showed that a large majority of the American people want-ed Eisenhower and his ideas in government. Yet the legislative majority necessary for this purpose was denied him. But the lack of a majority in Congress is only one aspect of the President's crisis. Other presidents have lacked a majority and succeeded without it. Other presidents have faced rebellions among their followers. Eisenhower's position is unique in modern times because the primitives of his party are rebelling not only against his basic beliefs but against history itself.

#### Might In a Brown Suit

The nature and depth of this rebellion can be judged when a student of politics as experienced and moderate as Walter Lippman says that "We have gone as far as we can without endangergone as far as we can without endangering profoundly the peace and order of
this country... It is very dangerous
to suspend the restraints of reason. For
beyond them is only the primordial
violence into which men, when their
laws are broken, lapse."

The President's immediate problem
is clear to everybody: he must be
President and tame or repudiate the
primitives. What happens when he
attempts to do it by conciliation?

primitives. What happens when he attempts to do it by conciliation?

The scene at his press conference

when the issue first arises is dignified, good-natured and deceptive.

good-natured and deceptive.

There stands the President in a natty brown suit and gaily figured spring tie, the commonplace, casual costume of any young American businessman, the badge of a democratic society. Nothing about him, except the watchful secret-service men, indicates that the lean upright figure, the homely face, the boyish grin represent the mightiest power of our age.

He looks tanned, healthy and re-

He looks tanned, healthy and re-laxed—much more relaxed than the magnetic, actor's figure of Roosevelt or the dashing, trigger-happy Truman. If you didn't know who Eisenhower was you could imagine that he had no cares, no doubts and no enemies. Only the twitching of his locked hands behind his back and a sudden flow of blood into his cheeks when his famous temper rises, show that he is standing before the eyes of mankind.

As a man he is irresistible, the kind As a man he is irresistible, the kind of man you would like to go fishing with, a simple man, in the best sense of the word. But is he a great man in a time that calls for greatness?

He has yet to prove it. If the element of true greatness is lacking, if this is not a Washington, Lincoln, Wilson or

Roosevelt, that of itself is no fatal defect. Some of the most successful presidents have not been great men, yet accomplished great results. Truman is a classic example.

What is needed today is not genius but common sense and courage. Eisenbut common sense and courage. Eisenhower has both, the common sense of the western prairies, the courage of battle. Will he use them? That is the question raised by this meeting with the press and world public. Eisenhower knows what is coming today, is braced for it and undoubtedly has his replies rehearsed in disarmingly

extemporaneous phrases. He knows because the Republican National Com-mittee has just committed an unbeliev-able offense against the legend of the first Republican President, Abraham Lincoln. To celebrate Lincoln's birth-day, invoke the immortal memory and make votes for the party's candidates next autumn, the National Committee has chosen, of all people, Senator Joseph McCarthy as its official spokes-

With malice toward all that the President values, with charity to none if they happen to be Democrats, Mc-

Carthy has been surging through the carry has been surging through the nation and repeating at one-night stands a speech entitled Twenty Years of Treason, the treason of the Roose-velt and Truman Governments (which,

vert and Truman Governments (which, ironically enough, made Eisenhower's career as supreme commander in war and, again in NATO).

Among other things McCarthy has just said that "the Democratic label is now the property of men who have been unwilling to recognize evil or who bent to whispered pleas from the lips of traitors...men and women who wear the political label stitched with the

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idiocy of a Truman, rotted by the deceit of an Acheson, corrupted by the Red slime of a White." In the hands of Mc-Carthy, Lincoln has suffered something like a second martyrdom.

What has the leader of Lincoln's what has the leader of thicons Republican Party, McCarthy's leader, to say about that? The President answers quietly that he is not much of a partisan himself, that American elections have always been notoriously rough, that their bitterness should not be taken too seriously and that the times are too grave for extreme partisanship. He does not doubt the patri-otism of the Democratic Party. Democrats fought for their country, didn't they? And he needs their support in

Congress.

This is a rebuke, though a pretty gentle one, to the Republican Party management which employed McCarthy and others like him for the Lincoln celebration, solely because they seemed likely to make friends and influence people.

The correspondents press the Press.

The correspondents press the Presi-

Does he approve the dent harder. dent harder. Does he approve the action of the National Committee in underwriting McCarthy as an "asset" and endorsing his tour? The smiling face sets hard. The eyes narrow. The tanned cheeks redden. No, says the President, an edge of temper in his voice, he is not going to comment fur-ther on this matter and, as he has said many times before, he is not going to talk about personalities. Since the whole question is one of personalities, he has evaded it.

#### Fried Chicken That Backfired

That night and in succeeding days McCarthy answered the President and evaded nothing. He ignored his leader's plea for moderation and decency. He went on repeating his broken-record chorus, the Twenty Years of Treason. His colleague, Senator Jenner, plunged right overboard by announcing (in Lincoln's memory) that Truman had sent American boys to die in Korea with the deliberate intention of assuring their

defeat on the battlefield. There are no

defeat on the battlefield. There are no English words, at least no printable ones, to describe such a speech.

Such was the opening public scene in the drama of Eisenhower and McCarthy. Many other scenes, of mounting violence and unbelievable disorder, have followed. Doubtless, before this printed still more will have filled the is printed, still more will have filled the headlines at home and damaged the good name of the United States abroad.

McCarthy's attack on the honor of

the Army, whose commander-in-chief is the President; the fiasco of Army is the President; the fasco of Army Secretary Robert T. Stevens, who at first stood firm and then, at a fried-chicken luncheon with McCarthy and other rebels, retreated in confusion; the soothing explanation which explained nothing, as prepared by White House insiders while the President cooled off by practicing golf shots on the lawn; the Gilbert and Sullivan affair in which the Army accused McCarthy and his counsel, Roy Cohn, of trying to protect their young pal, David Schine, from military duty which the two accused

countered by charging that the Army had tried to buy them off by offering grave evidence against the Navy and Air Force; the Miami speech of Adlai Stevenson calling the Government half Eisenhower and half McCarthy; the mild answer, not from the President, but from Vice-President Nixon; the attack of Senator Flanders, a Republican, on McCarthy and the President's endorsement in vague generalities—all these plays-within-a-play have produced a springtime political melodrama too improbable even for Hollywood.

They may also have carried Mccountered by charging that the Army

They may also have carried Mc-Carthy too far. At this writing it is said that he has been given enough rope and is about to hang himself. It may turn out so. But up to now, if McCarthy is in process of destruction, the President has not managed it. He has faithfully followed the advice of the professionals, who tell him that to break openly with McCarthy would be to break the party on the eve of the

election.

Actually McCarthy's overt assault Actually McCarthy's overt assault on the presidency began on the after-noon of Oct. 2, 1952, when Eisenhower first appeased his enemy at Peoria, Illinois. Eisenhower intended to make Illinois. Eisenhower intended to make a speech in McCarthy's bailiwick of Wisconsin, praising General Marshall, whom McCarthy had attacked for "contributing so greatly to the strategy of defeat." McCarthy demanded that Eisenhower drop any reference to Mar-shall from his Wisconsin speech. Eisen-hower argued with McCarthy for an hour in a hotel room. The offending paragraphs were dropped on the advice

paragraphs were dropped on the advice of the professionals.

"From that time on," says the New York Times, "McCarthy had little fear of Dwight Eisenhower... McCarthy has gone on from there to one victory after another over Eisenhower."

The little Munich of Peoria was the beginning. What is the end? By this spring the forces long piling up reached the point of detonation but still the puzzled man, practicing golf shots on the lawn, was listening to the professionals and putting the welfare of the sionals and putting the welfare of the party—as they construe it—above his wn feelings, convenience and reputa-

Such outright rebellion is confined to McCarthy and a small, hard core of his friends. It took another form equally dangerous when Senator Langer, as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, published a series of accusations against Chief Justice Earl Warren, the accusations filed President'sappointeewith the committee but unsupported by

any evidence.

This kind of thing does not merely indict a few Democratic politicians and a Republican Chief Justice. It indicts the political system because the opposition party is an essential part of that system, second in importance only to the governing party. It is calculated to make the nation doubt its political in-stitutions, its courts and itself. It poisons society. And as anyone knows after a visit to Britsin and Europe, it erodes not only Eisenhower's leadership of party and nation but the United good name, leadership and power throughout the civilized world. Therein lies Eisenhower's crisis.

If there are few McCarthys, Jenners If there are few McCarthys, Jenners and Langers attacking the presidency, the courts and the institutions of society, if the McCarthy group in the Senate includes hardly more than a dozen men, they are only half, perhaps the lesser half, of the President's crisis. The other and more enduring half lies in the description that the President is in in the clear fact that the President is in disagreement on fundamentals with a large segment, possibly a majority, of his respectable followers.

This fact, generally disguised in the year of apprenticeship, came unmis-



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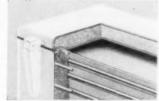
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takably alive in the test of the Bricker constitutional amendment. Moved by a leading Republican senator, it pro-posed to circumscribe the powers of the presidency in foreign affairs and it

represented the powerful isolationism still dwelling in the Republican Party. Aroused at last in the defense of the Constitution, the President is said to have fought off the Bricker amend-In fact, it was defeated in the Senate only with the support of the Democrats. A compromise amendment was then proposed by Senator Walter George, the veteran Democrat, and

rejected by the President. It was defeated by a single vote. In this final test thirty-two Republicans voted against the President, including his Senate leader, William Knowland, and only fourteen supported him. The President was deserted, in the most vital sort of issue, by a two-to-one majority of his supporters and rescued by the Democrats. Even that spectacle of division failed to stop the rebels. Senator Bricker immediately an-nounced that he would fight for his amendment and against his leader's views in the autumn election.

Again, in foreign affairs, especially in the affairs of Asia, the President's policy and his Secretary of State are criticized not so much by the Democrats as by the Republicans, and most of all by Knowland.

McCarthyism is thus only the most obvious and garish aspect of the larger split between Eisenhower and the right wing of his party. The quarrel covers all the basic issues of policy. It goes to the very root of things. It is organic.

From it McCarthy emerges not as a passing maverick, a temporary aberration or political clown but as one of the

strongest figures in the nation. His power is built not alone on his own abilities but on the dark forces and ancient ghosts of American society

hich he can summon from the depths.
If there were any doubt about his power it was removed when the Senate came to consider an appropriation for the continued work of his investigating committee. Normally such a vote committee. Normally such a vote would be given by a few members of the Senate without debate and with little publicity. On this occasion Republican senators dropped all other business, rushed to the Senate floor and recorded their approval. None could afford to have his name missing from the official record. None dared to the official record. None dared to slight McCarthy. A single Democrat Fulbright of Arkansas, voted against

His power goes beyond the Senate into the Government itself. James Reston, of the New York Times, the Reston, of the New York Times, the best-known correspondent in the capital, reports that the McCarthy witch hunt already has "hounded and investigated" the State Department "to such an extent that its usefulness has been impaired . . . it was sacrificed to political expediency."

Some government officials, says Reston, are quietly passing out information to McCarthy and seeking his protection because they cannot get it from the heads of their departments. This may be shocking but must be temporary. More serious is McCarthy's attempt to usurp the constitutional powers of the executive, with communism as his im-mediate target but, beyond it, with the President in the sights of his gun. Infinitely more serious still is the bitter schism and hate engendered in the body of society—the one thing that the Kremlin desires, cannot buy, but is now offered free—when honest Americans begin to suspect their neighbors, when, indeed, at least half of society, the Democratic voters, are accused of nour-ishing treason and the integrity of the state itself is impeached.

It was precisely this sort of division

that the magic of the Eisenhower myth was expected to close. His whole and apparently sincere motive in entering politics was to cure what he considered a social illness. Under him, against his will and thanks entirely to his supporters, the illness has spread, deepened and

increased in virulence.

Why, the foreigner may ask, has McCarthy been preserved, so far, by the right wing? Solely, of course, bethe right wing? Solely, of course, be-cause he is expected to get more votes next autumn than the President's pro-gram which, in many respects, does not suit the right wing anyway. If this cal-culation is mathematically sound in hard-boiled politics, and if it succeeds, McCarthy's talents as a vote-getter can only increase the President's longrun danger. If friends of McCarthy secure many of the party nominations, if other Republicans are elected by his support, they will augment his strength and the President's weakness, on fun-damental issues, in the next Congress. Some of the best brains in Washing-ton believe that victory in the election

would be worse for the President than

So long as he lacks a majority in the So long as he lacks a majority in the legislature he cannot be properly blamed for its acts. If his program is whittled down by the present Congress that is not his fault. If he has a Republican majority in the next Congress he must take the responsibility, in the public mind, for the results, however

On the other hand, if he faced a hostile legislature next year the Democratic Party would have to accept responsibility for every piece of legislation. The President would be in the strategic position occupied by Truman in 1948



when he won his election by attacking Republican Congress for impeding

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The President could appear as the people's friend obstructed by the Demcratic Opposition, as a Gulliver in the White House chained down by the Lilliputian pygmies of Capitol Hill. Then, having no majority to lose, he could act pretty much as he chose, exploit his dilemma, appeal directly to the voters over the head of Congress and win re-election in 1956.

This is an interesting theory but a theory and no more. Political leaders and parties never court defeat in any

and parties never court defeat in any election, and in the present case defeat, halfway through a popular President's first term, might well assure the Government's destruction two years hence. Far more is at stake than the 1954 or 1956 elections. As one of the most experienced observers of Congressional politics puts it: "If, after twenty years of congression and failure the Repub. of opposition and failure, the Republicans can't win the usual second term, if the Democrats return in 1956, I don't expect to live to see another Republic-an administration. Next autumn the Republican Party will not be playing another round in a parlor game They'll be playing for keeps."

Neither Eisenhower's record, Mc-Carthy's rebellion nor the Communist issue will finally determine the outcome of the autumn poll. Both sides of poli-tics agree that it will be decided in the end by the current economic state of the nation. A real recession could as-sure a Republican defeat. Rising prossure a Republican deteat. Rising pros-perity could assure victory. Hence there is far more politics than econom-ics in the Government's present fiscal policies. At any cost the nation must feel prosperous when it enters the polling booths.

#### The Ardent Kiss of Death

The Democratic politicians—happy to find the public eye diverted from their own party split on the issue of civil liberties—are watching their ene-my's troubles as an unexpected gift from Providence. from Providence.

Their present public posture is a dignified horror, above cheap partisanship and, so far, above direct attack on a popular President. Instead, he is given Stevenson's sympathy, perhaps more damaging than direct attack. The Democrats of the Congress are ready as the autumn battle develops either to condemn Eisenhower or rush again to his rescue with an ardent kiss of death, to humiliate him and reveal the Repub-

In their national scalping party the Republican rebels have almost forgot-ten the President's "dynamic, forwardlooking" program which he calls the real issue of the election. What actually real issue of the election. What actually is happening to the program? Has Eisenhower failed to get what he intended in the "crusade" of 1952? Has he accomplished nothing of importance? No, he has accomplished probably more than could have been expected without control of Congress and against his own insurgents.

He has drastically curtailed the national budget, begun to cut taxes, brought a soldierly efficiency into the sprawling muddle of administration, largely ended the feuds of Truman's time between the agencies of govern-ment and erected a smooth-running general staff which saves time and

Nevertheless, by one of the usual ironies of politics and by the iron laws of history beyond his power to control, the Eisenhower domestic policy is nothing more nor less than the consolidation of Roosevelt's New Deal and Truman's

Fair Deal.

No retreat from the New Deal, on

the contrary a large advance, is implicit in the President's plan to expand Roosevelt-Truman system of social se-curity on a large scale. It is explicit in the Government's fiscal policy, the central operating mechanism of the national economy. What does this policy mean? Stripped of political verbiage, it simply means that the ghost of Maynard Keynes, the English economic visionary who was Roosevelt's mentor, is managing the American

economic system.

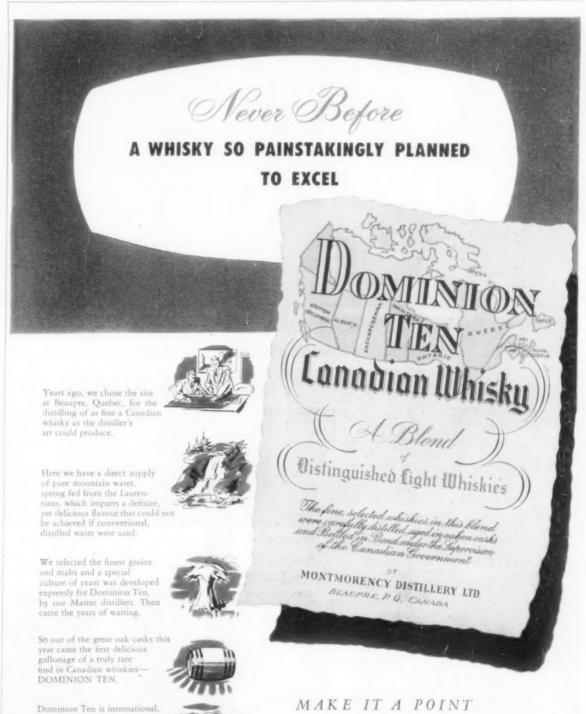
When Eisenhower guarantees to crush any possible depression in the

bud by the Keynesian techniques of bud by the Keynesian techniques of pump priming, easy credit, tax reduc-tions, budgetary deficits and, if neces-sary, by governmental spending, he is not repealing the New and Fair Deals. He is expanding them. He proposes to use their fiscal mechanism more promptly and massively, in case of need, than Roosevelt ever dared to do.

In his economic policies Eisenhower thus rejects what Jenner hopefully calls the Republican Revolution, knowing it to be only a hopeless counter-revolu-tion. The actual revolution begun during Roosevelt's first Hundred Days

still moves on. Eisenhower can only try to guide it and keep it within bounds. He is committed wholly to an experiment which, like a bicycle on a tightrope across the Grand Canyon, cannot stop moving, perhaps cannot even pause for needed repairs and ad-

Yet there is a difference between the economics of the Roosevelt and Eisenhower eras, not in method but in atmosphere. An eminent expert in Wall Street puts it thus: "We know now that there is no turning back. The revolution is here to stay. But whereas



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Roosevelt and Truman seemed to regard private enterprise as an enemy to be punished, Ike regards it as a friend to be encouraged. That change in the Government's attitude may be more important in its results, in building confidence, in keeping business buoyant, than a change in method."

Whether the method and the attitude can conserve the postwar boom and prevent even the beginning of a recession remains to be seen. Canadians will watch Eisenhower's economics with special concern since they must instantly affect the prospects of Canada

ly affect the prospects of Canada.

If Canadians for the most part are suspicious of the Republican Party because its Smoot-Hawley tariff almost wrecked Canada some two decades ago, a leading statesman of Ottawa observes that, "After all, it's a good thing the Republicans were elected. It means that both American parties and all but a minority of the nation have accepted the twentieth century."

the twentieth century."

Eisenhower has likewise accepted the basic foreign policy of Roosevelt and Truman. For all the current slogans—New Look, Massive Retaliation, Peripheral Defense, Agonizing Reappraisal and the rest—the President is doing essentially what his predecessors did and would still be doing if they were in office today.

This does not mean that he has made no decisions. He has made decisions comparable to the gravest made by Roosevelt in the war and Truman in Greece, Berlin and Korea. His supreme decision is based on his own soldier's judgment that Russia does not intend to make war in the visible future. Accordingly, he has altered the nation's entire military planning. As a soldier he believes that American power is over-extended. He is withdrawing some of it from overseas and concentrating most of it at home in a mobile reserve, ready for massive retaliation by air and atomic weapons.

Finally, as they say in Washington, he has had the "courage of timidity" in liquidating the Korean War despite a powerful group in his party which stood by General MacArthur and the risk of a great war in Asia.

His negative achievements also are impressive. If Mackenzie King was right in his dictum that what a statesman does is often less important than what he doesn't, Eisenhower has reason for some satisfaction.

"To keep things in perspective," says one of the wisest men in Washington, and a Democrat, "remember what hasn't happened. There has been no world war and the chance of it has receded. There hasn't been even a second Korea. The United States hasn't bombed China. Rhee isn't fighting. Chiang hasn't landed on the mainland. American power hasn't been withdrawn from the centre of Europe. The Grand Alliance hasn't fallen apart. The bipartisan foreign policy creaks and groans but it hasn't broken. There has been no depression. Republican tariffs—apart from quota restrictions on a few things—haven't gone up. And all the present clamor is the best proof of the nation's health."

Most of the President's program is either satisfactory to all sides of politics (tax reductions and social security for example) or can be compromised, even abandoned, without significant effect. One item in it must be approved or rejected. It happens to be the item of most urgent concern to Canada.

The President undertook to convert a high-tariff Republican Party to low tariffs and balanced international trade, to make the United States behave like a creditor nation. As his trade policy holds the world's hope of prosperity, the world cannot be deceived by any possible disguise, manoeuvre or slogan.

The tariff issue, raised by the President himself, is concrete and visible. Yet it is here that he encounters the most stubborn resistance from the undying protectionism within his party.

His Randall Commission produced a weak tariff compromise in the hope of securing the Republican protectionists' reluctant consent. That hope instantly collapsed. The protectionists have no intention of compromising. The President will be lucky if, by the autumn election, he has made even a small dent in the American protective system. But the showdown fight cannot be postponed for long.

Against the assets of the President's ledger to date must be set an intangible but overbalancing loss—the damage to the Eisenhower myth in a society governed, like all others, more by myth than by fact. He has damaged his own myth by applying to politics the method of his generalship in the field, the method of counsel, conciliation and compromise between conflicting views. He has found that the taming of rival generals in Europe was child's play beside his attempt to tame the politicians of Washington.

the politicians of Washington.

Accustomed to military obedience, to loyal officers and gentlemen of honor, he is appalled to find that politicians follow another code, that his friends of today may be enemies tomorrow, that a man who supports him on one issue may turn against him on another—in short, that the democratic process, even among honorable men like himself, is quite different from the process of war.

### The Roosevelt-Willkie Secret

He must know the stark facts of political life by now but he has yet to put his unequalled stature to work for himself, his party and his policies. It is not too late. The soldier is on unfamiliar terrain, with mutiny around him, but he is still Ike. In the pinch the party cannot afford to quarrel with its indispensable man, to lose its supreme asset.

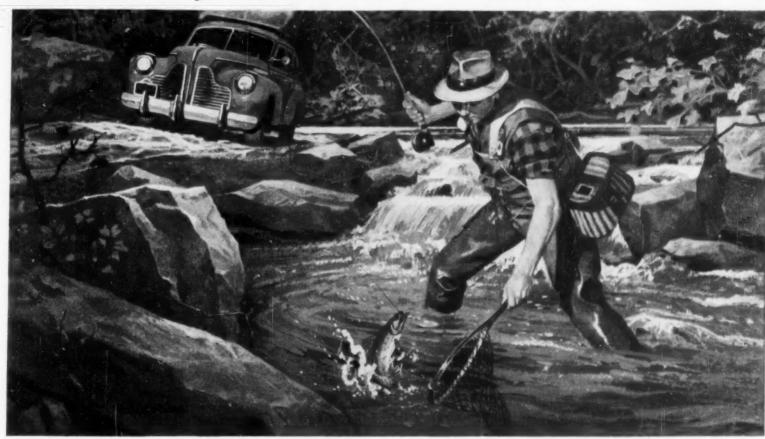
The sovereign question before Eisenhower today is whether he should lead the nation and compel the party to follow him. He can do it if he will accept short-run losses for long-run gains. Recently he told a Republican gathering in Washington: "Let us lift our chins and our heads, aquare our shoulders and walk right square into them." Into whom? The real enemy inhabits his own camp.

Another President once faced a somewhat similar quandary, though he kept it under better control. Franklin Roosevelt sent a secret emissary to Wendell Willkie, his only formidable opponent, just before he died, to propose that the two should escape the schisms of both parties by forming a new one of liberal policy. Willkie was favorable but the bold design, which could have revolutionized American politics, died with its architects.

The conditions which produced it have not died. Both parties are still split between right and left. National politics are in deep confusion. American society, with all its outward success, is seized by profound inward ferment. That process eventually will reflect itself in political parties because they are a democratic society's only available instruments.

Eisenhower perhaps could make himself the catalyst of such a chemistry and a towering figure in American history. At the moment he does not look like such a figure. He looks like a prairie boy, a great soldier, an irresistible companion, a bewildered tourist who has followed the professional guides and lost his way in the foreign land of politics.

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"Following trout streams may lead you most anywhere. But that broad, flat Atlas tread always gives sure footing.

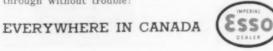


"On one dangerous road—covered with big boulders—it took an hour to go five miles. Some pounding—but Atlas stood up!





"Another time in a big blizzard everybody else was sliding off the road. But Atlas pulled me through without trouble!



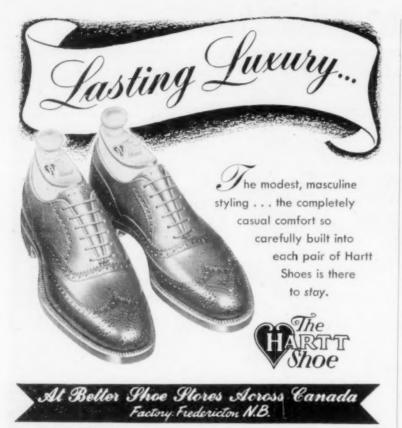
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### Percy Wows Them With the Weather

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

all day at his regular job in the headquarters of the Dominion Weather Service, usually arrives at the studio just before 6 p.m., gets his first look at the script, runs through the written dialogue with MacDougal and hurries to the dressing room to make up and change his light-reflecting glass "cheaters" without lenses. Back on the set he cleans his blackboard and memorizes his weather data while cameramen, stagehands, audio-men

cameramen, stagehands, audio-men and electricians swarm around him. On the dot of 7 p.m., Tabloid is on.

Saltzman's solo part is described in the script simply as "WEATHER BIT." At the start of these five minutes on his own, he always has butterflies in his stomach. Sometimes for an awful moment the day's weather is a blank while the previous day's is a blank while the previous day's comes back to him in full detail. Once he forgot the temperature for Montreal and later in the program slunk across the set holding up the correct figure on a big card. He knows his colleagues in the Weather Service would spot the smallest error.

smallest error.

Saltzman, at thirty-eight, is a paternal rather than a romantic figure, but in his choice of ties he is more dashing than most. When Dick MacDougal suggested that his partner's neck would welcome what nobody else dared wear the response almost else dared wear, the response almost swamped the next show. Then two or three critics had to spoil it all with offers of hempen neckwear.

A show that grows into shape during

broadcast is liable to have emergence Saltzman informs the audience of difficulties in the studio as frankly as he reveals the uncertainties of weather reveals the uncertainties of weather predicting. Once he came on the screen moving his jaws without a sound: breaking into pantomime he enticed over the mike-boom and, again possessed of a TV voice, gave a short talk on the sound system. He interrupted over the talk to remark and the following the sound system. another talk to remark sadly, "Now even Dick's giving me the finger"—the one-minute-to-go sign. On the next program, time signals were given in front of the camera. Ad-lib pleasan-tries by Saltzman and MacDougal sometimes bring reproof from viewers sometimes bring reproof from viewers like the one signing herself "Grandma": "Don't clown so much. I enjoy Tabloid but you're acting silly." Other viewers egg them on.

Among the two, three or four visitors interviewed each night, just about anybody may turn up. Joe Louis, tors interviewed each night, just about anybody may turn up. Joe Louis, Billy Graham, Gorgeous George. The Ozark Maids, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, and Thomas Costain are a few. Another guest was a diamond-cutter who came with \$2 millions in gems and a Pinkerton detective. The Pinker-ton finished up before the cameras too. Saltzman has interviewed many of these rare birds, but one night he was answering the questions, about his own

Born in Winnipeg in 1916, Saltzman lived first in Neudorf, Sask., and then in Vancouver. During the depression his father's grocery foundered and the parents moved to Los Angeles. Percy has seen them only once since then. Last Mother's Day he was surprised on the set with a long-distance call to his mother and father. He forgot about Tabloid. The program ended, lights were turned out, the crew went home while the Saltzmans talked on.

Percy graduated BA from the University of British Columbia in 1934 after winning a gold medal and three scholarships in high school. He was

outstanding in mathematics and physics. After UBC, he rode to Montreal as animal tender on a cattle train, studied medicine for a year at McGill and dropped out, just about broke. A young Rumanian-born girl diverted his thoughts from his financial problems. thoughts from his financial problems, and they married in 1935. Instead of honeymooning he went job hunting. He worked in a clothing factory as

a fur operator, waited on tables for one summer, was a printer, and among his briefer ventures was employed as envelope-opener in a puzzle contest. At times Rose kept them both going with her job in a dress factory. Moving to Toronto in 1937, Saltzman learned linotyping and in that city his two sons

In 1943 the federal government was trying to find meteorologists for the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, and Saltzman qualified for a concentrated course on the basis of his exceptional talents in mathematics and physics. He served on nine stations becoming chief of the wartime weather office at Malton Airport, near Toronto Besides making observations and forecasts he taught "met" to pilots and navigators, including French-speaking and Polish airmen—getting practice in teaching with a blackboard and a minimum of spoken words. After the war he stayed in Toronto, at the Dominion Weather Service head office. Saltzman still thinks of himself as

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a met-man and considers his appearances on TV as a sideline in spite of the fact that TV has tripled his income. Today he is head of the verification section of the Dominion Weather Service where all official Canadian weather forecasts are received, compared with actual weather, graded for accuracy and kept for a long-term record of Canadian meteorology. His TV forecasts are backed by teletype reports from about 200 of Canada's 1.300 weather stations, and from stations in the United States.

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rend the United States.

The met-men he works with are not surprised at Saltzman's sudden prominence. "You never know what to expect from him," one remarks. At one time he went every morning to confer with a superior and was always asked, on his return, "What's the shot?" When the ritual was wearing a little thin he came back from one morning's meeting and ended the cry forever by producing a cap pistol and firing one loud shot. A visitor entering the office one lunchtime not long ago would have seen the head of the verification section standing on his hands, with two met-men holding his ankles. Dagwood Bumstead in a comic strip had drunk a glass of water upside down and someone had insisted it could not be done. Saltzman was simply proving it could,

#### First a Science Editor (unpaid)

The Weather Service has used Saltzman's special qualities of teacher and showman. In 1949 he helped set up the met exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition. Later he provided what was announced as the "Mickey Mouse Feature" of the annual Royal Meteorological Society conference: a report on the CNE project. For the 1953 exhibit he developed "Percy's Tornado," using a hidden fan and a steam-jet to create an ominous dark column whirling over a miniature landscape.

In 1948 several met-men were writing for Focus, a weekly radio program on Toronto's CKEY that Ross McLean produced while he was still going to university. The show was uneven but original. Nobody except McLean was paid. Several of the Focus writers have become prominent, including Eugene Hallman, now CBC assistant supervisor of talks, Robert Weaver, CBC literary editor, and Melvin Breen, television press and information representative. Percy Saltzman was Focus' science editor. His scripts had a live approach and a range of subjects; insects, alphabet, blinking, Einstein, the atom bomb, race, astronomy, television, Toronto Island and whales. He tackled the Kinsey Report in two installments, using words never heard before—or since—on Canadian radio.

before—or since—on Canadian radio.

After Focus, he wrote a few scripts for the CBC programs. Ask the Weatherman and Cross-Section. When plans for CBC television were forming and Ross McLean wanted a weatherman to give a nightly forecast on Let's See, a puppet show, Eugene Hallman suggested Saltzman.

When Saltzman left the puppets to go on Tabloid, the thunder of outrage from fans who thought they were losing him broke the news that he was

At 4 p.m. every weekday Saltzman phones the forecaster on duty at Malton Airport for the latest detailed report. For the next hour he makes several trips across to the teletype room at the weather office and gets reports on conditions across Canada and the United States. He digests this material, makes himself a simplified weather map and determines the rea-

sons behind the official forecast. Around 5.30 he returns to the teletype room again for the latest news. Then he phones Malton again, if there is time, to make sure there have been no changes. At 6 he checks in at Studio B.

Perhaps his busiest day was when he used up a half-day of his annual leave to prepare for a spot on The Big Revue. He had his first look at the script during breakfast, drove to the studio, dropping off his wife and a neighbor at a market, rehearsed from 10.30 till noon, worked at the met office, arrived late for Tabloid to find he was to interview the two pilots of the Prime Minister's world tour, finished Tabloid, crossed to Studio A for a last Big Revue rehearsal, emceed the revue jointly with MacDougal until 9.30, then stayed on to arrange the next day's schedule.

At Saltzman's home in Wilson Heights, a housing development in north Toronto, every downstairs room has its barometer—the kitchen, two. In the back yard is a weather-box with official thermometers and a rain-gauge.

Men it appeared likely to the

cautious Saltzman that he was on TV to stay he used some of his increased income to buy a car and laid aside his well-worn bicycle. Since then he hasn't had to worry about getting rain-drenched riding to work in the morning, but he still worries constantly about the weather. Often he wakes up at night and peers anxiously out the window to check on his TV prediction. If his prediction has erred, he paces the floor. If it has been accurate he bounces back to bed and sleeps the contented sleep of a prophet who has hit the target.



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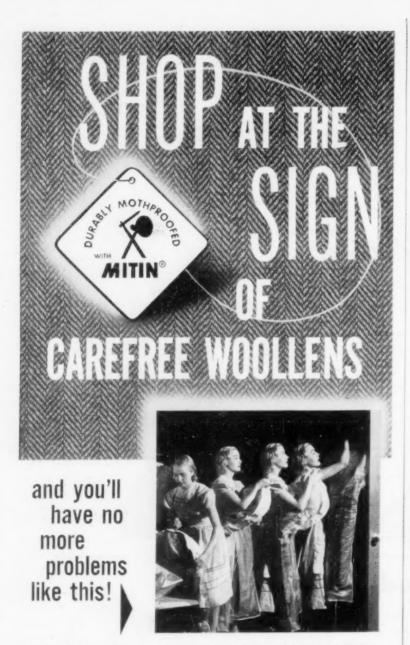
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### Look What Utter Boredom Can Do

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

of all brain functioning diminishes.

Each signal to the brain has a specific purpose, such as the sound of the type-writer bell telling the stenographer that the end of a line has been reached. But it also has a non-specific function to contribute to the general sensory bombardment which keeps the mind on its toes. Unless these signals and impulses change frequently, intelligence and adaptability slacken.

The brain is not like a calculating machine run by an electric motor which can respond at once after having been idle or semi-idle. It has to be kept warmed up to work properly. To learn what happens to the brain processes when it is idle the McGill experimenters set out to create an environment in which a person would be in a prolonged state of isolation. The Defence Research Board at Ottawa offered the \$20-a-day fee for volunteers.

A quiet room on the top floor of the psychology building was chosen. A cubicle was built, just large enough to enclose a three-quarter bed with three feet of head room. Besides lying on a box-spring mattress, the subject's head rested in a U-shaped pillow lined with foam rubber. Other attentions to his comfort were air conditioning which kept the cubicle at an even 70 degrees, and a blanket or two. Ear phones were fitted into the pillow and a microphone hung from the ceiling of the cubicle so that the experimenters could communicate with their subjects. The abicle was illuminated with a 40-watt bulb and the subject at all times were opaque goggles which allowed a dim diffused light to enter. His forearms were enclosed in a pair of rigid card-board cuffs extending from below the elbow to an inch or so beyond the finger tips. This restricted the play of fingers but allowed free use of the arms the hands were also enclosed in thick cotton gloves. The door was fastened from the outside. A couple of small windows allowed the experimenters to watch the subjects. The subjects sat up watch the subjects. In esubjects sat up for meals with the gloves and cuffs removed. The goggles were never removed. Under these conditions the men were cut off from sensations produced by the five senses, as well as the muscular senses, or at least had these sensations reduced to a minimum.

Whatever was expected to happen when the cubicle had been set up, the experimenters were not prepared for the revolt of the first three subjects to enter it. All three complained of seeing "discs and squares and things" in bright colors, moving at changing speeds in no particular direction. Their eyes were open and they were fully conscious. They didn't like it. All demanded to be let out within 24 hours or less. Bexton decided to become a subject himself and see what all the excitement was about. In less than 12 hours he was seeing colored discs and simple geometric patterns such as we sometimes see before dropping off to These changed to more complicated patterns and finally took the form of intricate but balanced designs like a wallpaper. These images oclike a wallpaper. These images oc-cupied the full field of vision and could be studied quite easily, although Bexton knew that his eyes were open and that there was nothing in front of them but the opaque goggles

When Bexton came out of the cubicle he and his colleagues knew they were on to something. Such imagery seen by fully conscious, rested, healthy people was unheard of. As other subjects came forward they were assured that there was no cause for alarm in anything they might see. The opaque goggles, it was pointed out, prevented their seeing actual objects. Before entering the cubicle each

Before entering the cubicle each student was given a number of tests for general mental alertness and problemsolving ability, such as: How many times greater is twice two and a half than one half of two and a half?; complete this series of numbers: 47,41,36, 32,29; multiply mentally a three-digit number by a two-digit number; how many words of four or more letters can be found in the word elementary?; genhac is an anagram of what word? Similar tests were given after the men had been in the cubicle for 12, 24 and 48 hours.

In the first five to eight hours in the cubicle, the guinea pigs caught up on lost sleep. When they awoke they explored the cubicle with their arms and legs, sang or whistled or tapped the cuffs together or threshed about on the



bed or did all of those things. They were bored and were seeking such stimulation as the situation allowed. They tried to engage the experimenters outside in conversation but this was discouraged. Some reported a feeling of elation during this period but many were almost uncontrollably restless. After being released they said they had tried to work out self-imposed tests or had started to review their studies to pass the time but they found it difficult to concentrate even during the initial stages. They soon had to abandon organized thinking and give themselves up to day dreaming. There were also periods when their minds were completely blank and they couldn't think of anything at all.

of anything at all.

Hallucinations usually started soon after the first 12 hours. One man saw first a German helmet swimming in front of him. Others saw everything from peaceful rural scenes to prehistoric animals crashing through tropical forests. One subject saw a pair of spectacles loom up. They were joined by dozens more spectacles, without wearers, which were fixed intently on him. Faces appeared behind the glasses but eyes could not be seen. Sometimes the glasses would turn away from him in unison, as in a sort of drill, then they would all return to their solemn contemplation of the man on the bed.

One student saw a field, then a bathtub entered the picture from the left. It was moving slowly on rubber-tired wheels with chrome hub caps. In it was seated an elderly man wearing a battle helmet. The man peered intently at the

subject during the time his vehicle moved across the field to disappear at the right-hand side of the picture. Several subjects reported scenes in three dimensions. A student who had a landscape appear turned his head to right and more of the picture unfolded, like a panorama; when he turned his head to the left, still more of the countryside came into view in that CinemaScope and 3-D in

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Sometimes the images were tilted and a few were inverted. When the and a few were inverted. hallucinations started the subjects were interested in them and generally amused. They said it was "having a dream while wide-awake." The man, who saw a troop of squirrels marching in single file across a snow-covered field wearing snowshoes and carrying little bags over their shoulders, was quite taken with the creatures and sorry to see them go. The student who had a row of small yellow men wearing black hats staring at him with their mouths open tried to get rid of them by blink-

ing his eyes, but they stayed for hours. The hallucinations changed from time to time but there was always imagery of some sort. The man who was under the scrutiny of the be-spectacled horde didn't enjoy much variety. He saw nothing but spectacles, on people and off, from the 30-hour period to the 75th. Sleep did not oc 30-hour cupy more than 12 of the 45 hours, and with most subjects after the 24-ur period, was intermittent and hour period, fitful. Most subjects were interested in the hallucinations for the first hours but tired of them and finally be-came highly annoyed, although none were alarmed. Irritability increased with the length of each experiment

When time for the 12, 24 and 48-our tests came (which were also for mental alertness, similar to the original set of questions) the subjects were always eager to start. This eagerness as not diminished by the fact that they made progressively poorer show-ings. It was seldom they realized how poorly they did. Usually, like a drunk at the steering wheel, they felt that they were doing fine. Many asked for tests repeatedly in hope of relieving the boredom

All hallucinations were not entirely visual. One man saw a woman seated at a piano playing a Chopin etude. It wasn't the inaudible "hearing" of a dream, but sound which to him seemed perceptible to the ear. Another subject heard a train pass the building, which is about a mile from the nearest railway tracks, and thought it was making the tracks, and thought it was making the windows rattle. A student was enjoy-ing a flight of space ships above him when one swooped down and started pelting him with tracer bullets. They didn't cause pain; the feeling was similar to being hit by pellets from a pea shooter. Still another man imagined himself walking across a room to open a door. When he grasped the to open a door. When he grasped the knob he felt an electric shock. Another man, who felt an electric

shock at his back, demanded to be let out of the cubicle. When it was shown that none of the wiring in the room was connected in any way with the bed he was still unconvinced.

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Many people might say that the McGill experiments were made under conditions of boredom too intensified or too remote from even the dullest of everyday tasks for there to be any comparison. The man who steps on a treadle five seconds for eight hours day will admit that he is bored with his job. He will also admit that he makes seemingly inexplicable mistakes, cially from midafternoon on. H will also maintain that his environm is not to be compared with the McGill cubicle—and he will protest that he doesn't "see things."

Maybe so. However, a Harvard psychologist, Alfred L. Mosley, made a study of accident causes among a group of experienced truck drivers. He discovered that on long trips over familiar highways the drivers became bored and "saw" things. One man was delaying traffic at night by crawling along the highway at little more than a walking pace. He protested that he couldn't pass the house ahead of him a house which was being moved by gondola. When he looked ahead to point it out it had disappeared. house never had been moved along

that highway or any road near it.

Another driver left the road, nearly wrecking his truck, to avoid a dog which had appeared before him. A man who happened to be on the road at that point said there was no other moving thing in sight except the truck and the witness himself.

The physical aspect of the problem is The physical aspect of the per-the working of two sets of brain pro-cesses called the peripheral processes and the central processes. The perand the central processes. The per-ipheral processes receive all incoming signals from the eye, ear, nose, fingers and so on. The central processes help to





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sort these out and co-ordinate them into some kind of action.

But although central and peripheral processes work reciprocally, the central processes have no connection with the outside world. They have a life of their own; they don't need the peripheral processes to keep working—but they need them to keep working rationally. The central processes are always functioning, whether we are sleeping or waking.

The peripheral processes, on the other hand, have to be red continuously by the senses if they are to be kept going. When a decrease of sensory stimulations causes the peripheral processes to slacken off or run down, the central processes step in and take over larger and larger brain areas and try to compensate for the decrease by supplying sensations which don't exist. Then comes the condition which, according to the degree of boredom, can be anything from lack of concentration, inattention and bemusement to emotional upsets and hallucinations.

### Intelligent-But Stupid

Although the McGill experiments were made on subjects whose peripheral processes had been deadened as far as psychological planning could devise, the person who is not exposed to a variety of stimulations may be closer to the cubicle than he thinks. Even the limited variety of stimulations which are present in the most humdrum environment lose their punch through a condition the psychologists call sensory habituation. People living near railway tracks don't hear the trains. A person working over a desk all day becomes so accustomed to the sensory stimulations of his job and surroundings that the feel of the pencil or pen is no longer "felt," nearby business machines are not heard, and even the work sheets in front of him are no longer seen comprehensively as such. After hours of this kind of thing he tells himself that he is fed up with the whole

It is in this state of boredom that intelligent people do stupid things,

watchful people allow glaring errors to go unchecked, and normally cautious people seek an escape from boredom by doing reckless things. The motorist who has been on a familiar highway for hours on end suddenly accelerates, starts cutting in and out of traffic, attempts to pass those ahead at the wrong time and finishes his journey in an ambulance, if at all. The man tending a stamping machine tries to alter his monotonous pace and leaves a finger or two at the shop that afternoon. The pilot, after gazing for hours at a radar screen, reaches the point where he doesn't see it while still looking at it. He, his crew and plane become scrambled on some mountain slope.

From the experiments at McGill there is now firm ground for the belief that boredom is not a harmless condition, having no physical effect on the brain. It upsets the proper functioning of the brain and can upset it to such a degree that one's job or even one's life

is endangered.

The robotlike worker on many industrial jobs is the chief sufferer from boredom but in this mechanized age few can escape it entirely. This is the age of "you don't have to." You don't have to stoke your furnace; you don't have to make your own music or play your own games. You don't have to shift gears. You don't even have to row a boat; outboard motors fill the peaceful summer air with the insistent whine of the dentist's drill, propelling flabby holidayers nowhere, fast. Fewer and fewer skills are needed in factories. Just shove the raw material at a machine and it will do the rest.

All these gadgets and aids, which rob the hands, thews, imagination and intellect of their rightful tasks, are meant to make life easier. But perhaps they are really making it harder-harder for those who want to contribute the products of their own minds and dexterity to society. While they simmer in a stew of frustration and take it out openly or secretly on the boss, neighbor, spouse or friend, the geniuses at the drawing boards continue shaping the world into what could become a moron's paradise.

JASPER

By Simpkins





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### London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Dec 14 1931. A fortnight before he had broken his nose in a rugby game but refused to leave the field. The next Saturday he played again but his eyes were troubling him and his nose gave him great pain.

On the Monday morning Bader was to join two other pilots in a cross-country flight but some of the younger pilots wanted him to do some aero-batics first. Bader had done some astonishing tricks in the air at a recent flying show but the machine this day was not the same type. One of the younger pilots uttered the fatal words: he suggested that Bader was windy.

INTO THE AIR he rode and threw his mount about the sky. Then things went wrong. The plane went out of control, and dived nose first into the ground. The engine tore out of the fuselage, bouncing in a cloud of flying dirt. Bader, pinned by his straps, felt the shock and heard the wild, crazy noise. But he did not pass out.

At nine o'clock that night Bader was

At nine o'clock that night Bader was dying. Nurses were weeping and the doctors sent them into another ward. doctors sent them into another ward.

Nothing more could be done. For sixteen hours Bader fought with death.

Nothing but his courage and his heart kept him alive. When it seemed that he could hang on no longer a nurse gave him a hypodermic. In the morning he opened his eyes and asked where

"You have had an air accident," said the nurse.
"Have I?" said Bader. "That's a

bloody silly thing to do.'

bloody silly thing to do."

The surgeon came in and patted him on the shoulder. "I'm afraid I had to take off your right leg old chap."

"That's all right," said Bader. "I hope I wasn't too much of a nuisance."

They tried to save the left leg but when the dressing was unwrapped they saw the terrible warnings of gangrene and septicaemia. Could his heart stand a second amputation? How much a second amputation? How much strength was left in that broken body?

After this operation was performed the fight seemed to have gone from him. He was so still, so weak, that the nurse said, "Sssh! There's a boy dying in

Bader overheard the remark. "So that's it!" he half-whispered to him-self. "I'm dying. The hell I am!" Six months later he stood on two

artificial limbs and swayed unsteadily. Two surgeons took an arm and he stumbled horribly.

stumbled horribly.

"I thought," said Bader, "that I'd be able to walk out of here at once and start playing games."

The senior surgeon's voice was kindly but firm. "You'll have to face it," he said. "You will never walk again without a stick."

Bader's eyes flashed rebellion. "I shall never walk with a stick," he said.

Since he had no toe or ankle muscles to spring him forward, he had to learn to lean forward so that the momentum of his body would carry him past the

of his body would carry him past the right leg and then past the left leg. At the end of the first day his courage nearly failed him, but he wouldn't stop. They made adjustments and he advanced theories of his own. At the end of the day he shouted: "I'm going

He thrust them aside and with his head down like a bull he advanced three complete steps. "There you are," he said. "You can keep your damned sticks." The next morning he fell twenty times as he practiced on the

In June he suggested to the doctors



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that it might be a good thing if he took a spot of sick leave and made some contact with the outside world

SIR PHILIP SASSOON the million. aire Under Secretary of State for Air, asked him for a week end to his beautiful country house. Bader's heart leaped with excitement. Now he might find out what his future would be in the RAF

He and his host sat on the lawn watching the airplanes from a nearby RAF squadron flying over the treetops and tilting at the clouds. "I wish I were up there," said Bader. "I am quite sure I could fly perfectly well now. It's easier than driving a car not so much footwork.

That night at dinner Sassoon a casually: "I've had a word with the squadron CO. A plane will be ready

squadron CO. A piane for you in the morning." The machine was an AVRO and a pilot friend of Bader's named Ross was ther cockpit. "Shall I start her up, Douglas?" asked Ross. Bader shook his head. "No," he answered.

"Leave everything to me. I'll do it."
The machine was in the air and Bader looked down at the familiar He felt a happiness greater than he had ever known before. He could fly! In spite of the malignant fates he was not to be earthbound

must have a medical board," he said to his host that night. hoping that you might send word to them that I actually have flown again, It's simple. It's nothing."

The medical examination was sur-The medical examination was sur-prisingly favorable and Bader was posted to the Central Flying School at Wittering. He flew every day and was full of confidence. He was so ed with his progress that he invited a volunteer waitress (named in his old headquarters to come to London for dinner and a dance She came and they did dance even if they must have looked odd. He was in love with life again, and now he was in love with a girl. As soon as he was an RAF pilot again he would propose. The CO cleared his throat awk-

"The instructors all say that you fly pretty well." he said. unfortunately we can't pass you fit for flying because there's nothing in King's

Bader's blood turned cold. For ting discipline, he shouted: "Then w Forgetthe hell did you send me there to be

I'm sorry," said the older man. You were so keen to have a shot at it. I'm terribly sorry.

Bader understood. They had been certain that he would fail the test. That is why they sent him. intended him to fly again, They never

What price a legless airman in I time? A newspaper offered Bader £200 a year for tittle-tattle paragraphs about famous people he had met. A company offered him £200 a year while he trained in London for a job in the tropics. An aviation company selling spirit to airlines and governments offered to teach him the job and pay him £200 a year while he learned.

There was one thing beyond doubt On Civvy Street, Bader's price was £200. He took Thelma out to dinner, proposed to her and was accepted. At that moment he owned a second-hand car and had £2 in the bank.

It was the most fortunate decision of his life. Gentle, wise, selfless and understanding, this girl was to bring peace to his turbulent soul. She also contrived, in some mysterious way, to save some

WHEN THE WAR started in 1939 Bader's employers told him, ' putting you on the indispensable list

so you won't be called up. At any rate, you couldn't do it. They'll never let

Take my name off the list," said

Bader. "I'm going to have a try."

He sent letters and messages to everyone he knew in the RAF. At last he got a telegram ordering him to

At the other side of the table sat his old commandant from the Cadet School at Cranwell. "What do you want, Douglas?" Bader passionately pleaded

for the chance to fly.

"I'll do my best," said the older man.

A new Hurricane squadron was formed and Bader was given command. "They are a strange lot," he was told. "Most of the ground crew are English, so are three or four of the pilots, the rest are wild Canadians. And if there's one thing that Canadians are And if

That night a pilot said to his pal:
"Have you met our new CO? He
hasn't any legs. We won't see much of

There was a lot wrong with the squadron, including too much individ-ualism. Nor were the pilots parualism. ticularly pleased at having a CO whose only claim to fame was that he had lost his legs in an accident. Bader barked at them and said that they were a scuffy-looking lot. That was a mistake. They had lost nearly all their kit in the

Dunkirk battle and retreat, and they told him so in blunt language.

"I'm sorry," said Bader. "Go to the tailors in Norwich tomorrow and order new outfits. I guarantee the bills will be paid. Now relax and take it easy.

Tell me about the fighting."

He was discovering the art of leader-His praise was swift, his blame harsh, but above all he soon inspired a sense of dedication. Effi-ciency to him was the true expression of patriotism. If a pilot faltered or made a mistake he was letting down the squadron and the country. Some-times his tongue was cruel but he could be gentle, human and understanding

HE WAS LUCKY in his adjutant, an over-age British MP, Peter Macdonald who was born in Canada but had migrated to England. Macdonald brought wise judgment to complement the unbridled genius of his young com-

manding officer.

Bader had the gift of leadership but lacked experience. With Macdonald at his elbow he learned a lot. He found that his squadron was not properly equipped and he also found that his request for essential supplies brought no results. Whereupon peculiarly Bader decision. Whereupon he made a

He sent a message to headquarters saying: "I have grounded my flight because they are not equipped for combat."

Who was this upstart who dared to send such a message to the moguls at headquarters? "Stuffy" Dowding, the heroic head of the RAF in the Battle of Britain, sent for him. Bader was un-repentant. Worse than that, he was defiant. Dowding read him a lecture and then followed it up with such a torrent of supplies that Bader hardly knew what to do with them.

But still there was no war. "The Battle of France," said Churchill, "has ended. The Battle of Britain will shortly begin." In the meantime Bader was studying and perfecting the art of leadership.

Then one morning came a mes from headquarters that a German plane had been sighted and would Bader's squadron go up. There was heavy mist and rain. It was stupidly reckless to risk a squadron under such conditions

and Bader sent a message to that effect. The squadron was one thing—but



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what about himself? He went into the what about himself? He went into the air in his Hurricane, found the German and shot him down. You may say that it was self-glorification. I do not rule that out altogether but more likely it was his realization that he could not risk his squadron for a single kill.

risk his squadron for a single kill.

So came the Battle of Britain in which the fate of civilization rested upon the RAF. Day after day, night after night the Germans came. At last the RAF could defend the coast no longer. The squadrons were brought back from the coast to the London area and the Germans knowing nothing of and the Germans, knowing nothing of this, made a daylight attack upon the metropolis. The slaughter was terrific. When the fight ended the Luftwaffe's strength was broken. The Battle of Britain was over. The Battle of Ger-

many was about to begin.

Bader led his squadron over Germany again and again and then he was shot down. He would have died if he had been a normal man, but his artificial legs broke away from him and he was able to crawl out.

THE GERMANS KNEW about him and treated him chivalrously at first. They sent word by neutral agencies that if the RAF would send a new pair of artificial legs for him the Luftwaffe would give the plane a safe passage. The RAF procured another pair of legs but did not trust the Luftwaffe. In a furious battle in which eleven German planes were shot down Bader's legs vere dropped and duly delivered to He promptly escaped but was caught.

In prison camp Bader never gave the Germans an hour's peace. He or-ganized escapes, mocked the com-mandant, bullied the sergeants, threat-ened reprisals, declared that he would ened reprisals, declared that he would report the commandant to the Allies and inspired his comrades. "We are at war with these Germans," he said, "and we must make their lives un-bearable." But in the end he was fair enough to say: "Some of these Germans were decent fellows. And actually one or two of them had a sense of humor."

At last peace came and Bader re-turned home. He was given an appointment by the Shell Oil Company and proceeded to fly himself around the world, using the airplane like a bicycle. For comfort he had his lovely wife, for companionship a thousand good friends, for understanding his dog, and for

for understanding his dog, and for recreation golf and dancing.

It might have ended there but an Australian novelist, Paul Brickhill, decided to write Bader's life story. I commend his book, Reach for the Sky, not only for the story but the manner

in which it is told.

Last night I joined Peter Macdonald Last night I joined Peter Macdonaid (now Sir Peter) for dinner at the House of Commons. His other guests were Douglas Bader and his wife. For the first time in our acquaintance Bader seemed comparatively subdued. The book had sold 120,000 copies in the first eek and he was deeply puzzled. Hollywood is going to make a film of

it with the brilliant young Shake-spearian actor Richard Burton as the star. "I'm training Burton how to walk as if he had no legs," said Bader. "It's dashed hard work but he's getting better at it.

"What about another game of golf, sir?" Confound the fellow. But I must say this time he had the grace to

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THE INSTANT you add hot water, ing flood of delicious Maxwell House flavor.

100% pure coffee ... the only instant coffee with that "GOOD-TO-THE-LAST-DROP" flavor!



Reach for

the Jar with



### hello, cattalo

Don't waste the waiter's time asking for Prime Ribs of Cattalo. Like most people, chances are he's never heard of it.

A few years from now, though, if experiments at Wainwright, Alta. work out, you may see more of the cattalo. Fathered by a buffalo and mothered by a cow, he takes after Ma. He's got a sweet disposition and tastes like the best beef, too.

The buffalo may be picturesque but he's too ornery to handle. He jumps fences, gores cowhands and broods over the shoddy treatment handed out to his ancestors. Hence the cattalo. Unlike father, his memories of the past are pleasant.

The cattalo isn't ready for the packing house yet, but some day he'll be on the menu. Till then, don't stymie the waiter with impossible demands. Stick to the familiar. Like Molson's Ale, for instance,

Back in 1786, when huge buffalo herds still roamed the plains, Canadians began saying "Make Mine Molson's". Their numbers have increased faster than the buffalo's have dropped, and today more of them ask for Molson's than any other brand. Lovers of Molson's have had nothing but pleasant memories for 168 years. Which is more than can be said of the buffalo.

### Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

commodity is wheat, of which Canada

has a huge surplus.

Japan is becoming more and more a wheat - and - bread - eating country. Young people there have been "turning away from the rice bowl" ever since the war. Some Canadian grain men believe that in a few years Japan will be the largest of all foreign markets for Can-

adian wheat and flour.

In the light of these possibilities, Trade and Commerce doesn't take too seriously the alarm of Canadian manu-

AS A RIILE CANADA likes to be told what the United States is going to do; Canadians make a great fuss when, as often happens, Washington fails to let Ottawa know what's cooking. interesting exception is the recent suggestion of John Foster Dulles, U. S. Secretary of State, that "united action" should be launched to prevent a Com-munist victory in the French Indo-China conflict

External Affairs spokesmen admit, with no sign of their customary indignation, that Washington hasn't said any tion, that washington hash t said any-thing to them about any "united action." No doubt, they explain, it's a problem for ANZUS—the Australia-New Zealand-United States defense pact in the Pacific, which Canada has not been asked to join. "Presumably the U.S. would talk first to the people when wight by the property of the property o who might be expected to do something about it," said one External Affairs man, who obviously did not include Canada in this category.

Canada's policy-makers want no art of the war with Indo-China. In part of the war with Indo-China. In Korea there was a clear-cut case of aggression by a Communist satellite, which was met by action through the United Nations. In Indo-China there is no such clear case. The fighting there is a civil war, with both sides getting arms from outside but no evidence of any direct intervention of foreign forces. Moreover, the French have steadily refused to refer the Indo-China War to the United Nations; they treat it more or less as an internal matter for the French Union.

France has offered independence to the states of Indo-China, but this seems to mean only "independence within the French Union"—a kind of dominion status which may or may not carry the full free autonomy enjoyed by members of the British Common-wealth. It is hard to dispel the suspicion that the war is really being fought to keep France in Indo-China as a colonial power.

A whole avalanche of trouble can be expected if things continue to go badly in Indo-China. Any one or all of a variety of calamities might befall in the near future.

There is, first of all, the question of volunteers for "united action." No one here expects that Australia and New Zealand would want to take part—they feel the same way about it as Canada does, and they have no troops to spare anyway. Both have been withdrawing their men from Korea.

This raises the possibility, suggested in several United States publications, that Chiang Kai-shek's National 1st Chinese Army might send a contingent from Formosa. Ottawa does not regard this as a very serious threat. thing, Chiang himself is not believed to be very thirsty for combat; for another, Washington is keenly aware of the drawbacks of Chiang as a belligerent But, if no other partner for

"united action" is available, there will at least be loud cries in the U.S.

Senate for the use of Chiang's forces.

Intervention by Nationalist Chinese would provide an admirable pretext for counter-intervention by Communist Chinese, which in turn would bring pressure for the "massive retaliation" Dulles talked about in his famous speech of last Jan. 12.

ON THE OTHER HAND an unfavorable settlement of the Indo-China War carries the threat of another chain repercussions, reaching halfway around the world.

Canada's foreign service has been told quite bluntly by personal friends in Washington that the United States is getting thoroughly fed up with France. If the French give way to the Communists in Indo-China, or if they persist in refusing to ratify the European Defense Community—and especially if, as is quite possible, they do both of these things—there will be a strong and perhaps irresistible impulse among Americans to wash their hands Europe and Asia altogether. The would make an exception of Britain-They keep Britain as a sort of advance base for fighters and bombers—but otherwise they would retreat into a kind of armed isolationism.

This, of course, would mean the collapse of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and of collective security in general. It would mean everything which has been done in the past five years to build up the defenses of the free world, and reduce the threat of Communist aggression, would end in

failure and frustration

One way to avoid all these calamities, of course, would be to achieve a general, honorable and mutually agreeable settlement in the Far East at the current conference in Geneva. That is an object of everybody's prayers, but not of anybody's very strong hopes at the

TALK ABOUT Sir Winston Churchill's retirement recalls an anecdote which was current in Ottawa during the period 1945-50 when the British Conservatives were in Opposition and the Labour Government had a strong majority.

The story goes that in one of the British Conservative Party's annual conferences, a group got together privately and decided the only hope for the Conservatives would be Churchill's retirement. A great war leader, they all agreed, but not the man to pilot the party back into office in peacetime. This was all agreed, but the question remained: Who would bell the cat? Who would tell the irascible Churchill of the future they had arranged for him?

After much discussion it was agreed that this duty should be undertaken by Lord Halifax, a lifelong friend, and the loyal Halifax agreed to try. He asked Churchill to dinner, alone in his room, on the last evening of the party conference. As the meal was concluded and the brandy arrived he expatiated on Churchill's duty to posterity—the need to complete the memoirs which were then no more than begun, and the need for enough time to do the job. Obviously he could not go on coping with the petty nagging details of party leadership of the Conservatives in the House of Commons

Churchill sat listening amiably, sipping his brandy and nodding from time to time, and Halifax began to think his sales talk had taken effect.

Finally the old man said: "Edward, I see very well what you are at. But Edward, there is one rule of conduct which I followed ever since I was a very young man: I never leave until the pub closes."

WEST BEND Flavo-matic

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The elegant electric percolator that automatically makes 6 to 8 cups of full-badied coffee, stops perking, and keeps coffee serving-hot. In pol-







ANALYZE HANDWRITING MORE INCOME ... MORE PRESTIGE The



### Are We Headed for an **Unemployment Crisis?**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

the United States expanded a similar survey from 68 to more than 200 survey districts, it picked up 700,000 new unemployed who'd been missed by the previous survey.

On the other hand, even the Labor

On the other hand, even the Labor Department admits that not all of the 570,000 unplaced applicants are energetically "seeking work." Some are pensioners entitled to draw unemployment insurance if they are willing to accept "suitable" employment to accept "suitable" employment. ment. Some are housewives whose ide suitable employment is strictly limited. Some are problem cases who never seem to hold a job for long, in

good times or bad.

But, says the Labor Department, But, says the Labor Department, these doubtful types are more than offset by the unemployed who never register with the National Employ-ment Service (one quarter of all Canadian workers are not covered by unemployment insurance). The two biggest trade-union groups, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada and the Canadian Congress of Labor, heartily endorse that view. They contend the true figure of unemployment is even higher than the total of unplaced applicants-may run close to 600,000

#### Pockets of Unemployment

To all this, the Bureau of Statistics and its partisans in parliament have a short answer: "Nonsense."

"Our sample is accurate," they say.
"The reason it shows less rural unemployment than the Employment Service is simple. If a farmer spends the winter idle on the farm, we count him as out of the labor force for the time being. But if he worked a few months on the roads or in the woods during the fall, he's entitled to unemployment in surance—so he counts as an unplaced

'As for the pockets of unemployment, we pick up our share of them.

If all our sample towns were like
Marysville, the estimate would be
thrown off in the other direction."

Where, then, are the quarter of a million people shown as unemployed by the Employment Service but not by the Labor Force Survey?

Some had jobs but didn't work during the survey week—they were laid off or kept idle by bad weather or some similar cause. They weren't exactly "seeking work" but they were "willing and able to accept suitable employment," so they were entitled to unemployment insurance and quite properly counted among the unplaced applicants. Each Labor Force Survey through the winter has shown about 50,000 in this category.

The rest are matter for argument. Some may get jobs without notifying the Employment Service—it would take a call to each man each week to keep the files up-to-date. The rest are either "milking the Unemployment Insurance Fund," as critics of Labor Department figures believe, or they are people whom the Labor Force Survey missed, as the Labor Department believes. Take your

Had the Government allowed a parliamentary enquiry there might be some evidence to show which side is right. Meanwhile, the tis-tain't arguent has somewhat obscured the fact that whatever yardstick you use unemployment this spring has been the

highest since the war.
Even the Labor Force Survey shows eleven percent of all Canadian workers

### Make All Four of these thrilling oven treats with One Basic Dough!

1. Chelsea Twirls



3. Date Eights



Versatility begins at homewith ACTIVE DRY YEAST!

One quick dough, thinly rolled, comes out four delectable dessert delights! Raised oh-h so tender n' light with amazing Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast! When you bake at home, get festive results with Fleischmann's. Never fails. Keep a month's supply on hand.

#### BASIC PINWHEEL DOUGH

11/2 cups milk

3/4 cup granulated sugar

21/4 leaspoons salt

3/4 cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

3/4 cup lukewarm water

1 tablespoon granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle

with contents of 3 envelopes Fleischmann's Active

Dry Yeast Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture and

3 well-beaten eggs

4½ cups once-sifted bread flour nd beat until smooth and elastic; work in

41/2 cups more (about) pace-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and kneed lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

2. Orange Whirls



4. Jam Ring



1. INDIVIDUAL CHELSEA TWIRLS

Needs no

refrigeration!

1. INDIVIDUAL CHELSEA TWIRLS
Cream ¼ cup butter or margarine and ½
cup brown sugar; divide into 12 greased
muffin pans; add pecans. Cream 2 tbsps.
butter or margarine, 2 tsps. cinnamon and
½ cup brown sugar. Roll out one portion
of dough 12 by 10 inches. Sprinkle with
cinnamon mixture and ½ cup raisins; beginning at long side, roll up loosely; cut
into 12 slices. Place in pans. Grease tops.
Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at
350°, 15 to 18 mins.

2. ORANGE WHIRLS

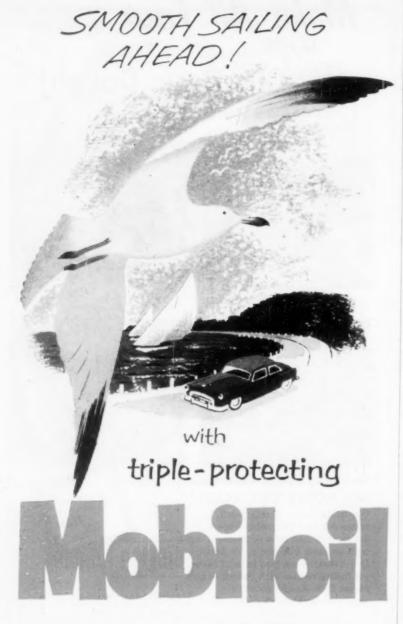
Z. ORANGE WHIRLS
Boil together for 3 mins., stirring, ½ cup butter or margarine, 1 tbsp. grated orange rind, ½ cup orange juice and ½ cup gran. sugar; cool. Spread half in greased 8-inch square pan. Roll out one portion of dough 16 by 10 inches; spread with rest of orange mixture; beginning at long side, roll up loosely; cut into 16 slices. Arrange in pan. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, about 30 mins.

3. DATE EIGHTS

3. DATE HIGHTS
Combine 3/2 lb. cut-up dates, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup gran. sugar and 1 thsp. butter or margarine; boil gently, stirring often, until thick; cool. Roll out one portion of dough into 12-inch square; spread half with half of filling and roll up to centre. Turn dough over; spread remainder with filling and roll up to centre. Cut into 12 slices. Place, well apart, on greased pan. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled, Bake at 350°, 14 to 16 mins. Spread hot buns with icing.

4. JAM RING

4. JAM RING
Roll out one portion of dough 16 by 8 inches. Spread with V<sub>3</sub> cup thick jam and V<sub>3</sub> cup chopped nuts; beginning at long side, roll up loosely. Twint dough from end to end; form into ring on greased pan. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, 25 to 30 mins. Spread hot ring with white icing; decorate top.



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doing less work than they are able and willing to do. Six percent are totally unemployed. Five percent, or 265,000, are partially unemployed through short-time work, temporary layoff or

These are average figures for the whole country. For certain regions, where local industries have been hard hit by foreign competition, they gross understatements. In some textile towns of Quebec and eastern Ontario, a third of the entire working force is drawing unemployment insurance.

Economists agree that in prosperous times, unemployment runs between three and five percent of the labor force. A higher rate is a bad sign. Even the lowest figure for Canadian unemployment is over six percent and the is eleven percent. people this proves we are headed for a depression, or that we're in one now and don't know it, and that the Government ought to take immediate and drastic action.

They're not so clear about what the action should be. Unemployment in action should be. Unemployment in Canada is of several kinds, arising from several causes, and presumably calling

for different treatment in each case.

First of all, there's the purely seasonal unemployment which we sonal unemployment always have had and shall always have in this climate

#### Why Seasonal Unemployment?

More than a quarter of all unplaced applicants are construction workers. They are by far the largest group among the unemployed. In March, when the latest available figures were compiled, these men were still without Almost certainly, most of them are already at work by now. All signs point to another boom year in construction. Planned capital expenditure for 1954 is \$5.8 billions, three percent higher than the all-time record set in

But Canada always has the same seasons; why do we have such fluctuaseasons, why do we have such increasing the seasonal unemployment? Why were 150,000 construction workers jobless in 1954, compared to only 83,000 in 1953?

Part of the answer may be that demand for building, though still strong, is not as urgent as it was in the im is not as urgent as it was in the immediate postwar period or during the Korean War. Then, people were willing to pay the extra cost of building out of season; now, they'd rather wait. In any case construction workers have always counted on seasonal layoffs in normal times—that's the argument for high hourly wage rates in the building trades. A drop in winter con-struction doesn't necessarily mean an economic recession, but it does ag-gravate the seasonal bulge in unemploy-

Another aggravation of a different sort appears in the lumber industry. Forty-seven thousand loggers and other woodworkers drew unemploy-ment insurance last winter, nearly twice as many as the year before,

The industry as a whole was not unduly depressed. The Maritimes had lost their market for pit props, and higher freight rates made competition difficult both there and in British Columbia. But the pulp and paper industry was thriving, lumber markets were fairly steady at somewhat lower price levels, and the general outlook was regarded as reasonably bright.

What, then, caused the drop in winter employment in the woods?

It was partly weather, partly the ample stock of pulpwood most companies had accumulated. But to some extent the employment picture in the lumber camps has changed permanently. Operations have become

mechanized in the last few years as never before and this cuts down em-ployment in two ways. Fewer men are needed to cut a given quantity and the tendency is toward year-round operation with a permanent working force Lumber camps no longer play their traditional role of sponge to soak up seasonal unemployment in winter.

Fishing is another primary industry which employs fewer men nowadays. Newfoundland's Federation of Fishermen estimates that the number actively employed has fallen in the last few years from 22,000 to 10,000. The Lunenburg, N.S., fishing fleet has dwindled from 80 ships to 17.

This is not depression. Fewer men can catch more fish with less discom-fort from steam trawlers than from schooners and dories, and perhaps eventually earn a better living than the \$950 apiece that Newfoundland fishermen earned in 1953. Hon. James Sinclair, Minister of Fisheries, says the 1954 market for fresh and frozen fish is considerably better than it was last year. The problem is not to keep more men fishing but to find new occupations for some ex-fishermen who are no longer needed.

Some other basically healthy industries have had difficulty of late. One is farm implements, which last winter was one of the dark spots in the employ-ment picture. Canadian farm implements are famous all over the world They are sold at competitive prices in the U. S., South America, Europe and Asia. Last year was a fairly normal one in their home market but export trade fell off sharply. One cause was drought in Texas and Oklahoma, where many potential customers were ruined. Another was shortage of dollars in South American and other countries.

For all these reasons, employment in the farm implement industry fell about thirty percent below the 1951 peak.

Management has no serious fear for the industry's future. Unless the bot-tom falls out of agricultural markets, it will be back to normal operation before long. However, "normal" doesn't necessarily mean the record level of

employment of the past few years. Even the temporary depression of last winter brought the number of workers in the farm implement industry down only to the 1947 level. At the time 1947 seemed a prosperous year. When farm implement workers sent a when farm implement workers sent a delegation to Ottawa to ask Govern-ment help, Right Hon. C. D. Howe told them bluntly, "The time has come when some people in this country are going to have to move.

Some farm implement workers have done so already. One big company laid off a lot of men in January and started calling them back a month later. By the first of March they hadn't got back all of their December payroll but they had re-hired every one of the men who still wanted to come. The rest were working elsewhere.

But it's one thing to suggest a move to a superfluous percentage of workers who are no longer needed in a basically healthy industry. It's quite another thing to contemplate a whole com-munity knocked flat by the collapse of one or two local plants.

The industries really hard hit, whose troubles are not seasonal, are those which cannot meet foreign competition. In boom times, with prices high and everything scarce, they get on very well with existing tariff protection. But now the buyer is regaining his advantage, and prices abroad are being cut. Canadian buyers can get what they want, pay duty and freight, and still beat the prices of Canadian pro-

Many Canadian industries are zed by this competition. One is

"consumer durables"—stoves, refrigerators, electric appliances. Another is machinery. Thirty thousand unplaced applicants are metal workers, the largest single group after construction.

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Coal mining is even worse off because coal is threatened by competitors at home as well as abroad. Oil, gas and electric power have shrunk the market for coal while in Nova Scotia at least mining itself becomes more expensive and difficult as the coal face under the Gulf of St. Lawrence recedes farther and farther from the pit head. Most of Cape Breton's six thousand unplaced applicants are miners. Decreased consumption of coal in private homes and on the railways has hit Alberta's coal industry hard. Early this spring 500 miners were thrown out of work by the closing of mines at Brazeau, southwest of Edmonton, and at Coleman, in the Crowsnest

But of all Canadian producers the one whose troubles have had the most publicity is the textile industry. Mills have been closed, some of them permanently, in about two dozen towns of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes. Twenty-seven thousand textile workers were unemployed at the latest count, out of more than a hundred thousand enployed at the postwar peak. Probably as many more are working only three days a week and drawing short-time unemployment insurance for two

Textile companies say that only a drastic increase in protection, such as a rigid quota on imports, or else some method of subsidy can keep a large fraction of the industry operating. Budget Day has come and gone without any sign that the Government intends any such rescue operation. Presumably, therefore, a great many of the displaced workers will have to find something else to do.

### Catastrophe For a Town

Like coal mining, textile mills are often the sole major employers in their communities. Their closing is an immediate catastrophe for the town—or would have been, in the circumstances of the last depression. This time the catastrophe has been cushioned.

In Almonte, a town of 2,500, all three textile mills were closed most of the winter and the two largest are probably closed permanently. Almonte has no major employer left except a dairy. Yet Almonte in the spring hasn't felt the full impact of calamity by any means.

Almonte is the birthplace of Dr. James Naismith, the man who invented basketball, and a campaign has been launched for a \$500,000 memorial hospital in the town as a monument to him. Seventy-two thousand dollars in cash and pledges have been collected in Almonte alone during the past winter.

Grocer Karl Paupst, president of the Almonte Chamber of Commerce, estimates that his business is running about twenty percent below last year; also, it's less profitable business because people are buying staple necessities on which the profit margin is lower than on luxury foods. But they're still paying cash for the most part—not many compassionate charge accounts. Carson Johnson's clothing business is off by about a quarter. Church collections have not fallen off yet. Real estate sales are few but prices haven't dropped. You see more men on the street in midafternoon on a weekday than is usual in more prosperous towns, but there's no panhandling, no obvious concentration of idle men.

This is partly because people are so much more mobile now than they used to be. Almonte citizens can and do commute to work as far away as



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1921—"Silicrome" heat-resistant valve.
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1932—Wedge-action valve retainer lock.

1935—Dual bearing tie rod for knee-action steering.

1938—Rotovalve—release type valve rotator.

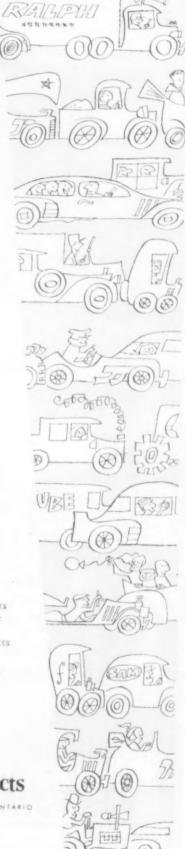
1946—Rotocap—positive type valve rotator. 1952—Front end ball joint suspension.

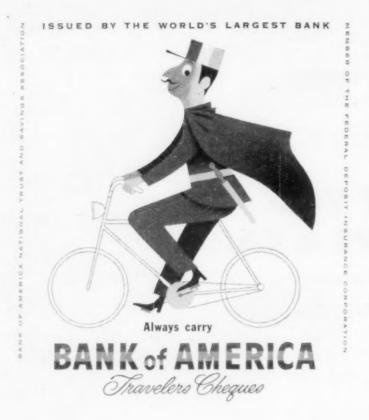
Add to these the scores of improvements in piston tings, cylinder sleeves, valve seat inserts and many other parts that are so essential to the modern cars of today, and you have a brief picture of the part played by Thompson Products in the automotive industry.

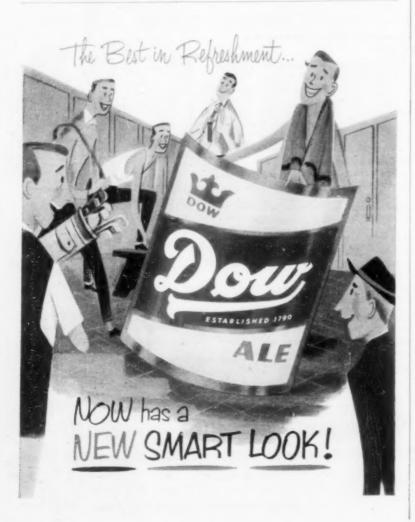
What's more, Thompson Products engineers and metallurgists are working constantly with automotive and aircraft builders to improve their products and to provide for a better, safer and fuller future for you.

### Thompson Products

THOMPSON PRODUCTS LTD ST CATHARINES, ONTARIO







Smiths Falls and even Kingston (seventy miles) in one direction, and as far as Ottawa in the other. More than a hundred civil servants live in Almonte and drive the thirty miles to Ottawa

every morning.

But the big cushion, the thing that has saved dozens of Canadian communities from real calamity this past winter, is unemployment insurance. Anyone who has been working full time for the last five years has accumulated enough benefits to carry him through a whole year of total unemployment, or (more commonly) through the hard seasons of several years.

Each worker gets one day's insurance benefit for every five days' contribution made in the past five years. Con-tributions run from three to nine cents a day depending on earnings; benefits from a low of \$4.20 a week, for a single worker earning less than nine dollars, up to \$24 for a worker with dependents

who'd been earning \$48 or more. When a man loses his job after con tributing for five years he is entitled to a full year of insurance benefits without a break. A married man in the top earning bracket, laid off last Jan. 1, could draw \$24 each week until Jan. 1.

He would then be entitled to "sup-plementary benefits," a device introduced to meet the unemployment crisis of 1950. It's a handout with little or of 1950. It's a handout with fittle or no relation to contributions and it applies mainly to people who have exhausted their regular benefits with-out finding work. To tide them over the difficult season, Jan. 1 to April 15, they get an extra allowance based on the number of regular benefits they were entitled to draw during the previous

Since our hypothetical worker entitled to regular benefits for the whole of 1954, he could draw supplementary benefits for the entire period Jan. 1-April 15, 1955.

period Jan. 1-April 15, 1955.

At this point he must find work for at least 45 days before he can draw any more unemployment insurance. When his 45 days are up, though, he can go back on regular benefits for another long hitch. He has not, as you might think, exhausted his entitlement from contributions of the past five years. He need deduct only one-third of the days for which he drew benefits the previous wears the other two-thirds may be the other two-thirds may be counted over again.

So by June 1955, when he again becomes eligible for unemployment insurance, he's entitled to another 149 days. That carries him to Dec. 1. Then if he can look after himself somehow for a month, on Jan. I, 1956, he goes back on supplementary benefits until April 15.

months before he's eligible again but he still hasn't quite used up his backlog of contributions. By mid-October he would be entitled to fifty days' regular benefit, and therefore another fifty days' supplementary benefit after Jan. 1. Not until mid-March 1957 will he have to start over again from scratch.

By that time he will have drawn a total of \$2,808 in return for a total con-tribution of \$151.20. (It's true he might have contributed more than that without becoming entitled to any more benefits — contributions are only counted for the five years before he puts in his claim. But even if he'd been contributing steadily from July 1941, when the act came into force, his total contribution would still be no more than one-eighth of what he gets back in

What happens to a man who has exhausted all his insurance benefits and still can't find work? The only source of help, other than private charity, is the welfare bureau of his city or town. Most provinces pay half of municipal relief to the so-called "unemployables," but they won't pay a cent toward relief

for the employable unemployed. In April 75,000 Canadians were drawing supplementary benefits. In some cities and towns, the end of supplementary benefits is expected to start a rush for the municipal welfare bureau. So far, though, the rush has not taken place. Cities and towns have not had to appeal to Ottawa for emergency help. No central collection of figures has been made but the total demand for municipal relief to unemoloyables seems to have been negligible Hamilton spent something like \$2,000 last year—in the Thirties its annual relief bill was nearly a million dollars. Victoria, the only city in Canada to produce a detailed investigation of employable applicants for relief, had only 36 during two winter months—and not one had a good employment record. All were problem cases of one kind or

One way the cities and towns have staved off direct relief is by "helping" people to get back on unemployment insurance. In Sherbrooke, Que., for instance, about fifty men are on the city payroll as laborers until, and only until, they put in enough days to make them eligible again for insurance benefits. Then they are laid off and other men taken on whose benefits have been temporarily exhausted.

#### Thirty Millions a Month

Presumably these city employees don't do much indispensable work, but it's cheaper to hire them for thirty or forty days apiece than to start paying municipal direct relief. What cities will do when and if the men needing help run into hundreds or thousands,

we have yet to see.

Supplementary benefits could be extended, of course, if the Government decides that's the best course.

Unemployment Insurance Fund could stand a heavy drain for a long time.

Last December it stood at \$921 millions. It paid out thirty millions a month in benefits during February and March but it took in seventeen millions ment income, so the net loss in each of the year's worst months was only thirteen millions. At that rate it would take 72 years to exhaust the

Should we then increase the benefit

Labor federations, social welfare organizations and some politicians say yes, we should. They point out, quite rightly, that it's hard to house, feed and clothe a family on \$24 a week, which at most is only half what the breadwinner has been earning. Welfare workers speak of "heart-breaking" cases which have to be turned away for

lack of money to help them.
Other people argue—and so far, this seems to be the majority view—that it has to be hard to get along on unemployment insurance. If it's easy, too many people would rather draw insurance benefits than work. won't go far or look hard for a job.

"You can have as much unemploy-ment as you're willing to pay for," was the cynical remark of one civil servant who's had a lot to do with unemployment insurance.

The reason 85,000 immigrants can come to Canada and find jobs," said an official in Quebec, "is that the imofficial in Quebec, "is that the immigrant will work long hours for \$35 eek. Our unplaced applicants would rather get \$24 for doing nothing than \$35 for working hard. They want work, sure-but at not less than a dollar an

Of course this doesn't apply to the

nicipal really distressed areas. No jobs are sables," going begging in Marysville or Milltown, N.B., or in the minefields of Nova Scotia. But there, a desperate situation has to be met by something better than a dole.

Hon. Milton Gregg, who besides

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Hon. Milton Gregg, who besides being Minister of Labor is also Marysville's local MP, is trying to get some other industry into the big ramshackle plant that Canadian Cottons vacated. Recently a German industrialist came out to survey the possibilities of setting up a plant in Canada. He had British Columbia in mind; Gregg met him at Dorval Airport to try to persuade him to New Brunswick instead.

Meanwhile vocational schools are teaching new skills to the younger textile workers thrown out of employment. About half are young enough for retraining; another group are old enough to retire on the pensions they earned with Canadian Cottons. Only 150 of the 550 workers are in the difficult age group of 45 to 65—too old to learn new trades and too young to retire.

Unemployment insurance provides time for steps like these to be taken. It keeps families going, on hard close rations but above subsistence level, until some way out of their difficulties can be planned.

can be planned.

Last winter's experience seems to indicate that our unemployment insurance system is adequate to meet a fairly heavy impact, provided the burden doesn't remain too widespread for too long. There is no longer any difference of opinion, in towns where unemployment has been acute, as to whether the insurance scheme is a good thing—rich and poor, management and labor acclaim it as a lifesaver.

If the optimists among our econo-

If the optimists among our economists turn out to be right and the spring upturn brings prosperity back, unemployment insurance will have been enough. The optimists were right in 1950—by June 3, before the Korean War broke out, the Labor Force Survey found a return to normal employment levels. Already there is one bright sign for this year. British Columbia, the only province which has spring in February, reached its unemployment peak in the first week of that month and has been dropping ever since. It was the one province in Canada showing a sharp reduction in the March figures, which are always the year's highest for the country as a whole.

If the spring upturn doesn't come, or doesn't have enough effect—that is, if unemployment begins to snowball—then we'll need other measures besides unemployment insurance and undoubtedly we shall think they're being taken too late. The policy of the Government in the event of a depression was laid down nine years ago, in an often-forgotten White Paper. It outlined the other side of "cyclical budgeting"—large-scale public investment in strategic locations, paid for out of deficits while taxes are cut to help business get back on its feet.

In a speech last month C. D. Howe flatly rejected suggestions that these steps be taken now, though he reaffirmed that the 1945 White Paper is still an accurate outline of employment policy. "This year's unemployment increase," he said, "took place largely in 'overexpanded industries' which must adjust themselves to more competitive conditions."

If that diagnosis is right it may be

If that diagnosis is right it may be cold comfort for several hundred thousand jobless Canadians, but it does contain this much encouragement for the rest of us: it means we have time to tackle the problem on a pilot-plant scale. Maybe if a real depression comes, we shall have learned some new skills for dealing with it.

### What It's Like to Be Out of Work

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Scattered on the hills around it are scores of identical box-shaped company houses, made from the same red brick. Built in Boss Gibson's day for his workers, they've been used ever since by their descendants. In one, at 39 Morrison Street, live Bill McGloin (pronounced glow-in), his wife Obeline

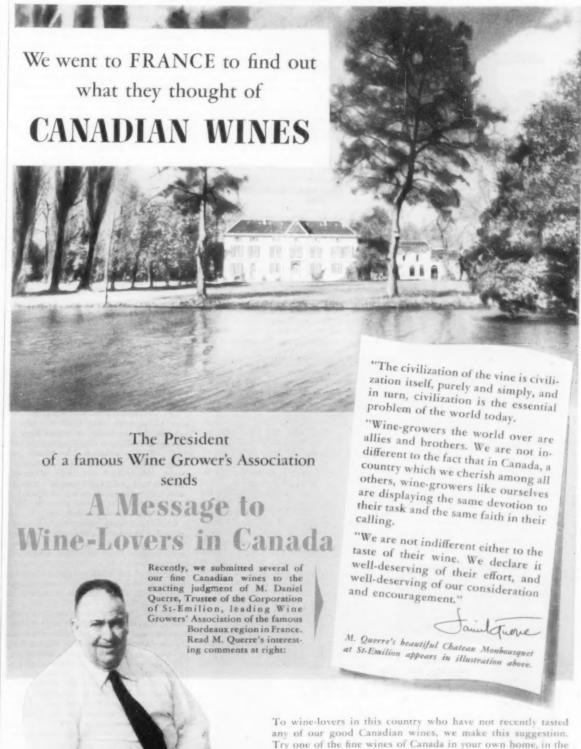
and their four children, one a teen-ager

Uninviting from the outside, their home inside is clean and well-kept. Walls are freshly papered in bright floral patterns and the living-room furniture is covered with slightly faded chintz.

Mrs. McGloin is a pleasant-looking woman of 33 who, like mothers everywhere, puts in a full day cooking meals, making beds, washing and mending the torn jeans and skirts of her four active children. The McGloin children all have red hair and freckles. John, the eldest at 13, is in the eighth grade in

Marysville's public school. Elevenyear-old Jimmy is in grade six, and Mary, six, started school last fall. Helen, the youngest, is four, Bill McGloin is a slight wiry man

Bill McGloin is a slight wiry man with a sharp-cut face, a quiet way of talking and a stoop to his shoulders. Like fathers everywhere he frowns at his kids' report cards, romps on the floor with them and tells his youngest, Helen, bedtime stories. Born and raised in Marysville, Bill followed his father into the mill when he was 14. He worked there two years, and in 1926 he struck out on his own for a life of



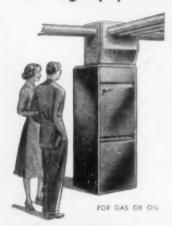
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odd jobs in construction gangs, logging

camps and on railroads.
"I was lucky," he says today.
"Even during the depression I always managed to find work and have

At home, his father was less lucky Working only three days a week he tried hard to support his wife and six school-age children. Bill helped. From various points in New Brunswick he sent money home to put a younger brother, Gerald, through high school. "He was the bright one in the family," Bill says. "We didn't want him to have

In the 1930s Bill's father was never on relief. His mill income averaged on relief. His mill income averaged about nine dollars a week. His wife Margaret, though she had six school-age children to care for, did odd jobs to make extra money. Now living in Fredericton at the age of 75, Mrs. McGloin Sr. says, "Sometimes we McGloin Sr. says, "Sometimes we were hungry but we managed to pull

But the cost of living was consider ably lower then. In 1934 a Marysville family of six got about \$12 a week zelief and found it could go much further than the \$24 a week of today. The mill worked a three-day week in 1934 and few people drew relief. In fact, only \$1,000 was spent that year by the town and the government on Marysville relief.

Possibly that's why Mrs. McGloin r. thinks Marysville is headed for worse times than during the depression.
"In those days," she says, "we didn't
have unemployment insurance to fall back on but we did have the mill. Now the mill is gone and when people use up all their unemployment insurance things will be mighty hard." Besides Bill McGloin, two more of her sons were laid off when the mill closed.

In 1939 Bill went back into the mill himself for \$16 a week and married Obeline Basque, from Tracadie, N.B. Their first home was a rickety wooden house owned, like most of Marysville. by Canadian Cottons. Their rent wa \$4.25 a month. A year later their first son, John, was born

Described by the mill's general manager Hilton Robinson as "a damned hard worker," McGloin rose slowly but surely. When the Textile Workers' Union of America (CCL-CIO) came into Marysville, he was elected vice-president of Local 854. In 1950 he moved his family into a larger company bause, where they live now. Last fall

house, where they live now. Last fall he was given a better job and his hourly wage jumped from \$1.11 to \$1.30.

"For the first time," he says now, "my future was looking up." His job paid him \$57.40 a week. He had a comfortable home at low rent (\$18.76 a month). With a \$100-a-month pen-sion at 65 to take care of himself and his wife, he could start saving to give might want.

We all work in the mill," Bill told a friend, "but our biggest ambition in life is to keep our kids out of it."

Then, in January, he learned that his children would never work there. After 65 years of operation, Marys-ville's mill and only industry was closing down.

can textile plants beset at home by market troubles were "dumping" unsold products into Canada at cost price or lower. Canadian mills, unable to compete, were sinking into the red. For the Marysville plant there were added difficulties: high power costs and freight rates. After World War II, it had produced and sold 115,000 pounds of cottons a week. Last year the rate slowed to 40,000. Canadian Cottons has claimed that in the past year its net profit shrank from \$2.52 for each common share to four cents. were occasional layoffs and shorter

Bill McGloin knew all this. heard the company would have to close one of its mills and we were worried,"

he says. "Then they closed one—in Cornwall—and we felt safe." Not for long. On Jan. 27 John Paddon, a vice-president of the company, arrived in Marysville, called a meeting of the mill's 550 employees

virtually the town's entire working force—and bluntly broke the news.

Outlining the impact of U. S. competition, he said, "We have to close this mill. I'm sorry."

There was dead silence, then a growing murmur. One worker asked

growing murmur. One worker asked if anything could save the plant.
"Nothing short of war," Paddon replied, "or a miracle."
Bill McGloin recalls, "I just felt sick to my stomach." Around him he heard varied reactions. "Maybe we should march on Ottawa," shouted a woman. One man cracked to another, "Well, lim we'll have lots of time this summer. Jim, we'll have lots of time this summer for fishing.

When the meeting broke up, Bill walked home down rutty Morrison Street. During supper he told his wife the news. "I was so shocked," Obeline the news. "I was so shocked," Obeline recalls, "that I couldn't find anything to say. I just got up and cut some more bread. For a week we didn't even talk about it, hoping it would all go

#### Not Much Alternative

Soon the McGloins had to face hard facts. In the next few weeks, department by department, the huge mill ground to a stop and fell silent. Bill, one of the last to go, was laid off March 10. He finally realized that the mill was really closing on his last day on the job. Textile mills are noisy with looms banging back and forth, roving frames whirring, and spinning frames humming. That day he walked through the mill. "For the first time," he says, "I heard my own footsteps. I knew then that the mill was done.

Like his neighbors in Marysville and other jobless men in the country, he was faced with two choices: find He knew mill work was impossible to find. Thirty-seven textile plants in Canada had closed in the last two years, others had cut their working force in half and 27,000 textile workers were idle. Bill took a bus to Fredericton, walked the streets each day for a week but found no work.

One night when their children were in bed Bill and Obeline sat down in the kitchen with a pencil and paper and took a look at their financial

'First of all," Bill recalls, "Obeline wrote down a figure \$57 my wages at the mill. And then she drew a line

Before Bill lost his job their in-come, including a \$26 family-allowance cheque, had been about \$273 a month. In its place they could now expect \$24 a week in unemployment insurance, plus the baby bonus—a total of about \$130 a month.

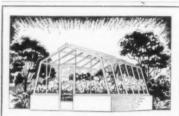
A week after he was laid off Bill had applied in Fredericton for unemploy ment insurance. Having paid at the top contributory rate of 54 cents a week, and having a family, he was entitled to the maximum benefit, \$24.

In the kitchen that night the Mc-Gloins slashed their budget drastically. Food had been the biggest item of expense—\$20 a week. Obeline decided to get along on \$12, thin slicing for She began baking all her own bread, buying only the cheap-



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est cuts of meat and serving less at mealtime.

A recent survey indicated that in 1953 in the Fredericton district, which includes Marysville, people spent an average of \$5 a week per head on -\$30 for a family the size of the floins. The McGloins, who had McGloins. already been getting along on two-thirds of that, now hoped to stave off hunger for less than half of the average

expenditur

Mrs. McGloin says, "Maybe we're not eating as much as we should, but we're eating. We've got to make the best of it. What else can we do?" She doesn't believe things are as bad in Marysville as they were at the depth of the depression but is afraid they'll get worse when unemployment insurance benefits start expiring. Bill has had the telephone disconnected as an unnecessary luxury, thereby saving \$4.15 a month. But he refused to give up his family insurance policy. It costs him \$13.34 a month

Pocket money, another luxury, was ruled out. When Bill told John and Jimmy that there'd be no more weekly allowance they took the news calmly Next day John told his father, "I've been thinking; Jim and I can make a bit setting up pins in the bowling alley and collecting scrap iron after school

Sort of pay our own way."
The McGloins had always had low rent—\$18.76 a month. This, with \$52 a month for food and \$13.34 for family insurance, left them with \$46 to cover clothing, electricity, fuel, debts, medi-cal and other expenses.

Welfare officials at Fredericton say the minimum amount needed to maintain a family of six in the district is \$180 a month. Bill McGloin's unemployment insurance, plus family allowance payments, falls \$50 short of that,

ance payments, falls \$50 short of that, but his low rent helps.

"The way we figure it," says Bill, "we can probably get by for awhile—if we don't lose our home." This frightening prospect is real. The company houses in which the McGloins and 215 other families in Marysville live have all been put up for sale

The present tenants have been offered first chance to buy them but Bill McClair. Bill McGloin has no money. In the last two years his savings were drained by medical expenses. In 1952 three by medical expenses. In 1952 three members of his family were in hospital at the same time. Mrs. McGloin had

an operation on her neck (she must have another). Jimmy had his appendix removed and Mary, the oldest girl, was recovering from polio.

In the event his house is sold, Bill may have to move out to make room for the new owner. At best, he expects that his rent will be increased considerably. Similar houses in Marys-ville now rent for \$40 a month and this he cannot pay

Because he is unemployed, his standard of living has been cut in half and he faces the possibility of eviction, Bill

McGloin at 43 has gone back to school.

Shortly before the mill closed officials of the Canadian Vocational Training Program, a federal-provincial agency which operates in all provinces, arrived in Marysville to interview soon-to-beidle workmen. They explained that if enough men were interested a special training school could be set up in Fredericton with stiff six-month courses in mechanics, plumbing, carpentry, bar-bering and a host of other trades. The courses were free and, while attending the school, the men could continue to draw unemployment insurance.

#### Too Tough a Burden

Gradually more than a hundred Marysville men enrolled, among them Bill McGloin. One mill hand, inter-ested in plumbing, asked his inter-viewer, "Well, when I get through will I be able to get \$1.90 an hour or what?"
"No," he was told, "but you might

be able to start off at about \$30

The hand was indignant. "That's no good," he said. "At the mill I no good," he said. made \$60."

Bill McGloin has no such illusions. "It means starting my life all over again right from scratch," he has said. "No fat pay envelopes, no vacations with pay, no pension plan. That's too bad. But at least I'll have a better

chance of getting work."

Like Bill McGloin, all mill hands at Marysville had unemployment insur-ance. If Bill and his fellows can't find jobs when their insurance runs out, responsibility for looking after them will be up to the town, under present regulations. And the town, says Mayor Percy Long, won't be able to afford the burden. When it begins to feel the pinch, which Long expects will be by next fall, Marysville will have to call on provincial and federal govern-

Recently, to tide him over while he is studying carpentry, Bill McGloin walked down to the mill and drew out the \$544 that he had paid toward his retirement pension. "That hurt most," he says. "That pension, building up all the time, was our token of security."

Most of Bill's friends have also taken out their pension money. A few older men and women have gone into premature retirement. Many younger men have used it to move to other parts of

Canada where jobs are more plentiful, Marysville's old mill, which used to pay its workers \$1,500,000 a year, is now for sale. Meanwhile, New Brunswick government officials and the local town council have been trying without success to date—to attract new industries to the district and keep it from becoming a ghost town. Ironically, a sign on the highway into town says, "Welcome to Marysville—New

Brunswick's Fastest-growing Town,"
At this writing, Bill McGloin's future is equally uncertain. "If we can keep our home," he says, "I'll finish my our home, he says, I'll finish my course in six months and then maybe I'll be able to find a job before winter and stay in Marysville. If not, maybe I'll have to leave the family and go away somewhere. I don't know. I just don't know."



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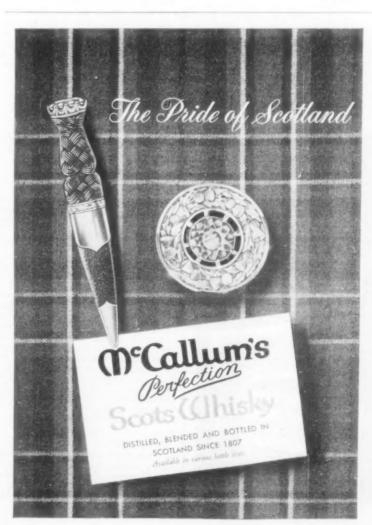
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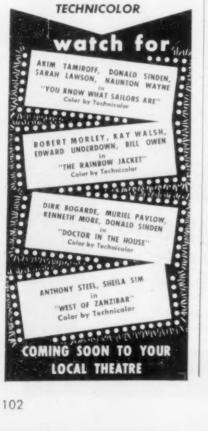
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### MAILBAG



### THERE ARE RETARDED PARENTS TOO

Your excellent article, Who Says They've Got No Chance? (April 1), should make readers aware of the many neglected areas in education, particu-larly with regard to "problem" children. However, as a teacher in a Montreal elementary school, I hope that some day you may do as much to publicize the plight of normal children who are handicapped by "problem parents, and who exist in larger numbers than we care to realize. These victims of home circumstances are often much retarded in learning and end up repeating grades and leaving school as soon as possible . . . Yvonne Vandesoon as possible . nengel, Montreal.

• As the mother of one of these "retarded children," I feel there is a great ed for more such writing in our Can-In a small commuadian magazines. nity there are no facilities for help outside our homes. If the mothers of normal children could be brought to a better understanding of the problems of retarded children, they could be of much help—in beginning the teaching of patience and kindness to such chil-dren by their neighbors' children and playmates . . .—Mrs. R. McLellan, Copper Mountain, B.C.

#### Out Gunning for Gilmour

I must protest against Clyde Gil-our's summing-up of Calamity Jane March 15) as "phonily western, hardly ever comical and only mildly musical"... I laughed heartily through most of it, found my



toes tapping to the music, and if the western atmosphere was "phony," surely it was *meant* to be a burlesque.—Dorothy Davies, Regina.

#### How to Beat Russia

When will people learn that Communism will not be stopped merely by shaking our finger at it and saying, "Naughty, naughty!" Strong measures have to be taken against it. Blair Fraser states (Can McCarthy Happen Here? March 15) that Senator Mc-Carthy's committee, although the most publicized, is the least effective—while Rep. Velde's committee, which is the least publicized, is the most effective. Is it any wonder Sen. McCarthy gets little results when he is facing such stiff opposition? . . . Why this disdain for beating Russia at her own game? . . . -D. Fleming, Kenora, Ont.

#### How, Indeed

Frankly. I was amazed to see the story dealing with the radio station in the Northwest Territories (Where Even The Kids Are Disc Jockeys, April 1) wherein you carried a sub-heading

saying that "and best of all, there are no commercials." How would you magazine ever succeed in continuing its operations if it were not for the advertising it carried?—A. A. McDermott, Radio and Television Sales, Inc.

#### The Way You Sing It

The article on the Manitoba Music Festival (April 1) was enjoyable but I wince to learn that the "English" pronunciation is still being taught. It is nunciation is still being taught. It is not used even by most of the British themselves. It is mainly for this very reason that the Scottish, Irish, Welsh and Midlanders so often make good singers . . .—K. K. Johnson, Salmon Arm, B.C.

. One thing we felt should have mentioned was the work of Stanlev Osborne, the platform marshal. Nobody can take care of a restless audience of children as he can and nobody could be more helpful with a little word of encouragement to competitors as they mount the stairs to the platform. It just wouldn't be a festival without Stanley Osborne.—Helen M. Dallas,

#### Should White Marry Black?

Beverley Baxter's London Letter regarding Sir Stafford Cripps' daugh-ter and her marriage (Feb. 15) is, to say the least, very insulting . . . To accuse a person of being "mad" because that particular person's veins were socialistic is, in itself, madness; further, to assume that this so-called madness is responsible for the "mad politician's" daughter marrying a col-ored student who more than likely knows more than Beverley Baxter ever did or will know, is stupid . . .-D Martin, Underhill, Man.

- . I agree with the old saw, "Birds of feather should flock together" the Cripps marriage was an offense the Cripps marriage was an offense against nature. Not that it is a matter of "inferior" or "superior" but of "difference . . . "—Mrs. Annie Armstrong, South Burnaby, B.C.
- · Baxter said, "Imperialism is out of fashion and therefore out of favor . . ." He has stabbed the Queen in the back. It is a slap in the face to every loyal British subject in the Dominion of -Wellington Collins, Sun-Canada derland, Ont.
- Baxter proves himself race prejudiced . . .—Gerard Daechsel, Water-
- People who worry about inter-racial marriages, royalty, titles and so on, are just a bit dated . . .—Dorothy Fuller, Kentville, N.S.
- I am one who does enjoy Beverley Baxter. Never give him up.—Mrs. E. S. Kahler, Redondo Beach, Calif.
- The wise man quoted by Baxter in his Feb. 15 letter is probably dear Beverley in disguise. In any case, the statement that racial equality is a policy of nations having no color

problem is untrue of Brazil and several other American republics.—Geo. M. Canetta, Denver, Col.

- I was very much pleased with Bax-James Chapman ter's letter North Vancouver, B.C.
- There is too much of Baxter and his one-sided view of British affairs. would be more in line with British "fair play" if you alternated Baxter's articles with some by representatives of the largest party in Britain . . . Lorne Johnston, Hamilton,

#### How to Handle Neighbors

Your editorial, Being Independent Doesn't Mean Being Rude (April 1), is most timely. The members of the Che-mainus Citizens' Forum sent in exactly the same criticism to our provincial secretary. We felt ashamed!...I hope people will read your editorial and mark, learn and inwardly digest it. Mrs. Dorothy Spurr, Chemainus, B.C.

• Where do U.S. tourists get told to go back home if they don't like us?



thought the cook was more apt to be bawled out if the coffee didn't please the tourists . . . - Dorothy Fuller, Kent-

Mutual understanding and appreciation at grass-roots level of our neighbors' problems (and Uncle Sam has plenty today) will reach deeper and last longer than all "diplomatic exton, Kingston, Ont.

#### Paddy in Peaches-and-Cream

The two articles on The 7 Living Ghosts of Nuremburg (March 1 and 15) were interesting but if the writer doesn't know any more about his subject than he does about the physical characteristics of the Irish people, perhaps they weren't worth reading.

We have spent about fifteen years in southern Ireland and are quite sure there aren't any more black-haired shaggy-eyebrowed people in that country than there are even in Germany. What we did notice was that a large proportion of the dark-haired people had very fair skin and blue eyes . . . William Whittle, Welland, Ont.

#### Fred the Old Flatterer

I found your article You're In The Movie Business (April 1), a most interesting one indeed. The writer. Fred Bodsworth, is an old flatterer to say that my departure from the NFB to CBC television was a crowning defeat for the NFB. I was never so important to the National Film Board that my leaving could be regarded as a wning defeat

Bodsworth also referred to my departure as being "prompt." Actually l left the NFB some twenty-two months after my return from New York. Of course, the author is entitled to consider this prompt. I hope Bodsworth's creditors (if he has any) understand the word "prompt" in the same way he word "prompt" in the same way does.—Sydney Newman, Toronto.

### IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

### Strictly a Bird's-eve View

FOR SOME time now we've been trying to bring our readers a different kind of fiction story and there are two particularly good examples in this issue. One is Nobel Prize winner Pär Lagerkvist's strange and disturbing story, When the Children Went to War, on pages 12 and Another is Fred Bodsworth's novelette, The Last of the Curlews, which starts on page 22.

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This curiously compelling tale of Bodsworth's could only have been written by a man who, besides being a crack reporter and writer, is also a top-notch birdwatcher. We asked him to tell us something about the story's background—it is to be published in expanded book form later this year by Dodd, Mead, of New York and here is what he wrote:

"In practically all fiction which uses bird or animal characters, the birds and animals end up thinking and acting like humans. to tell a bird's story from the bird's viewpoint, using only the facts that the bird itself could know, feel or see. Since the bird is a creature of instinctive responses with very limited reasoning power or memory, it meant a very restricted viewpoint. But it had the advantage of portraying the bird as it really is. When I got working I found I had to step outside the bird's viewpoint to cover certain fundamental points but these are clearly separated from the main

"I also wanted a story that would explain some of the recent scientific discoveries about bird behavior.

"Knowing birds to be guided largely by instinct, I was intrigued by the bewilderment which must exist in the limited mind of a bird whose species is near extinction. Its instinct tells it that it should be surrounded by members of its own kind for mating, nesting and reproduction but, in actual fact, it finds itself

bird physically, a graceful and very powerful flyer. It makes a long and impressive annual migration. It is

mysteriously alone.
"Of the several North American birds near extinction I chose the Eskimo curlew because the bird itself, its habits and the story of its disappearance are dramatic and exciting. It is a striking and unusual

apparently an intense lover and has a dramatic courtship. Most of all, a symbol, one of the best symbols, of the short-sighted disregard that man has shown for the wealth of natural attractions with which this country was once so richly

"The last known sighting of an Eskimo curlew occurred in Texas in 1945 and is described in the story. Perhaps even now the species is extinct. If not, it must soon be, for scientists say that a species, once

reduced so low, cannot long survive.
"I have never seen an Eskimo Few living ornithologists But because of its original



Bodsworth says of his book: a switch on the boy-girl theme—there's no boy and there's no girl."

abundance, the Eskimo curlew was well known to pioneer ornithologists on this continent. I covered all the early scientific literature when researching this story. It goes back to 1772, and I found the original proceedings of all the old scientific societies dog-eared and yellowed by age in the extensive periodical library of the University of Toronto. The most valuable source was Arthur Cleveland Bent's Life Histories of North American Shorebirds, published by the U. S. National Museum, now out of print and quite rare.

"After this research into the curlew itself I turned to more recent literature on bird behavior generally: physiology, instinct and intelligence, territorial behavior, courtship and mating. In addition I was able to draw on the experiences and observations of twenty-five years of personal bird study in many parts of Canada." ★



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Two Brothers who share a car and a farm with a sloping lane, located two miles due north and uphill from Freeman, Ont., make a game of seeing whether they can let off the brake and coast all the way to the village. The big gamble each trip is whether they'll hit a green light and roll home-free across the Queen Elizabeth Way, probably Canada's busiest stretch of superhighway. They made it, one recent spring evening, but after they tanked up with gas at the town pump their mutual congratulations degenerated into a bitter wrangle as to which one was responsible for forgetting to bring along the car keys.

The price slashing that's been going on in the big-type newspaper ads every day leaves little doubt that the buyer's market has arrived, and the buyers are determined not to miss a single bargain. At least, not to judge by the conversation overheard between two well-dressed women in a Toronto supermarket the other day.

"A TV set—how wonderful! But how can you ever manage that?" exclaimed one. Explained the other, "It's easy. If we skip this month's installments on the washing machine and the refrigerator we'll have enough for the down payment on the television set."

An old friend of a prominent Montreal jurist tells us that despite increasing years and honors he has managed to avoid any touch of judicial pomposity—in fact, he still enjoys telling about his first case in which, years ago, he defended a man charged with burglary. The charge



against the accused collapsed when the young lawyer succeeded in convincing the magistrate that a shabby hat discovered on the rifled premises did not belong to his client, but the man just sat there in the dock as if he didn't comprehend his good fortune. "Not guilty," repeated the magistrate, and leaning forward said kindly, "You may go now."

Stumbling to his feet the man bobbed his head apologetically and asked, "But can I have my hat, your honor—it's the only one I've got." Bygones may be bygones after an election in many parts of the country but not in Queens County, N.S., where this snide I-told-you-so appeared in the Liverpool Advance:

As we all know, last provincial election Queens County turned Conservative. Before that our gravel roads were very muddy during the spring thaw. After the change we did expect an improvement, but much to the contrary this is the first spring that the gravel roads have been entirely impassable. Fd call this poor encouragement to the voters of Queens County. Robert Lavender, Brooklyn, Queens Co., N.S.

A Parade scout from Norway House visited Winnipeg on business a while ago, delighting as usual in the bustle of the city—even bustlier than usual thanks to several con-



ventions which had hotels and restaurants jammed. One lunch hour he waited fifteen minutes without so much as a nod from the waitress, but finally she did smile sweetly at an elderly gentleman at the adjoining table who'd been there longer. "Have you had the menu yet?" she trilled.

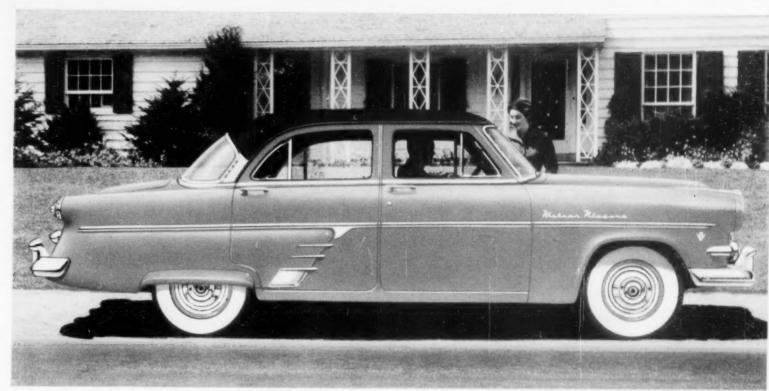
"Yes," growled the customer, "but it wasn't very satisfying."

Victoria is famous for its quaint oldsters, but now it's developing town characters at the pre-school stage.

One of these was scarcely two when his father became gradually curious about the game the little guy was always playing under the kitchen table, tinkering away at one of the gleaming chrome legs. Investigating, Pop discovered there was a small gap at the top inside corner of each leg. Unscrewing the legs he dumped out the little pack rat's hoard—about half a loaf of bread crumbs, half a box of matches and \$1.10 in change.

The other case history concerns a youngster who lost a baby tooth, tucked it under his pillow overnight like grandma told him to, and happily collected a dime from the fairies. Then the little hustler snitched grandma's lower plate in a sharp play for the jackpot.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Conadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481-University Are., Toronto.



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